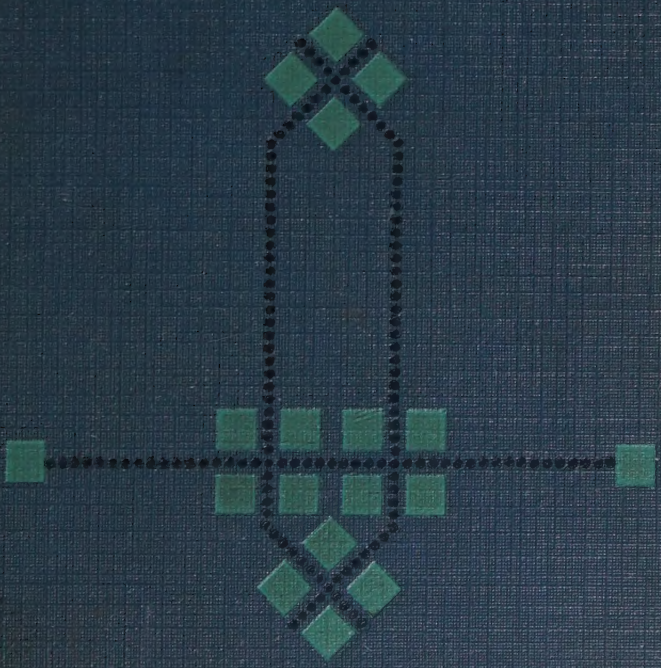

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DISCARD

LAUTERBACH
OF THE CHINA SEA

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BOOKS BY

LOWELL THOMAS

BEYOND KHYBER PASS
COUNT LUCKNER, THE SEA DEVIL
RAIDERS OF THE DEEP
THE FIRST WORLD FLIGHT
WITH LAWRENCE IN ARABIA
WOODFILL OF THE REGULARS
THE WRECK OF THE "DUMARU
EUROPEAN SKYWAYS
THE BOY'S LIFE OF COLONEL LAWRENCE
ADVENTURES IN AFGHANISTAN FOR BOYS
THE HERO OF VINCENNES
THE SEA DEVIL'S FO'C'SLE
LAUTERBACH OF THE CHINA SEA

CAPTAIN LAUTERBACH in one of the disguises he used during his flight across the islands of the South Pacific from Sumatra and Java on to Borneo, the Celebes, and the Philippines.

LAUTERBACH
OF THE CHINA SEA

The Escapes and Adventures
of a Seagoing Falstaff

BY

LOWELL THOMAS

Author of COUNT LUCKNER:
the Sea Devil

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CHAPTER I

INTRODUCING CAPTAIN JULEY–BOOM

In the distance, like black clouds, hung the mountains of Haiti. Only their peaks were visible through the purple haze. We were in the pulpit, Count Luckner and I, far down below the bowsprit, watching a school of dolphins diving through the foam. While his four-masted schooner, the *Mopelia*, loafed across the Caribbean, we were discoursing upon the theme of singular characters we had encountered.

"Now," quoth the sea dog count, "if you want a story of strange adventure, shipwreck, mutiny, typhoons, the greatest raid of the war, an epic battle at sea, submarines, mystery ships, and escapes halfway around the globe from the China Coast to the North Sea —I'll tell you what you do. If you want every thrill that the war had to give on the water, all connected with the life of one man, by Joe, you see my friend Juley-boom-boom."

Upon asking Count Luckner who this Juley-boom-boom might be—thinking he must indeed be a marvelous fellow to have such a marvelous name—the Sea Devil replied:

"Captain Julius Lauterbach. He's the man. You remember the *Emden*, greatest raider of them all? Perhaps you have heard a little about her. Lauterbach

was navigation officer aboard the *Emden*. But that was only a part of his story.

"Back thirty years ago, his adventures began on the China Coast. He was an old China Sea skipper, by Joe. Of course his experiences as a raider on the *Emden* were exciting, but after that came the part he played in starting the terrible Singapore mutiny, his escape from a prison on the equator, his flight and chase by secret service officers across the South Seas and around the world, with a reward of ten thousand pounds on his head, his adventures as commander of a mystery ship, and finally as commander of the famous raider *Moewe*. In fact he had more hair-raising bouts with the Fates than any man I ever knew or ever heard of. So, by Joe, that's Juley-boom-boom."

I had already heard something about this adventurous China Sea skipper, Lauterbach. A year or so before, while collecting material from submarine commanders for a book on the exploits of the Raiders of the Deep, I heard of him as a modern Falstaff and a most formidable adventurer. In fact, one U-boat commander said of him:

"For variety of excitement that man went through more than any other person on our side during the World War. His experiences ranged from one end of the earth to the other, and they were of the strangest, wildest contrast."

"But why have you attached this comedy name to your redoubtable friend?" I asked Count Luckner as we sat there on the pulpit of his windjammer.

He replied with a roar of laughter.

"You see, when I was a sailor before the mast, I knew a chief down there on one of the South Sea islands. He was a fine fellow, and I often drank kava and joked with him. By Joe, but he was big and fat, and he was jolly. His name was Muley-boom-boom. But Lauterbach is big and fat and jolly—bigger, fatter, and jollier than any other man I have ever had for a friend; except that native chief, old Muley-boom-boom. Lauterbach always reminded me of the chief, and so I took it upon myself to rechristen him and change his name from Julius to Juley-boom-boom."

"A fat man in desperate adventures and dire perils," I mused aloud.

"Aye, that's it," the count exploded. "Ja! That makes it doubly interesting, by Joe. If any man has the feeling of the romance of the sea, Juley-boom-boom, jovial and fat, will be to him a romantic figure. He was just what anyone would want the hero of a sea story to be—a China Coast skipper. At the outbreak of the war, you know, he had command of a German mail steamer plying back and forth between Far Eastern ports."

In the course of time I took pains to look up this Captain Lauterbach and obtain his story of the perils and escapes of a skipper of the China Sea; a jolly, fat adventurer who lived the gamut of dangerous experience on the troubled waters of the greatest of all wars.

CHAPTER II

OFF TO SEA, WITH HIS TAIL CUT SHORT AND HIS EARS CUT LONG

THERE is a song, a jolly song called "Lauterbach." You sing it best when you are drinking beer. In German it begins, "Zu Lauterbach hab ich mein Strumpf verloren," which means, "At Lauterbach I lost my stocking." I have heard it sung in English with words of a different meaning. It runs:

Oh where, oh where can my little dog be?
Oh where, oh where can he be?
With his tail cut short and his ears cut long,
Oh where, oh where can he be?

Since my name is Lauterbach, I think of the Lauterbach song as my own: a sort of personal anthem. And no wonder, for whenever I go into a restaurant or a saloon and they know me, as they often do, the orchestra strikes up the Lauterbach song. It is sung with gusto—"Zu Lauterbach hab ich mein Strumpf verloren," or in English, "Oh where, oh where can my little dog be?" And so, all my life, whenever anything delightful or terrible occurs, for some reason beyond my control I think of my Lauterbach song, "With his tail cut short and his ears cut long." Then I roar with laughter, and then everything is okay, as you say. Sometimes.

To deserve the name of Lauterbach a man should have certain qualifications. He should be jolly; he should love beer; and—I feel this deeply—he should be no skinny, wizened, dried-up, unimpressive kind of fellow. I think I qualify. I have the reputation of being jovial; I can drink barrels of beer; and I am fairly tall, but not tall enough to make my two hundred and fifty-five pounds a matter of bone and muscle. In other words, I am fat, and bulk is always impressive.

In a way I think I am unique. Jolly men have led thrilling, perilous lives; so, too, have beer-drinking men; but I am sure that I have experienced the wildest adventures on land and sea that have ever fallen to the lot of a fat man. I like to give myself the title of the most adventurous fat man in the World War. And, incidentally, I am proud to be as a Lauterbach should be: jovial, beer-drinking, and—fat.

In 1914, when the nations of the world rolled up their sleeves and began hammering each other, Mein Gott, und how they did hammer each other, I was already an old-time skipper on the China Coast; a steamship captain with much experience in Eastern waters. To me my career was ideal. I loved the sea, the China Sea, China, and the Chinese. The master of a fine passenger ship of the North German Line, plying the ports from Vladivostok to Singapore and Bombay, I knew every current, rock, and shoal in those waters, and was well acquainted with that hell-raising terror of the Orient—the typhoon—and the ways to temper its unholy violence. Jawohl!

For me the life led by Europeans in the Far East has always had a well-nigh irresistible fascination. I was leading a life of jovial ease and contentment; but the war exploded that. Not that I have lost my conviviality. Nein! My prowess as a beer consumer remains unshaken and while I can get it—Ach du lieber! As for my bulk, it is greater than ever.

I am a native of Rostock on the German Baltic coast. The men in my family were army officers by tradition. My father wanted me to follow in his footsteps and become an officer according to custom. As a matter of fact I did put in six years in the cadet school at Lichterfelde, but I had in me a streak of restlessness; the mechanical subordination and routine of an officer's training did not appeal to me. Ach Gott, who does it appeal to? Nevertheless I undoubtedly would have become an officer—like my eldest brother—had it not been for the death of my soldier father.

Those were the times when the German navy was making its great expansion. The people were being fed propaganda in favor of a big navy. Literature about the fascinations of life on the ocean wave was spread broadcast by the government. I read the pamphlets, and was promptly filled with a boyish desire to go to sea. I wanted to be a sailor. With his tail cut short, and no clanking swords and spurs. But I knew that the discipline in the navy was as bad, or maybe worse, than in the military service. Noch einmal! Why not try the merchant marine?

When my father died I was going on eighteen, and it was about time for me to launch myself on a career. My

mother was always indulgent with me, as mothers mostly are.

"Have it your own way," she said. "If you want to go to sea as a sailor, go and see how you like it." Du bist verückt, mein Kind.

So I shipped before the mast as a sailor boy—at a salary of two dollars a month—on a sailing vessel bound for South America. My first berth was on a 500-ton barque, the *Emma Bauer*, and I remained with her for sixteen months. Ja, du bist verückt. We sailed from Hamburg, and our course carried us to the west coast of South America via Cape Horn. The weather was nasty and it took us four weeks to round it. We came back loaded with a cargo of mahogany and cedar.

When we docked at Antwerp finally, I was a complete Jack Tar with a monkey and parrot. Verückt, ja, verückt. My first voyage had ended and I returned home. My mother was shocked at the condition of my hands. A seaman's life in windjammer days was not conducive to dandyism, and my hands were scarred and smudged with tar that had been worked into the palms. It did no good to wash them; the wearing effect of time was the only solution. Schweinerei!

In ten days, however, the edge of my welcome had worn off. My relatives, all but my mother, I soon discovered, did not like the idea of having a common Jack Tar in the family. What did I care? Heraus! I went to sea again—already branded as the black sheep of the Lauterbach family.

With his tail cut short and his ears cut long.

Ho ho! The sea was in my blood, and I went cheerfully back to the good old *Emma Bauer*.

From then on it was ships and the sea and the coasts of distant lands. I became a mate on a windjammer, and then an officer aboard steamships. South America I saw, the West Indies, Africa, and then one day a new and stranger shore appeared on the horizon. And, mein Gott, I had met my fate, as a man meets his fate when he meets the right girl. I was quartermaster on S. S. *Siberia* of the Hamburg-American line. The sea was the China Sea and the shore was the China Coast. Where, oh where can my little dog be?

CHAPTER III

PIRATES, TYPHOONS, AND THE CHINA SEA

THE Orient! Glamorous, seductive, entrancing. Despite its smells and its poverty, it caught my fancy then and its allurement has never left me. How I remember it. My first trip to the most romantic corner of the world: strange, exotic, mysterious. It would be a dull one who did not feel its fascinations. The *Siberia's* ports of call were in India and China.

It was in the eastern China Sea that I had my first experience with that hell-roaring terror: the typhoon. Donnerwetter, ja! We wallowed our way through it, and as we passed out of it we came upon a raft with twenty-three Koreans huddled on it.

The storm had left them in a bad way. The tail of the typhoon was still swishing about and the waves were running mountain high. Our commander roared out a demand for volunteers to man the rescue boat. With the impetuosity of youth I was the first into the lifeboat. Ho ho! Life is good when you know no fear. That first experience of mine with a cockleshell on waves that looked as high as the Himalayas will never be forgotten. We saved every man-jack of the castaways huddled on that raft, and disembarked them at Shanghai. A great port, Shanghai, and we sang plenty of "Lauterbach."

Another incident of that eventful trip stands out as though it were yesterday. In my life I have been frightened plenty, but never as badly as on this occasion. On our return trip we had aboard six big pythons destined for the Zoölogical Garden at Hamburg. Each of them was in a big bag and stowed in the forward hold. One of them got loose and went rampaging around down below. Ach du lieber!

It had to be caught, and myself and five companions were assigned to the job. Volunteers were not asked for. There wouldn't have been any. We made a big wooden fork with which to catch it just behind its head. We intended to pin its head down; that was one man's job, and the others were to subdue its wriggling body. But we reckoned without our host. The snake was lying quiet when we descended. Sehr gut! We went to work as scheduled. Ho ho! And then the fun began.

It seems funny now, but I want to tell you that it was not very funny then. That snake was so strong that the six of us—husky as we were—could not hold him; and let me tell you if you are at all doubtful about it that an enraged python in a ship's forward hold is no joke. We were frightened out of our wits and made a rush to get out into the open; but the hatchway was narrow and we all tried the same move at the same time. As a result we jammed at the hatch, cursing prayerfully, and behind us that python was thrashing viciously. Zu Lauterbach hab ich mein Strumpf verloren!

The lamp was knocked out and there we were—six struggling men and a wild python in stygian darkness. My heart nearly stopped beating—from fright—that

time. But finally we managed to get through the hatch. None of us wanted anything more to do with that snake, and none of the rest of the crew was anxious to duplicate our experience. Nein! That snake's gluttonous appetite betrayed him into our hands, finally. We threw plenty of food to him, and when he had gorged himself into a coma ten exceedingly cautious men went down and put him back into his bag. And I was not one of the ten either. Nein!

Back to Germany, but my imagination had been caught by the China Coast. I made a few miscellaneous voyages in Northern waters, but I was always thinking of the China Sea. Ach Gott, I was not happy until I was there again—with his tail cut short. Then I was given a berth as chief officer on a coastal mail steamer plying Chinese ports. Prosit, Gesundheit. The Orient, the China Sea, and let us sing "Lauterbach" in a lusty chorus.

Progress came rapidly now and it was not long before I had my own command. There—at twenty-nine—I was in command of the S.S. *Gouverneur Jaeschke*, a fine ship, and at last I really began to live, nicht wahr?

In all I commanded three ships in Far Eastern waters. The others were the S. S. *Admiral von Tirpitz* and the S. S. *Staatssekretär Kraetke*. They were all fine ships. And what more can a sailor want than a fine ship and the China Sea for his domain?

Ach du lieber! The years that followed were the most delightful of my life. Never again will I experience the pleasure that I found in Chinese waters. I loved the East, anyway; and there besides I had power. The white

man in China has a great prestige; and I, the captain of a crack German liner, I was a king in my own sphere. My crew was Chinese, and I ruled over them with an authority that can only be found in those waters. I was great, nicht wahr, I was magnificent, I was the fattest skipper on the China Coast.

During my stay in the Sea of China I learned to know it like a book. The China Coast is rocky, and the currents in the waters surrounding it are strong and tricky. The Yellow Sea is perhaps the worst portion of it, although it is all dangerous as the wrecks scattered up and down it testify. Wrecks, ugly wrecks, sad wrecks, ja.

"Captain, I don't understand how you find between the rocks your way," my passengers were always saying.

My runs took me to all of the main ports in the Far East. But Shanghai, Tsingtau, Tientsin, Vladivostok, Hongkong, and Manila were my favorites. I was well known and had many friends in them all. And the hotels, clubs, and saloons all knew "Captain Lauterbach and his song."

My crews were always Chinese, and from the north. They hated the Cantonese from the south to a man. For six years I had the same crew under me. Their duties were always performed cheerfully with no shirking; they went about their jobs with clock-like precision, and were never in need of disciplining—well, hardly ever, as the English say.

I soon found that I could trust my sailors absolutely; in return they trusted me, and I always made it a point to disregard any minor infractions of the law on their part that came to my attention.

In a few of the provinces of China the current coinage —copper cash—had a greater value than in the rest. Naturally it was against the law to transfer it from one province to another. The sailors would pit their wits against the custom officers, and attempt to smuggle it. It was a difficult game to play, but the men in my crew were wise. In the East the captain's cabin is inviolate, and on every trip the following comedy would take place with variations. An individual would approach me, and naïvely remark:

"Captain, me got floty dollah. Me afraid somebody steal. I want you take care."

"Ja! You want to give me money?" I would ask.

My Chinaman would bob his head solemnly, and explain that he had put it in my cabin. When I would go below there would be bundles of copper cash. It always went through safely.

The Chinese—worshipers of their ancestors as they are—were particular of their dead. They regarded burial at sea with horror; believing, as they did, that the unfortunate thus consigned would remain in the water for eternity. Some captains with little intelligence always threw the bodies of the natives overboard, 'raus mit ihm; but I always made it a practice to bring the body into port and turn it over to the Chinese. Little matters like that were greatly appreciated.

It paid me well. The China Sea is noted for its devils, and the pirates that range it are the worst of the lot; only the loyalty of my crew saved me my ship on many occasions, and they never allowed me actually to come to grips with them.

The pirates were a curse on the face of the earth for a while. One of their fancy tricks, verflucht Geschäft, was to board a ship individually as passengers. The coolies are carried on the steerage deck. At times as many as five hundred natives will be crowded there, and mingling with the legitimate passengers will be a small group of cutthroats awaiting an opportunity to seize and loot the ship during the passage. The crafty devils invariably kill the crew, and less frequently the passengers as well.

On one occasion pirates captured a British ship on the Yangtze River, and proceeded to butcher the crew. The engineer, however, seeing what was coming, hid in the coal bunkers and managed to escape detection. Sometime later, in Hongkong Harbor, he recognized the leader of the pirate crew, and put the police on his trail. The authorities rounded up the whole bunch, and as a result twenty-one heads were neatly sliced off, and twenty-one Chinese went to join their ancestors.

My nearest approach to that sort of trouble came when I undertook to transport a company of revolutionary troops from Chefoo to Shanghai. The devils tried to start a mutiny aboard. A member of the crew tipped me off, and when they started the fight I was ready for them. I turned streams of water, steaming from the boilers, on the trouble makers, and they were glad to surrender. I put them under hatches for the rest of the trip. That boiling water was good medicine, and I made them sing Lauterbach, in Chinese.

It was the accepted thing on the steamers that no one was allowed to lick a Chinaman except the captain.

A drubbing at his hands was taken equably. At times the Chinamen needed it. Ja, but I didn't have the heart to lambaste them. So I evolved a scheme that neatly took the matter out of my hands. Fortunately I was well acquainted with the officials in the various ports, policial and otherwise. I fix him Chinaman, ja!

The ship was in Tsingtau Harbor. A passenger missed some money from his cabin, and the matter was brought to my attention. I asked for his cabin number, and sent for the boy who had charge of it.

"This gentleman he lose money. Where is it?"

"Me no savvy," he answered blandly. "No savvy about money."

That reply called for a licking. I went to a telephone ashore. The police captain at Tsingtau was named Wetzel. I rang up the Chimbo Fantza, as the Chinese call a police official, and getting him on the phone explained the matter; I asked him to give the thieving cabin boy twenty-five licks with the bamboo—the usual method of punishment—when he arrived at the police station. I returned to the ship, and handing the boy a sealed note, said:

"Take letter to Chimbo Fantza."

Off he trotted, glad to get a shore errand. He returned in about an hour looking rather disconsolate, and reported to me. I said to him:

"All rightee! You find money now."

"Yes, yes, Maskee," he replied, massaging his rump gently. "I find money."

"The bamboo is very good, eh? It makes you think better—the bamboo."

The rascal grabbed his backside with both hands, and wailed:

"Too much bamboo, Maskee; no can walk."

It was funny. A Chinaman is always funny, ja. The money was returned and everything was fine. Later on, more money missing, and another one of the boys needed the bamboo to enliven his memory. But he was a smart fellow. I sent him to the police station with a letter requesting that he be given twenty-five strokes with the bamboo. Evidently he knew what was coming, and did not like the idea of "bamboo chow chow," as they called a licking. He slipped a rickshaw coolie the equivalent of twenty cents to deliver the letter and take the licking. Then he came back wailing about this bamboo chow chow. But he looked too self-satisfied, and he wasn't limping enough. Also, he didn't know anything about the money.

"You better take pants off. I want to see that."

There was not a mark. Was ist los? I called Wetzel, and he said the boy had got good bamboo chow chow. Was ist los, ja?

"What kind of boy was it?"

"The rickshaw coolie you sent, natürlich," he replied.

"So!" I told him. "I will send another boy, and donnerwetter, don't give him twenty-five bamboo, give him thirty-five!"

He got it. He came back limping plenty, and this time he knew where the money was. I could not let him get away with anything or I would have lost "face" with the whole crew. As it was, they learned that my orders were not to be tampered with.

The Chinese attitude toward imprisonment is a curious thing. It is accepted with the stoicism of the Orient, as is any other Chinese punishment. Years in prison mean nothing to them—if they are fed and sheltered. Natürlich! So to stir up in their Chinese hearts a desire for the outside world, the ones in the German government police prison at Tsingtau were given ten licks with the bamboo every Saturday, unless their physical condition was such that they could not stand that kind of chastisement. It was the only kind of punishment they seemed to understand and appreciate.

During my stay in the East my ship was hit by seven big typhoons—big ones. Then there is but one thing to do. Batten down all hatches, head for the open sea if near land or shoal water, keep the ship heading into the sea, and run your engines slowly. If you are in the center, or core of the typhoon as they call it, you have to watch for a shift of the wind. That is not the worst part in my opinion. A typhoon is Nature at its grandest: thrilling—and clean. But its aftermath. Ach Himmel!

Imagine from three to five hundred Chinese battened down below. There was no place else for them. And there they would stay until the typhoon was over—in semi-darkness, beset by the shrieking devils of the sea, and with the full knowledge that if the ship met with disaster there was not a chance in the world for them. When the hatches were opened they would be found lying quiescent—some dead, some dying, and all the rest deathly sick. The stench was so terrible it sickened me. Pfui! It was a wonder that any were alive at all.

The survivors would come up on deck, pale and wan.

Gradually they would perk up, and by the time the ship was back in her regular routine they were their cheery, smiling selves again. Laughing and chattering.

Their lingo, pidgin English, is the funniest in the world. You think with your "savvy box," you eat with your "chow chow box," and when a Chinaman eats it is "chow chow box, tinghowla."

On my ships we were all sociable. We had a piano in the cabin, and we would gather round it and harmonize. On one passage I had a lady voyager aboard who was much interested in pidgin English. She had a beautiful contralto, and we had just finished humming the chorus of "Lauterbach"—always the favorite song with my passengers—when a steward passed. She asked what he would call a piano in his language.

"Piano?'" said the bland celestial. "Outside makee fight fight; inside makee sing sing."

I once overheard one of our Chinese stewards, my Number One boy, entertaining some English children. They were traveling to Hongkong with their mother and Yo Fung was giving them the story of the adventures of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, the story of the fall of man, in pidgin English. In his singsong voice and funny lingo of the China Coast he really spun one of the most astounding yarns I have ever heard. Said Yo Fung:

"One piecie Top Side Joss Man no catchee work, no nothin'. By an' by this one piecie Joss Man say: 'Must makee one piecie man velly easy.' He look see himself in water. He makee one piecie man. Joss Man say, 'I must catchee one name.' He say, 'All light, calla he

Adam.' He was velly happy Joss Man. By an' by Good Top Side Man say, 'Now makee another piecie. This time makee one piecie woman.'

"He look see around. No can find nothin'. 'One piecie man, you come over. I wantchi your one piecie bone. He catchee one piecie bone. Man cly say: 'No, no, no catchee my one piecie bone.' All samee he makee one piecie woman. Calla he Eve. Top Side Joss Man happy, velly happy. Adam an' Eve much play, play. Plenty chow chow. No workee.

"Top Side Joss Man say, 'I makee you one piecie garden. This garden callee Garden Eden.' Only one piecie Joss Man say: 'Lookee, see that tree. There have goody fruity. No touchee. If you touchee then Dablo will come. Velly bad Dablo."

"Adam an' Eve every day play, play, walkee, walkee. No workee. One day Eve have see this tree. She say: 'What if no can touchee? Top Side Good Joss Man he no savvy. Everything okay. I must touchee.' So she touchee. She takee one piecie fruity calla aplo. She talkee Adam: 'Look, see nice fruity. Must chow chow.'

"He say: 'Supposee you eat that, then Dablo come.'

"Adam chow chow, Eve chow chow, great big aplo. Snake come. 'Velly, velly bad Adam. You velly, velly shame. Top Side Joss Man savvy.' Callee Number One boy chop, chop you go down, talkee to this two piecie man. Talkee, talkee 'Go way!' Adam and Eve velly much shame. Velly, velly sorry. Top Side Joss Man say, 'Raus mit em.' Adam an' Eve they go away."

Although Shanghai is an international settlement, among the foreigners the British are very much in the

majority. So for the King's coronation they, of course, had a big celebration in Shanghai, and there were enormous electric signs reading: "GOD SAVE THE KING." Most of the Chinese know only a little pidgin English. When one Chinese merchant saw these signs he pronounced it G-o-d s-a-v-e (savvy) t-h-e K-i-n-g. I heard him say to a British skipper:

"Your King velly, velly wonderful man."

"How so?" replied the Englishman.

"Even God *savvy* him."

A few years ago the Chinese people were just beginning to wake up about insurance and its mysterious advantages. But they really didn't understand anything about it. One Chinaman insured all the silk he had stored in a warehouse. A flood came, and his silk was ruined. He thought this was a good chance and he said: "I am going to collect my insurance."

But when he went to see the foreign insurance man the insurance man said, "No can do. This was act of God."

"God?" replied John Chinaman. "Who man he? What side his office? I go see."

No doubt you have heard how clever the Chinese tailors are. Well, an American lady who had just arrived asked a Chinese tailor: "John, can you make evening clothes?"

"Can do," replied John.

"You sure you know what evening clothes are?"

"Oh, yes. Top side, plenty meat; downstairs plenty skirt."

CHAPTER IV

HIGH JINKS OF A FAT SKIPPER ON THE CHINA COAST

"Zu Lauterbach hab ich mein Strumpf verloren,
Zu Lauterbach geh ich nicht heim,
Und wenn ich wieder zu Lauterbach kom,
Dann hol ich mir den Strumpf zu mein Bein."

I WAS whooping it up in Shanghai—fat China Sea skipper in port—and the Alhambra was the place I had chosen for the evening. Plenty of cheer, beer, and girls there. Good-looking girls, too. I liked the girls there. They were—ja, ja—good sports. Again and again they sing of Lauterbach and make eyes at me. Girls always like a fat man. I buy them drinks—champagne, whatever they want.

"Give me some money," said one. "I will gamble for you."

I never gamble; but I threw her a couple hundred dollar bills. Why not? I was happy, and besides I did not have any change.

"All right," I said, "gamble—we make fifty-fifty."

Soon over by the gaming tables things grow quiet, as it does when big play is on. We go over—me and my friends—and there is my little gambler—winning plenty. She quit with two or three thousand dollars.

Oh ho! We go to the bar and set up drinks for the house, and then my little gambler she calls for the song —"Lauterbach." Everybody sings. It was very funny —big voices, little voices; sober voices, drunken voices. They all sing to me very loud when they come to "Lauterbach" in the song. Everybody is very happy, and my little gambler gives me a big smack, and insists that she take me home in a car. The other girls in the party too came along. Then the fun started. The girls were all tight and they begin to fight for the wheel. When girls start to fight there is too much trouble and palaver. I left them.

I saw much of that kind of life—in Singapore, Shanghai, Hongkong, Tsingtau, Vladivostok, and Bombay. Different places, but the same life. Ja. It was a grand life.

Soon after the Russo-Japanese War I took aboard a cargo of cattle at Chefoo. It was destined for the starving Russian army and Vladivostok was the port of delivery. It was so foggy as I neared the harbor that only the fog siren on Cape Askold enabled me to keep my course. Usually the incoming boats were met by a guard boat carrying an official from the Harbor Office. This time I made my way in alone.

I had just reached my anchorage when a warning shot came to my ears. It was the guard boat. The harbor master came aboard. He was a real Russian; an old retired navy captain, with a long beard and red face. A jolly good-tempered fellow, as the Russians usually are.

"You have entered the harbor without taking any

notice of the guard boat," he announced. "You will have to pay three hundred roubles for that."

"Was ist das? I could not see anything in the foggy weather," I replied, and said not a word about the fine. I knew the Russian officials. Their government paid them very little, and it was their practice to squeeze their incomes out of the foreign ships that came their way. That night I put on a big dinner for my friend the harbor master. Plenty of good food, plenty of good drinks, plenty of good times. The fine was forgotten.

A wonderful time I had in Vladivostok. Through my friend I met the officers of the Russian cruiser *Yemtschuk*. They invited me out to look their ship over. Later I was to look the *Yemtschuk* over under vastly different circumstances. We will remember that name *Yemtschuk*. Gott im Himmel, when we meet that ship again.

In the English Club at Shanghai I attended a banquet given in honor of Lord Kitchener. He was a powerful figure of a man, and fairly exuded a dominating personality. He impressed me as one who would brook no opposition, who would ride rough-shod over anyone who stood in his way. I had a great admiration for him.

On a night in 1911 a little boy was brought aboard my ship, and placed in my care. I was asked to take him to Shanghai where he would be taken care of. It was the little Emperor, dethroned by the Chinese revolution. None of the passengers knew of the precious cargo we had aboard, as I kept him guarded in my cabin. He was

a nice little fellow about eight years old. He could only speak the high-caste language of the Mandarin which I did not understand; but my head steward could and through him I had many talks with the intelligent youngster. At Shanghai he presented me with a gold ring. I have since always carried it on my little finger as a good-luck charm.

I had a very funny experience with a lady passenger once. Always I am nice to my passengers, but especially nice to the ladies—if they are good-looking to me. This one always wanted to be with me; night time too. But I wouldn't let her come to my room; not on the boat. I told her that I stayed at the Astor House in Shanghai.

"Oh, is that so?" said she. "I am staying there, too. Come around to my room and have a drink some evening."

Oh ho, think I. And I went. After a few drinks she says nice and soft, but with a hard look in her eyes: "Captain, I will call the manager and tell him that you forced your way into my room here. That is," said she calmly, "I will, unless you give me five hundred dollars."

Ach du lieber! With his tail cut short. . . . Ouch, it hurt. In times like that you think quick. "All right," I answered; "but you do not think I have five hundred dollars in my pants pocket. Come over to my room, and I will give it to you."

She fell for my little stratagem. When she was inside, I closed the door. "Now," I said, "I will ring for the manager." I do not like that kind of woman; she does

not play fair. I told the manager, and he made her leave the hotel.

Every two years I did a period of duty in the navy. Always it was with the squadron stationed at Tsingtau, and usually I was received as a guest by the governor of the station. I looked fine in naval uniform. Big man, fat man, majestic man. Ha! In 1909 I was decorated by the Kaiser. He bestowed the Kronen Cross upon me for my work in the Far East. Because of my naval connections I was well acquainted with the military and naval officers and their families. As Shanghai had much better shops than Tsingtau, the ladies would coax me—I like coaxing from the ladies—to do their shopping for them. I would get their outfits inside and out. And how the English and French storekeepers would laugh at the stuff I would order. Fat China Coast skipper buying lingerie. Jawohl.

While outward bound from Tsingtau on one of my errands of mercy, as the ladies termed my little favors, I had some words with my chief cook. I liked him—he was big and fat and funny. But after my talk he did not like me. When I reached the galley on my next tour of inspection I caught this fellow performing a little ritual of hate. It consisted of spitting into the soup, and saying:

"This soup he go to the captain."

I gave him many great kicks on the backside for that, you bet; and sent him ashore at our next stop.

Another incident with elements of tragedy and comedy in it occurred on that same trip. Down steerage we were carrying a capacity load of Chinese. Many of

them were returning from South Africa where they had been working in the English diamond mines—we took them aboard at Singapore.

With a friend I was having luncheon in my cabin. Suddenly the engines stopped, and my chief officer, appearing in the doorway, said:

"Captain! A Chinaman has jumped overboard!"

I ordered a boat over after him. It was winter and the fellow was wearing six or seven shirts. For one trying to commit suicide that fellow showed a most woeful lack of knowledge—his shirts had ballooned in the water and served him quite effectively as a life preserver. The bo'sun was very angry. Every time a boat is sent away from the ship it means more work for him.

The fellow, it developed, had borrowed money from his friends to take his family back to South Africa; but while waiting for the boat at Singapore he gambled and lost it all, so he says: "I have to take my life." But he didn't try to jump overboard again. My bo'sun saw to that. Shortly after I sent them below a terrific racket started. I called the bo'sun.

"I hear some noise down there," I said—"the cry of a man. What is the matter?"

"That man has been in verree cold water," he answered blandly. "We warm him up a little bit."

Oh ho! Bamboo chow chow makes one plenty warm.

During the plague in 1910 everybody had a terrible time of it. Its locale was in northern China and Manchuria. My run at the time carried me to Chefoo, Dalny, Tientsin, Tsingtau. Chefoo and Dalny were hit badly by that plague.

LAUTERBACH (standing) during his earlier days at sea.

CAPTAIN "JULEY-BOOM" sets out to see the sights of Chin-Wang-Tao.

MR. LIM POON, a Chinese mate who went through typhoons and mutiny under Captain Lauterbach.

It was spread by rats and the ship was fumigated. On my ship only two were found, but on some there were as many as seven hundred dead ones picked up. To stamp out the horror the Chinese government was paying a half dollar for each dead rat. For every rat tail brought to the city halls the officials paid cash—until John Chinaman, seeing plenty "pigeon" in the business, actually began rat farming.

A very good friend of mine was the owner of a tea house right in the middle of the native quarter of Shanghai, and I used to frequent his place when in that port. It was a curious—and dangerous—spot, honeycombed with tunnels. Plenty nice China girls there, and much gambling. Lot of fighting, too. But my friend always seemed to know when trouble was about to start, and he would tip me off so that I could avoid it.

The coolies aboard the boats are taken care of by *compradores*. In this Shanghai place I hired one. And he was a wise feller. Oh ho, yes. He gave me a big laugh—before I bounced him ashore. When we had left port he reported to me. Two hundred coolies had paid their fares, but it seemed to me that there were more than that in the steerage now.

I took him with me on a tour of inspection. We were carrying a deck load of big barrels; also, we were carrying a lot of caskets. I found the barrels empty. Then we went below.

"I'd like to see the inside of that," I said, pointing to one of the boxes.

"Oh, that is only wooden, Captain," said my efficient *compradore*. "That is not interesting."

"Open it!" I shouted, in a way that made him jump.

We found a Chinaman in every casket. The scamp had secreted a full hundred of his kind in the barrels and caskets, appropriating the fares for himself. He made the rest of the journey in the stokehold.

At Chefoo a very nice lady passenger came aboard. She had bought a canary bird—a wonderful singer—from a boatman who sold alongside the ship. Only when she took it to her cabin it would not sing at all. I knew the tricks of those fellows, and I told her I would bring her a fine singing canary on my next trip.

At Chefoo I called the canary seller aboard, and asked him to show me his best singer. Ach! It trilled beautifully. I took it into my cabin, but the coolie did not like that. He wanted to put it into another cage, and trick me—like he did my lady friend—by switching the bird. I told him he would get plenty bamboo chow chow if I ever caught him on my ship again. And so it was that I enjoyed a lovely canary song every time that I called upon my friend.

At Shanghai I dropped into the Astor House, and asked for a certain lady who was very nice to me. The manager came to me.

"Captain," he said, in a low tone so no one in the lobby should hear, "what is the matter with that lady? She drinks, drinks, drinks."

"Impossible," I answered. "She never drank much on my boat."

"Maybe," he said with a shrug, "but here she drinks forty to fifty cocktails a day."

And he showed me the items listed on her bill. There it was—black on white. So many prosits. I went upstairs to her suite. She was charming, but the thought of the amount of liquor she had ordered kept recurring in my thoughts. It was rather a delicate subject, for I did not know her as well as I was to later. Finally my curiosity got the best of me, and I broached the subject.

"Captain," she cried, with much laughter, "how could you think that I could drink so much?"

"But you ordered forty or fifty cocktails," I observed sagely.

"Yes, yes. But I like the cherry, and they send only one cherry in each glass. So," she said, laughing so infectiously that I was constrained to join her, "I had to order many cocktails, but most of the liquor went down the drain."

Ach du lieber! Lauterbach, the ladies!

CHAPTER V

ABOARD THE RAIDER "EMDEN"

In May, 1914, I had my ship, the *Staatssekretär Kraeke*, in harbor at Dalny. It was all quiet and a matter of routine: China Coast skipper, crack German mail steamer, Dalny—a terminus of the Trans-Siberian Railway. We were taking passengers aboard who had come east by the overland route. They were bound for various Chinese and Japanese ports.

"Hello," "wie gehts," "glad to see you back." There were greetings and renewals of old acquaintance. I knew many of the passengers who came aboard, old-timers in the Far East who had been on visits to Europe. We raised anchor, and the *Staatssekretär Kraeke* started on its usual round of the China Sea ports.

In my cabin—and on deck—we sat with bottles of foaming beer, groups of old friends and I, chatting, telling stories, discussing the news, and singing. Jovial and fat; the fattest and the jolliest skipper on the China Coast, they said, and I always found it a most welcome duty to keep my passengers in good spirits. It was that way on every voyage, but this time there was a serious undercurrent beneath the surface of things.

I was talking with an old friend in my cabin. He was a Dutch bishop, a veteran missionary in China,

Bishop Giese, tall and majestic, with a fine white beard.

"Yes, Captain Lauterbach," he was saying. "There will be war—and very soon now."

Was ist das, joss man talkee funny pidgin, as a Chinaman would say. In May, 1914, the prospects of a general European war seemed the figment of a mad imagination. But the grave, thoughtful bishop went on to give his reasons.

"As we came across Siberia we saw endless troop trains, trains filled with Siberian regiments—and they were all going west. Time after time we were held up on the sidings while the troop trains went past. There must be an enormous concentration of the Russian army in the west—it can only be on the German frontier. Under cover the general staffs of the countries must be preparing for a war that will break out at any moment."

And still it seemed impossible. There was on the surface no immediate cause for war. We all knew, to be sure, that the situation in Europe was constantly growing more tense, and that war must come sooner or later; and, indeed, that there might be undercurrents that were bringing it close at hand. It might be that the governments had secrets which we couldn't guess, and were preparing for a war that they knew was bound to come in the immediate future. How else could this great movement of Siberian troops to the west be explained? The bishop could not be wrong there.

I talked with other passengers who had come across the wilds of Siberia, and they all said the same. It was

true that Russia was mobilizing her Siberian regiments in Europe. I heard so much about it that, rather against my own will, I was deeply impressed. Fresh from the experiences and observations of their trip across Siberia, my friends believed that war was at hand. I too began to believe so.

I can give these facts only as personal reactions. The reader can interpret them as he wishes. I can only say that these reports—the en masse movement of Russian troops westward—came to me in May, 1914, and that I was convinced the Russian authorities, as early as the spring of that year, were preparing for war in the immediate future. I acted on that belief, and shaped my life according to it.

"If a war is coming," I thought, "I might as well be in the service, nicht wahr?"

In putting in my time each year with the fleet as a naval reserve officer I was permitted to choose what months I wanted. I immediately put in an application to Admiral von Spee, commander of the German fleet at Tsingtau, asking that I be permitted to begin my two months of service for the year at once. In a short time an affirmative answer came, and so I left my fine mail ship in command of my second officer and reported at Tsingtau for duty. And that was the beginning of strange and perilous adventures for me, fat China Sea skipper playing tag with death on land and sea.

Zu Lauterbach hab ich mein Strumpf verloren.

At Tsingtau there was feasting and fun—and how far from war the world seemed. A squadron of British light cruisers headed by H. M. S. *Hampshire* were in

the harbor—our guests. There were parties and dances and general comradeship, and the admirals went snipe shooting together. I communicated the news of the Russian troop movements to my superiors, and gave them my opinion that war was at hand. They laughed. Lauterbach, du bist verückt, mein Kind. As I look back to that time I can't blame them for their laughter; everything was so peaceful and friendly. So there we were in a fool's paradise: British and Germans fraternizing like old friends.

Soon after my arrival I was seated in the Dachsal Restaurant, one of a group of German officers at a big table drinking beer—ach! It was good. With us was Admiral von Spee. He said to me:

"Lauterbach. On which ship do you want to put in your two months of service?"

"On the *Emden*," I replied without hesitation. I knew Von Mueller, commander of the *Emden*. I liked him and his ship. If there was to be war I could not be in better company. The admiral turned to Von Mueller, who was with us.

"Will you take Lauterbach?" he asked.

"Sure, fine! With pleasure," replied my friend.

And so I was assigned to service on the *Emden*. Not an inkling did I have of what a wild career the immediate future had in store for that ship and her crew. I joined the *Emden* on the 15th of June, and on June 28th came the fateful event. I was the watch officer and had the deck when the wireless message came announcing to the world that the spark had been touched to the powder—although none of us realized how great

an explosion was to result. The Austrian archduke and archduchess had met their fate at Sarajevo. I called a sailor and, handing him the message, ordered him to take the dispatch to Von Mueller who was ashore. The captain hurried aboard.

"It does look like war," he announced gravely.

It did, indeed; and as those summer days drew on we saw that a maelstrom was about to engulf Europe. That we Germans of the Far Eastern fleet were in the tightest fix of all was obvious. There we were on the other side of the world, cut off from the homeland—a few ships isolated and opposed to the overwhelming naval might of Britain.

Our Far Eastern fleet, based at the harbor of Tsingtau, was small indeed; but, at the same time, some of the ships—like the *Emden*, for example—were first-class fighting units of the light and armored cruiser classes, and the morale of the squadron was high. We had little, if any, chance of escape from our world-wide enemies; but we were not without power of doing considerable damage along the Allied sea routes, until at last we should be hunted down.

During that time when war tightened its coils closer and closer about us, the main force of our ships, under Von Spee, was on a cruise in the South Pacific. It consisted of four ships: two light and two armored cruisers. But one light cruiser had been left at Tsingtau—as harbor ship—and it was the *Emden*. For company we had four tiny gunboats of no particular fighting value, and the *Kaiserin Elizabeth*, an old Austrian battleship that run into port for shelter. She was too antiquated and

obsolete to be of much help in a scrap. So in case of trouble the *Emden* must go her way and fight it out alone.

On July 31st, with the wireless bringing messages indicating that war was now only a few hours away, the *Emden* steamed out of Tsingtau Harbor. We were taking no chances of being blockaded in port by any sudden movement of the Allied warships.

The very next day a wireless message flashed the news of Germany's declaration of war against Russia. Ach, and what about us? It caught us away out there in the China Sea—alone against the world, but in a region that I knew like a book. That was something.

We debated our course. What was to be our first move? Capture a ship, of course—make our first prize. My knowledge of the sea routes thereabouts and of Far Eastern ship schedules became invaluable. The Russian mail steamer, I knew, would be on her usual run between Vladivostok and the Chinese ports. She would be a choice morsel for a hungry dog of war. Ho, for a buccaneering cruise!

Already we were in war trim, the deck cleared of useless encumbrances, everyone on the alert, ready to jump to his stations. First we made a swift round of the China Sea, and for a couple of days saw nothing save an occasional Japanese; but Japan was not yet in the war. Then a cloud of smoke on the horizon sent us racing toward it. It plumed a big merchant ship.

Ach du lieber! It did not take me long to recognize her. I had been aboard that craft many, many times, and her skipper—and that was the real tragedy of it

—was a friend of mine. It was the S. S. *Rajsan*, carrying the Russian mails. We signaled for her to heave to—a warning shot—and she tried to run. But a couple more shells whistling over her stacks changed her mind.

"Captain Lauterbach," said Von Mueller, "you will take a prize crew and board her."

The duty of prize officer was destined to become my regular task. That was natural. I suppose because I happened to know more about the merchant ships in those Eastern waters than anyone else aboard. So henceforth this was to be another of my duties. At the same time I was a large, bulky person, and the job called for much agility in skipping up and down ladders and leaping nimbly into small boats that usually were heaving a bit restlessly on an uneasy sea.

It was a tough assignment, and from then on throughout the cruise of the *Emden*, the gods must have roared with laughter at the ludicrous spectacle of a fat prize officer emulating a ballerina on the shaky foothold of a rope ladder. And they must have held their collective breaths when time after time I made a leap for my cockleshell just at the moment when a capricious wave would whip it away. And each time, I suppose, old Neptune and his pals would sing, "Lauterbach, oh where, oh where can he be?"

The skipper of the *Rajsan* was my good friend Captain Austin. Many a time we had gone ashore together in ports where we had met. But this was war. He awaited me in his cabin.

"I am awfully sorry, Captain," I said, "but it is my duty to make your ship a prize of war."

I spoke in German. My friend was very stiff and dignified. The war affected a lot of people in that way.

"I don't know what you are saying," he replied. "I do not speak German."

Vas? What had come over him?

"Well," I said, shrugging my shoulders, "you have forgotten a lot. You knew German well enough fourteen days ago when we were drinking beer together in the club at Tsingtau."

That broke the ice. My friend laughed, and then he became amicable again. We went on deck. Orders were signaled from the *Emden* that I was to take command of the *Rajsan*. I was to sink her instantly if hostile warships appeared, and if there was any kind of a fight.

It was heavy weather—typhoon weather. The *Emden* got under way, and we followed in her wake.

I gave orders that the lifeboats were to be made ready for instant use. Gradually the weather moderated as the typhoon swept away to the north. We were heading for Tsingtau to bring in our prize and rid ourselves of our captives. We passed safely through the mine-lined entrance to the harbor at five o'clock in the morning.

The *Emden's* first prize was officially turned over to the government and I left her. While we were away the auxiliary cruiser *Kormoran* had run into Tsingtau for repairs. She was old and slow—twelve knots was her best speed—and it was decided to transfer her armament to the much faster *Rajsan*. Orders came for us to meet Count von Spee's squadron at Pagan Island in the South Sea. The *Emden* took on fresh supplies; and that evening,

accompanied by her shadow, the coal ship *Markomannia*, slipped quietly from the harbor. Tsingtau receded behind us. It was to be auf Wiedersehen, we hoped. But we were to return no more.

Cruising southward, we kept a sharp lookout for enemy vessels. Just over the horizon we passed the whole British Asiatic fleet bound from Wei-ha-wei to Hongkong. We knew their position because we caught their wireless messages clearly. Soon afterward we passed a Japanese mail steamer. From it went a message that the *Emden* was in the vicinity.

This was unfortunate for our plans. We had been lying in wait for the S.S. *Empress of Japan*, a Canadian steamer which, we knew, had already left Japan heading our way. With our whereabouts broadcast to the world, we lingered no longer in that neighborhood. Our meeting with Admiral von Spee's squadron was slated for the 11th, but as we had plenty of time the *Emden* headed south toward Shanghai, looking for a prize. The only ships that we saw, however, were Japanese—and that country was still neutral. Too bad.

We now turned toward our place of rendezvous. Our way led through the isle-strewn waters that lie between Japan and Formosa. That territory was patrolled by Japanese torpedo boat destroyers, and, as they had nothing to fear, they were brilliantly lighted. We slipped past them with our lights out, undetected.

On the morning of the 11th we sighted the four cruisers of Von Spee's squadron—the *Nürnberg*, the *Scharnhorst*, the *Gneisenau*, and the *Titania*—together with a number of supply steamers. Wie gehts, Lands-

mann. It was a fine sight, the splendid ships and the tropical islands. Greetings all around. We immediately began to replenish our supplies. Captain Mueller reported to the admiral aboard his flagship and requested permission to take the *Emden* for a raiding cruise in the Indian Ocean. Upon his return rumor ran riot, although nothing definite was known.

At eight o'clock the next morning the squadron of war vessels—accompanied by the supply ships—got under way. We steamed out to sea. Two hours later an order was flashed to us from the flagship:

"Proceed *Emden*. God speed and auf Wiedersehen."

But it was to be good-bye instead of auf Wiedersehen, for Von Spee's immortal squadron and the lone *Emden* were doomed never to meet again. Instantly the ship buzzed with excitement. Captain Mueller responded with a message of thanks, the *Emden* turned from the line, and soon we were alone upon the immensity of the sea—the *Emden* and the *Markomannia*, our faithful ghost. From that time onward we were on our own—a veritable lone wolf of the sea. Now for a wild cruise.

CHAPTER VI

WE RAID THE BAY OF BENGAL

And here is the place for us all to arise now and sing "Lauterbach" in a solemn fashion: "Zu Lauterbach hab ich mein Strumpf verloren." Yes, and we are liable to lose more than just our "sock" before we reach a friendly harbor again.

Our life henceforth was to be a curious one. A short life, probably, and an exciting one. But were we downhearted? Not a bit. The uncertainty added real zest. Our watches ran four hours on duty and four off, and during the rest of that memorable cruise we had to sleep on deck and in our clothes, ready for instant action. The morale of the crew was superb. A bottle of champagne was the reward for spotting a steamer. The men were keen to win it, and as you shall see, the champagne flowed rather freely before we were finally laid by the heels.

As for the *Emden's* officers, they were a congenial group. I liked every last man of them. Von Mueller, our daring commander, I had known in cadet school. He was my ideal of an officer. A strict disciplinarian, ja, but he always kept the good of his crew in mind and they knew it. He spent most of his time during the *Emden's* raid, day and night, on the bridge. When he slept it was in the navigation room for a few short hours at a time.

Our chief officer was Hellmuth von Muecke. He was tall and slender—like our commander—with brown hair and blue eyes. An all-around fellow, Von Muecke—good at work, sport, and play. Gay and musical, too. Among our lieutenants was a nephew of the Kaiser. A grand chap was Prince Franz Joseph von Hohenzollern. He was our second torpedo officer, and the torpedo room of a cruiser in the tropics, as you may guess, is a hot job in more ways than one. But Prince Franz was always happy and smiling, debonair, and ready to send the enemy to Kingdom Come, or take a cruise there himself.

All things considered, our lot on the *Emden* was not so bad. Whenever we wanted anything we simply went out and took it—from an enemy ship, of course. Plenty of good food, plenty of good beer. Champagne too for those with a taste for it, and plenty of hard work of the exciting kind that would make any red-blooded man happy. Music and singing, too, Our course carried us southward.

At the island of Yap there was a wireless and cable station of ours. We tried to get in touch with it, and failing, we stopped there to investigate. As we feared, it was in ruins. Naturally we suspected the British. Our assumption was confirmed by the German residents of Anguaca Island. Three days before our arrival a British cruiser had appeared and demolished it.

Meanwhile the S.S. *Princess Alice*, a North German Lloyd mail steamer, with a number of soldiers, sailors, and reservists aboard, while trying to get safely into Manila, picked us up with her wireless. Acting on our commander's orders, she slipped in at Anguaca Island.

We augmented our crew with a dozen or so of her men, and replenished our supplies.

Ordering her to follow, we put to sea again. But there was something the matter with her boilers and, finally, Captain Mueller signaled her commander to take her to Cebú, a little island in the Philippines. A bit later we were in touch with the gun-boat *Geier* and next day met her at sea. She was a very slow craft and at a conference with her commander, Captain Mueller, as senior officer, took it upon himself to order her to Honolulu. She was interned there.

A coal steamer had been ordered to meet us at the island of Timor, a Dutch possession far down in the South Seas near Australia. It was our intention to coal there, but on our arrival we found that the Dutch officials had ordered it away. An officer from the battleship *Tromp* came aboard the *Emden*.

"I am sorry," he announced. "You cannot coal here."

And that was that. The *Emden*, accompanied by the *Markomannia*, whose fuel supply was dwindling, got under way once more. We coaled at Nusi Besi, a Portuguese possession. We had to go cautiously for we were in a dangerous zone. There were plenty of British warships in those waters.

"All of the German light cruisers have three funnels," said Chief Officer von Muecke at a conference in the chart room. "Let us put up a dummy funnel; then we will be taken for a British cruiser."

That was a valuable suggestion. Overnight the *Emden* sprouted a new smokestack. It was made of canvas and

bamboo painted gray; and with a chemical smoke pouring out it looked like the real thing.

Off the west coast of Sumatra we took a course to the north. Off on the horizon one day there was a smudge of smoke. It was the British cruiser *Hampshire*, as we learned from intercepted messages that passed between her and an English shore station. That night we came so close to her that we could see her lights in the distance; but sweeping along as we were in utter darkness, she could not see us. She was searching for German cruisers and entered the port of Simalolo in her quest. The next morning we took a chance and entered the same harbor to coal.

The *Emden* was badly in need of fuel. However, our good ghost, the *Markomannia*, still had some; and once in the harbor she pulled alongside. No time was wasted. We were in Dutch territory; but coal we must. Before the harbor officials had time to come aboard to tell us that "it is not allowed to take coals over," we were in a position to stall them along until the job was finished. They were good fellows, and we showed them a good time. We were afraid of being bottled up in the harbor, so we hurriedly put to sea again.

From there our route carried us into the Bay of Bengal. We were now, at last, in the heart of His Britannic Majesty's vast sea empire in the East, and we were anxious to start something, in fact anything that would pull the British lion's tail. So we put ourselves across the main Bay of Bengal shipping lane. A rough sea and misty weather hampered us at first. Then off Point de Galle, a promontory on the southwestern

end of the island of Ceylon, we sighted a steamer. It was a black night and the approaching ship was lit up like a beacon. We signaled her to stop.

I was the boarding officer. It was hard for a fat man —clambering up and down those whipping ladders in a heaving sea, keeping a safe footing on wet slippery ropes and boards where a slip meant a plunge into shark-infested water. How those tigers of the deep would have chuckled over a tasty morsel like me! But I soon got used to it.

Always it was the same. If the ship could be of use to us we would man her with a prize crew and take her along. Otherwise, we would take the crew off and open the sea cocks. Usually we would assist the work of destruction by planting a couple of time bombs in the ship's hold. When they went off, the ship seldom floated more than fifteen or twenty minutes. My duties ordinarily required about an hour; then we were under way again. We had to work quickly. Had an enemy cruiser appeared during one of our little parties—ha!

That first prize of ours in Indian waters was a Greek merchantman. I spoke to the captain, an oily scoundrel, in English, but he could not understand me. I then spoke to him in French.

"Ah," he said. "Your ship is a British cruiser."

"Nein, no," I answered. "We are German."

"My God!" he whined. "A German cruiser here."

"Show me your papers," I ordered.

"We are Greek," he answered. "We are neutral."

"I don't care," I retorted. "I want to see your papers."

He tried to stall me, and explained that he was bound from Calcutta to Karachi with a cargo of coal. He expected me to believe that his papers were being sent on by train. Such a rotten liar!

"You must have a charter paper," I told him. "Show it to me."

Reluctantly he brought it forth. There I found, as I had suspected from the first, that the cargo was destined for the British government.

"Thank you very much," I said. "You are captured."

Coal was the commodity we wanted above all. We put a prize crew aboard, and transhipped our prisoners to the *Markomannia* for safekeeping. Afterward we found that our boat was a lemon, as you say. The coal was of the Indian variety—much too soft; it clogged our boilers, and we could not make our accustomed speed with it. That taught us a lesson, and other ships carrying Indian coal did not meet with much consideration.

In the captain's cabin I found a Calcutta newspaper. It carried a shipping notice; and on a chart I pointed out to our commander the approximate positions of a number of vessels that had left Calcutta several days earlier. We went for them.

The first that we came across was the S.S. *Indus*, bound for Bombay to pick up troops destined for France. She was ordered to heave to and I went aboard. The *Emden* had no flag showing, and as the small boat neared her side I could tell from the demeanor of the crew that they had taken us for Britishers—that fake funnel was effective. The soap supply on the *Emden*

was running low, and as I stepped to the deck I said to the captain:

"Have you soap aboard?"

"Plenty," he answered laconically.

"What kind?" I asked, carrying on my little joke.

"Sunlight soap."

"All right," I said. "I will take all that you have aboard."

The captain looked at me as though he thought the comedy had gone far enough; but at that moment the flag on the *Emden* went up. His face was a battleground on which astonishment and chagrin seemed quarreling for supremacy.

"Pack up your clothes," I ordered briskly. The crew was sent to join our captives on the *Markomannia;* and the *Emden* stood off and put four shells into the hull of the deserted ship. Twenty minutes later the S.S. *Indus* swirled from sight.

On our next victim I ran across another friend of my China Sea days. Wie gehts—velly good Engleeshman. He was in command of the S.S. *Lovat,* and was also on his way to Bombay to pick up troops for France. He greeted me with astonishment as I came over the side, and we adjourned to his cabin for a round of drinks. After I looked over the ship with him, I said:

"Captain, this is a wonderful ship; but war is war."

My friend was about sixty years old and I hated to sink what was, perhaps, his last command; but he shrugged his shoulders philosophically. What else could he do? It was all in the game, and he was stoical—a real man. No whining from him as from that oily Greek.

Late that night we came upon the S.S. ——. For a reason you will soon understand I will not reveal her name nor the name of her skipper. She was laden with a cargo of jute and bound for New York under charter to an American firm. The captain and I were in his chart room looking over the ship's papers. Suddenly a woman in a night dress with a little boy by her side appeared in the doorway. It was the captain's wife and little son. She seemed terribly frightened.

"What, the Germans here!" she cried. "Oh, don't kill us."

"Why shall we kill you?" I answered reassuringly; and turning to her husband, said courteously: "Will you please introduce me to the lady?" Everybody knows that fat men are always gallant.

That smoothed things over. The British with their atrocity propaganda led many of our enforced guests to suspect us of everything that is unholy, from cannibalism on down the line. I communicated to Captain Mueller the fact that the boat was under charter to an American firm, and he ordered us not to sink her.

The captain—finding that we were human beings like himself, maybe—told me there was a steamer about ten miles to the rear of his vessel. My commander signaled me to hold the —— until he returned, and the *Emden* set out after the new quarry.

Some hours later the *Emden* reappeared, escorting a large steamer. She had made a magnificent bag. The captured vessel was the S.S. *Diplomat* of the Harrison Line. I would have recognized her red and white funnels anywhere. I boarded her. She was laden with ten thou-

sand tons of tea—so you Americans are not the only ones who have had a little tea party at England's expense. One of the officials of the harbor master's office in Calcutta was a passenger. He was a bearded Englishman—pompous, and wearing a trick tropical helmet. Mein Gott—that Engleeshman come topside and talk all same damfool.

"You don't want to sink this wonderful ship and this cargo of tea, do you?" he queried pompously.

"Certainly," I answered briefly. That took him down a peg.

"What do you intend to do with us?"

"I'll give you three quarters of an hour to pack your clothes," I said, glancing at my watch. "Then over you go to our *Markomannia*."

He strutted away for all the world like a ruffled hen. Shortly he reappeared on deck carrying a suitcase, a bag of golf clubs, and a cased tennis racket. He came over to where I was standing.

"Captain," he said—trying to flatter me maybe—"I have nineteen cases of curiosities in the hold. Will your sailors take them out for me?"

Oh ho! Maybe he forgot that there was a war on.

"No," I answered shortly. "My sailors have other things more important to attend to."

He approached a member of the crew of the captured ship, and told him to get the curiosities, but the fellow told him to go to hell, saying: "I have my own clothes to pack." Aboard the *Markomannia* this important fellow then tried to start a row because he was not given a separate cabin. Ach du lieber! He wanted all of the

comforts of home, but on the *Markomannia*, overcrowded as she was, our captives had to take what they could get—and unfortunately it was not much.

Accompanied by the *Markomannia*, the *Emden* got under way again. Her next victim was the S.S. *Killin*. She had a cargo of Indian coal and was bound for Karachi. No more soft coal for us. We sank her. And the S.S. *Trabbock* en route from Madras to Calcutta went down the same watery trail to Davy Jones.

The next ship we came across was an Italian—the S.S. *Lorendano*. Italy was not as yet in the war and we respected the vessel's neutrality; but her captain played a dirty trick on us in return. We had asked him not to give notice of our whereabouts to the British; and not three hours after we had let him go our radio operator picked up a message from him to the wireless station at Calcutta, saying: "Don't leave harbor; *Emden* in vicinity." If we had suspected that fellow's duplicity we would have blown him and his cargo of saltpetre—saltpetre makes powder, you know—until there would have been Italian kindling wood strewn from one end of the Bay of Bengal to the other. As it was, he got a gold watch from the British government for his treachery.

The *Markomannia* had become so cluttered up with the crews of the various ships we had sunk that our commander decided to transfer them to the ship with the Yankee charter and let her go. That was done. The —— and her cargo of prisoners disappeared over the horizon. We discovered later that they reached India in safety.

Freed of that encumbrance, the *Emden* and her shadow went on with their work. On the S.S. *Clan Mat-*

theson I had a peculiarly disagreeable experience. She carried a cargo of automobiles—Rolls-Royces, no less—and two race horses that were entered in the famous Calcutta Sweepstakes. I was accompanied by Lieutenant Schall when I boarded her. The captain spoke of the animals. I did not like the idea of those thoroughbreds drowning—a horrible death that.

"You had better kill the horses," I said to my comrade, "while I go below and supervise the sinking."

When I hastily returned to the deck Lieutenant Schall and the crew were already in the small boat. He called up to me that he did not have the heart to kill the animals. I hurried to their stalls, and two shots from my automatic put them out of their misery. That was bad—very; but the English captain had begged me not to let the horses drown, and I kept my word.

Thanks to our Italian "friend" we had to change our scene of operations. I suggested to our commander that we head northward toward Calcutta. The Hooghly River, on which Calcutta is situated, is extremely dangerous, full of sand bars, and all steamers coming down must make their way very slowly. They would fairly creep into our maw. But if we chanced to run into an enemy cruiser—ah well, that was the risk.

Captain Mueller vetoed the suggestion. It was now well known that the *Emden* was in the vicinity. In fact, the air was fairly cluttered with wireless messages from British stations broadcasting a warning to all who cared to listen. They were even jestingly inquiring through the ether: "*Emden*, where are you?" Oh ho! We did not answer that, you bet.

We headed southward. Below the Nicobar Islands, but still in the Bay of Bengal, we passed in the night an old friend, the British cruiser *Hampshire*. This time she was not looking for German cruisers—oh no! She was looking for *a* German cruiser, and we were it, or would have been *It* had she caught us. We were all ears when her wireless worked; but not a peep did we give out in return. In the mess room we drank a toast in champagne to: "Our friends, the enemy."

CHAPTER VII

THE BOMBARDMENT OF MADRAS

THERE was not much to be found in the way of enemy shipping in the open sea now, so we decided to emulate the ancient and intelligent precedent established by Mahomet. If our prey would not come to us—we would get busy and find it. We, of course, well knew the effect that a bombardment of a British Indian city would have upon the native population. That would be just about as disconcerting to the British lion as anything mortal man could do.

"For a few days now enemy shipping will scarcely venture from port," reasoned Von Mueller, "because they know we are lurking somewhere in the neighborhood. Let us therefore go and do what they would never suspect us of attempting. Let us go and destroy the oil tanks at Madras." A real inspiration.

It was now during the period of the southwest monsoon, with the weather rough and muggy and generally foul. Rotten conditions for coaling in the open sea. We dared not approach land for such an operation, for fear of being caught in a trap. But coal we must have.

The *Markomannia* was ordered alongside, and between morning and night we managed to transfer five hundred tons to our bunkers; men and officers alike worked like Chinese coolies on the shifting decks and

passageways as the ships, grinding and bumping, rose and fell in the trough of the sea. It was back-breaking, dangerous work, but we somehow managed it without losing a man.

Then, setting a diagonal course across the Bay of Bengal, we made for the scene of our proposed adventure. We were careful to avoid all shipping, as a knowledge of our whereabouts would have proven disastrous to our plans. A smudge of smoke on the horizon was sufficient to send us off our course until it had vanished. In that cautious fashion we approached Madras.

Along about nine in the evening our searchlight swept in an arc over the great metropolis of South India. We could see the domes of the British high court, and the tall Hindu temples. To our right were the tanks belonging to the Standard Oil. To our left were the huge storage containers of the British. Almost as soon as our searchlight beams picked them up we cut loose at a range of three thousand yards. The first shell fell short and landed on a steamer inside the breakwater.

Then pandemonium broke loose. Our next burst of fire landed on one of the big oil reservoirs with an effect that was magnificent.

A shattering blast tore asunder the black curtain of the night, and our searchlight, by comparison, seemed like the faint flicker of a candle. The whole city and harbor were lighted as by a gigantic torch; and then a fast-spreading mass of smoke—inky, heavy, ominous—hung like a pall of gloom. At the same time came a growing rumble and roar that sounded terrifying even to us out at sea. The oil tanks of Madras were no more.

What fireworks! The million gods of the Hindus, and particularly Kali, the bloodthirsty goddess, must have been cheered by the sight.

The whole affair lasted less than half an hour. In that time we had done damage to the extent of millions of dollars, or assumed we had; and at an expenditure of only about one hundred and twenty-five shells. Several of them we dropped on a shore battery that had impudently fired back at us. Our night's work finished, we departed under full steam knowing full well that it would not be healthy for us to loaf around Madras, or even in that corner of the Bay of Bengal.

A few hours after we had left, our old friend the cruiser *Hampshire* arrived only to find that we had taken to our heels. There wasn't anything to be gained by fighting her. The odds were too great. The *Emden*, a light cruiser, would have had little chance in a bout with the more heavily armed *Hampshire*. Afterwards we learned that she had tried to follow us, but we shook her off somewhere north of Ceylon.

The rising sun of the following day shone on a peculiar scene—peculiar at any rate for a man-o'-war. Tired, exhausted men were sprawled everywhere. In the officers' mess room I found Lieutenant Schall asleep, lying on a mattress. The ship's cat was slumbering between his legs, and—ach du lieber! She had just brought forth a litter of five kittens. I called some of the other officers, and then we awoke the lieutenant, amid shouts of ribald laughter. Schall, du Dummkopf, what kind of Chinese magic do you call this?

We circled the island of Ceylon at a distance of twenty

miles or so. A searchlight at the port of Colombo fingered its way uneasily over the water. Evidently they had heard of our surprise party and fireworks display at Madras. But, as it developed, they did not know what ship was responsible.

A plume of smoke in the morning air brought us news of another ship. It was a Britisher all right. The S.S. *Tymerik*. Accompanied by Lieutenant von Hohenzollern, I boarded her, and announced to the captain who we were.

"What!" he exclaimed incredulously. "The *Emden* here?"

"Yes."

"Yes," he burst out bitterly. "You damn Germans are always on my track."

Telling him to stop that sort of talk, I turned to the prince, and said:

"It is better that you watch outside, Lieutenant. I must have a few words with this skipper." What I thought was that I might have to use some China Sea lingo that might shock the well-mannered prince.

"Just two hours ago," that old British captain exploded again, "I came from the British Admiralty office in Colombo, and the officials told me that this course was absolutely safe; that the *Emden* was a thousand miles off. I have a full cargo of rum and sugar and I stopped at Colombo for the sole purpose of getting information as to your whereabouts—and the assurance I got from the Admiralty was so damned favorable that here, less than two hours after sailing, the *Emden* is holding me under her guns."

I did not trust that fellow. He talked too much against his country's officials, for one thing. I kept my ears open. I communicated with the *Emden* and was ordered to take the ship along and not sink her. Then I happened to be near the captain and his chief engineer, and caught enough of their conversation to see that a nice little plot was being hatched right under my nose. The chief engineer was to tamper with the engines. With her power plant working improperly, she would be unable to keep up with the *Emden*, and we were lying too close to the port of Colombo to remain there with daylight approaching. Ergo: the Britisher assumed that we would have to let them go. But they reckoned without their host. I walked over to them.

"You and your chief engineer are under arrest," I said to the captain. "You are going over to the *Emden* as prisoners."

I signaled the *Emden:* "Something wrong on board; come, and I will sink the ship at once." Whereupon I gave the crew five minutes to get their things together and leave. Then we blew up the ship.

Naturally none of the British ship's crew had time to save any of their belongings. The Chinese had made a rush to lower the boats, and on the way over to the *Markomannia* the English captain had a row with his chief engineer and the rest of the crew. He was blamed for the loss of their personal effects. Aboard the *Markomannia* the disgruntled men began the row all over again. They were shouting and threatening to break out in open warfare amongst themselves. The *Emden*

came alongside to investigate. By that time we had things well in hand.

That was the beginning of a very successful day for us. En route to the island of Menicoy we fell in with the S.S. *King Lud*. She carried very little cargo and was overrun with rats. I hate them, as do most sailors; and I was glad when the word came to sink her, rats and all.

Aboard the S.S. *Ghyfwale* I found a friend. One of the Chinese stewards had served under me as a pantry boy. He knew me well. Oh ho, he knew my weakness. As soon as he saw me free for a moment he approached.

"Captain," he said, "we got twelve bottle beer on board. All samee belong you."

The *Ghyfwale* was an empty ship, and it was decided to keep her with us so that we could tranship our captive crews to her and send them to the famous old spice port of Cochin on the Malabar Coast across the peninsula of Hindustan from Madras. We next fell in with the S.S. *Ribera*. The captain was a nice fellow. He had seen the German cruiser *Koenigsberg* searching for a British convoy in the Indian Ocean. He had the latest information regarding shipping conditions in the East, and we had a long talk together. Finally he said:

"You won't find many steamers now. The *Emden* has sunk so many ships that the British will not allow any vessels to venture out of harbor. And the insurance rates have shot up until they are prohibitive."

That was great news for us. The cruiser *Koenigsberg*, we found out later, was not so lucky. After sinking the British gunboat *Pegasus* in the harbor of Zanzibar, she

too took a fling at high life along the shipping lanes. But, unable to find enough coal steamers, she was forced to enter the Rufigi River in German East Africa, where the British cornered and finally destroyed her. Maybe she needed an old China Coast skipper to show her around, eh?

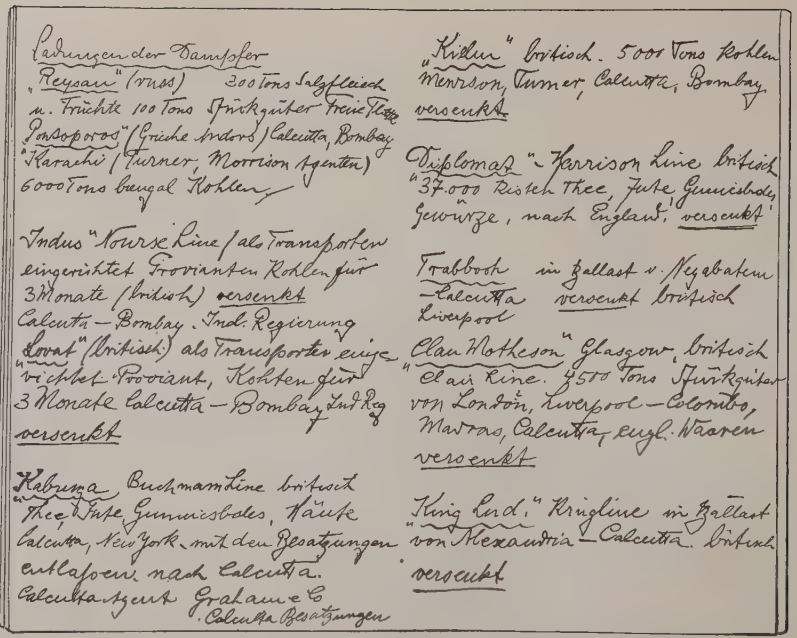
The *Ribera* carried no cargo, and after sending her crew away we sank her. Back aboard the *Emden*, Captain Mueller decided to transfer all our prisoners to the *Ghyfwale*, under my command.

The Britishers on the *Markomannia* had managed to get hold of some whisky. It was mealtime. The day was excessively hot and I was on the bridge.

I was watching a Chinaman dishing out food to the captive crews, and one of the Englishmen slapped his shoulder, spilling the soup. The Chinaman picked up the bucket of soup and slammed it over the Englishman's head—and then the fight started. The Chinese fought against the English and the English—the drunken ones, at any rate—fought against each other. We had to put three of the drunken brawlers in irons.

One other ship came our way about this time. She was the S.S. *Foyle*, and she was just an ordinary routine job. Aboard, off with the crew, and *boom*—she was gone. We had picked Menicoy for our destination, with the idea that there would be easy pickings in the neighborhood. The island is British and its lighthouse beacon—as I well knew—served as a marker for all of the ships coming from the Red Sea. We were right in our assumptions. In the night we passed many British passenger boats, but Von Mueller would not touch them

THE BOMBARDMENT of the great Indian city of Madras
in the most daring raid of the World War.



Ladungen der Dampfer

„Reysau" (russ) 200 Tons Salzfleisch u. Früchte 100 Tons Stückgüter Frucht Tons Bosporos" (Griche Indors) Calcutta, Bombay „Karachi" (Turner, Morrison Agenten) 6000 Tons bengal Kohlen

Indus "Source Line als Transporten eingerichtet Proviant Kohlen für 3 Monate (britisch) versenkt Calcutta – Bombay. Ind. Regierung

Lovat" (britisch) als Transporter einige "richtet Proviant, Kohlen für 3 Monate Calcutta – Bombay Ind Reg versenkt

Kabinga Buckmann Line britisch "Thee, Jute Gummisbales, Häute Calcutta, New York mit den Besatzungen entlassen nach Calcutta. Calcutta agent Grahame & Calcutta Besatzungen

„Kilkis" britisch. 5000 Tons Kohlen Morrison, Turner, Calcutta, Bombay versenkt

Diplomat "– Harrison Line britisch "37.000 Kisten Thee, Jute Gummisbales Gewürze, nach England, versenkt

Trabboch in Ballast v. Negabatam – Calcutta versenkt britisch Liverpool

Clan Mathesson "Glasgow, britisch "Clan Line. 7500 Tons Stückgüter von London, Liverpool – Colombo, Madras, Calcutta, engl. Waaren versenkt

King Lud." Kingline in Ballast "von Alexandria – Calcutta. britisch versenkt

FACSIMILE OF PAGE from log kept by Captain Lauterbach, a day-by-day record of ships sunk by the raider EMDEN.

He was afraid there would be women and children aboard, and that in the excitement they might be injured or lost. He was not interested in that sort of game. So we passed them by.

One night we ran across a fine bit of luck. Along came the S.S. *Buresk*, on her maiden trip, carrying five thousand tons of the best Cardiff coal for the British Asiatic Squadron. We ran right up to within fifty yards and signaled with the siren for her to stop. I was the boarding officer, and I hardly expected to find as our prize a supply of coal that would last us a month.

We transferred her crew to the *Ghyfwale*, and told the captain of the prison ship to sail for Cochin on a certain course. He was informed that if he was caught off that course he would be torpedoed.

The Britishers were good sports and cheered us as they pulled away. Some days later we intercepted a wireless message announcing their safe arrival on the Malabar Coast.

We were badly in need of a rest, all of us, officers and men. Day and night we had been on the alert and at work. Most of our victims had certain little luxuries—food and the like—that came in handy, and taking over supplies at sea from our well-stocked captives was a job that called for an expenditure of energy that began to tell on all of us, and particularly on those of us who were fat men.

Captain Mueller, always anxious for the welfare of his men, decided to run down to the out-of-the-way Maldive Islands, where ships seldom passed. So away we went to the lonely Maldives and an isolated harbor.

Six hundred more tons of coal from the *Markomannia* were transhipped. Southward we headed from there to the little island of Diego Gracia, where we had a funny experience. Our hull was encrusted with barnacles, and our engines and boilers were in need of overhauling.

The spot was ideal for our work. In the unfrequented waters of the South Indian Ocean, Diego Gracia boasted a foreign population of two—an Englishman and a Frenchman. Twice a year the island was visited by a little trading schooner that came down to pick up a load of copra.

Soon after we dropped anchor our friends—as yet—came aboard. At their first words we realized they were unaware that a war was on. They expressed their surprise at the condition of the *Emden*. We trumped up the excuse that we had just come from East Africa where we had had trouble with the natives, and were on our way to Colombo to repair the ship.

To avoid embarrassing questions, we plied them with much whisky in a hurry. In our conversations we were careful to omit all mention of war; but we did tell them—in response to their eager questions for the news of the day—that the Pope had died, and other gleanings of a similar sort that we had gathered from the old newspapers we had confiscated from our various victims. Then they in turn entertained us in so far as they could. It was all too jolly to spoil with any announcement that we were at war. That would have been brutal indeed.

We remained there for about three days. In that time the barnacles were cleaned off our bottoms with the assistance of natives who were generously supplied by

our unsuspecting friends. The *Emden* was repainted gray, and both ships were made spick-and-span. The last vestiges of our three months at sea were gone, and we finally left our hosts, gloriously drunk and still shouting toasts to us. Leaving them in their equatorial paradise, we steamed farther south.

CHAPTER VIII

A ROLLING COFFIN IN THE INDIAN OCEAN

THE steamer lanes that the Australian beef ships frequented were our objective now. Up and down them we prowled, for fresh meat, and in the meantime we kept our men in shape for our regular work with target practice and torpedo shooting. The *Markomannia* took the part of the enemy in those little games of ours. We were unsuccessful in locating meat ships; and, our vacation period over, we turned northward toward our old hunting ground in the neighborhood of the island of Menicoy.

Game was still plentiful. The day of our arrival we took the S.S. *Clan Glan*. Her captain was a typical Britisher. He was a cheery old codger, small and broad of beam; with his granitelike chin half hidden by a scrubby beard. I remembered him—he was an old China Sea trader—and he remembered me, too. I met him on the bridge. We went into his cabin.

"Come, Captain Lauterbach," he said, bluff and hearty, "let's have a 'stinger' [Singaporese for a whisky and soda] for old time's sake." After we downed them he roared: "And now what are you going to do with me?"

"Captain," I replied, "the gods decree that I must sink your ship."

The *Clan Glan* had a good cargo aboard, and the *Emden* signaled us to trail along for awhile. My aide was Lieutenant Fickentscher, a tip-top youngster, but a trifle unsophisticated and unaccustomed to situations like this. You see, my old friend the British skipper was a model host, and every ten minutes or so up would bounce a steward with another stiff stinger, each a shade more potent than the last. But I was wise to that little trick. He hoped to put me under. So I downed a swallow and then shot the rest over the side, on the sly. That captain knew I had quite a capacity, but I soon had him in a daze.

Fickentscher failed to notice my game and made a gallant attempt to drink them all. In the captain's cabin I saw him down three stingers in quick succession, so I thought I'd better give him time to cool off a bit.

"I'll take the watch for the night," I told him. "But in the morning—about five o'clock—I want you to come up and take over the bridge so I can go below and clean up."

Five o'clock came, five after, ten after, quarter past—and no Fickentscher. I called a man and sent him below to rout out my aide. Soon afterward a bedraggled lieutenant appeared. His hair was all wet. He had ducked his head in an attempt to clear away the cobwebs—and his eyes looked like those of a fish. Ach! those stingers had been stronger than I thought.

"Captain," said Lieutenant Fickentscher, reporting, "I had some whisky, some drinks with the captain; and I fell asleep. That is all I remember. I think that skipper

must have drugged me." He little realized that a Singapore stinger, made by an old-timer, is a strong man's drink.

That same day we transferred the *Clan Glan's* cargo and crew over to the *Markomannia* and sank her. Soon afterward we came upon a funny-looking boat. She was a British dredger bound for Tasmania. I was on the bridge with Captain Mueller when she hove in sight.

"What can that be?" I asked. "A destroyer? Or what?"

I took a look at her through the big glass. "She's a dredger," I exclaimed, and then we all laughed. The others couldn't believe it possible that we could come across a dredger out on the open sea. She was making about six knots an hour, and rolling heavily. The big derricks were describing tremendous arcs against the background of the sky.

Getting aboard her was a ticklish job. There was a high sea running, and as my small boat came alongside I jumped aboard. The deck was wet and slippery and I fell heavily. When I fall, needless to say, it is always heavily. It jarred me right down to my heels.

The dredger captain and crew greeted us with open arms. Well, almost that. The captain told me they had plenty of supplies, and that we could have whatever we wanted—providing we would rescue them from that loggy craft.

"You are from the cruiser *Emden?*" he said, after I had glanced through his papers. "Well, we can't say that we are disappointed you have found us. It's not much fun trying to ride this rolling coffin around the

world; and besides, we were paid for the trip before we started from England."

Nor did we blame them a bit for wanting to get off of that hulk. It turned out that they had actually made a previous trip with another dredger bound for Tasmania and it had capsized in the Indian Ocean. When the *Emden* came across them on their second voyage to Tasmania they were already four months out. I wonder if Tasmania has her dredger yet? Two shots from one of our guns and down she went.

For several days things were quiet. I was working in the commander's cabin one morning about nine. Von Mueller, who had been on the bridge, came in.

"Lauterbach," he said, "what's the matter? No game yet to-day."

I pointed to a spot on the chart which I had before me. "Let us go about forty miles north on the track between Ceylon and Bombay."

"We shall see," said the commander. "We shall see."

Two hours later the lookout spotted a smudge of smoke on the horizon. We raced toward it. Von Mueller asked me what I thought of her.

"That is one of the finest British freighters afloat," I said. "She's a Blue Funnel boat, the S.S. *Troilus*."

We overhauled her and found that she was carrying nine thousand tons of rubber and a thousand tons of copper. When I went aboard I found the captain and crew already lined up on deck with their dunnage. I expressed my surprise. The passengers seemed to regard it as a lark.

"Most of these men," said the captain, nodding

toward the crew, "were members of the crew of the S.S. *Ribera* which you sank about a month or so ago. And when they saw your vessel they said, 'Boys, pack up, the *Emden* is with us again.'"

Among the passengers I found still another good friend of my China Sea days. An Englishwoman, the wife of an architect, and—for some time—a resident of Shanghai, where I had visited her home many times. She had frequently been a passenger on my ship in the old days, and here she was now on her way back to England.

"On two other occasions," said she, "I have been captured by you Germans and sent back to the place from whence I started. Now you have me for a third time. Captain Lauterbach, what is the verdict?"

"I am afraid we will have to send you back to an Indian port," I replied. "But don't lose heart. I wish you better luck next time."

She laughed and asked for a souvenir. The ladies always asked me for souvenirs. They liked, especially, the buttons from your uniform. Once in awhile I would part with one or two. Then when I would return to the *Emden* Von Mueller would say:

"Now, look here, Lauterbach! How many buttons have you shed this time?"

The captain of the *Troilus* was a charming chap and quite a gifted musician. When it was decided to sink his ship, he asked me if it would be possible to save his piano—he had a real affection for it. So I arranged to have it taken aboard the *Markomannia*. I too like the piano. One of the crew asked if he could take his motor-

cycle. Another fellow was very sick, and he asked for permission to bring along a case of apolinnaris water. And did he? Oh ho!

On a ship that we captured later I found an article in a newspaper describing the incident. It said: "The prize officer of the *Emden* is not a half bad fellow. He was asked for a case of apolinnaris water, and he gave us instead—a case of champagne." On the *Troilus* a newspaper caught my eye. In it I read: "There is an old-time merchant captain on the *Emden*. All of our captains know him. He is none other than Captain Lauterbach. So it is no wonder that our ships are always falling into the hands of the *Emden*." Then with true British sportsmanship they finished: "By God, Lauterbach! You have done a stout job even if we do say so with reluctance!"

Ho ho! That was praise, indeed. I toasted my friends —the enemy—with some fine English ale that came from the *Troilus*. With his tail cut short and his ears cut long. There was no better way that I could express my appreciation for their compliments.

The *Troilus* was a fast ship. I took command of her, and now there were three boats in our flotilla. Then along came another Britisher, the S.S. *St. Egbert*. She was in ballast, and we kept her with us to ship our prisoners back to an Indian port. A bit of luck came with our next prize. It was the S.S. *Exford*, with a cargo of six thousand tons of coal—good anthracite.

Next day we ran across the S.S. *Chilkana*, a British passenger boat. The weather was becoming heavy. We lined up our flotilla—all six of them—and got under

way. The *Emden* led and the *Troilus* brought up the rear. A dismal foggy squall embraced us. Our course was set via megaphoned instructions, and aboard the *St. Egbert*—Lieutenant Gerdes was in command of her—the order was misunderstood. Instead of turning northwest, he swung north-northeast. When the fog cleared about three hours later the *St. Egbert* had vanished. Captain Mueller signaled that I was to take command of the other boats, and set out at full speed. In a little while he had found the lost ship.

With the weather clear we finished transferring the cargoes of our prizes to the *Markomannia*, put our prisoners aboard the *St. Egbert*, and sent her off to India. Then we sank the others, with the exception of the *Exford*. With a prize crew on board, Von Mueller ordered her to the Cocos Islands, there to stand by and await our arrival.

With the *Markomannia* still trailing, the *Emden* headed for the Nicobar Islands. One night, during a squall, we again passed our old neighbor, the cruiser *Hampshire*, and the British auxiliary cruiser *Empress of Russia*, but, running with all lights out, we slipped by unnoticed. In the shelter of the islands we coaled and the following day debated on our next move. I recalled having heard from a Norwegian skipper whom we had encountered some weeks before that the Allied ships were coaled and repaired in the harbor of Penang, over on the Malay coast. Naturally it would be a great coup if we could raid their Penang lair. Said Von Mueller:

"There is no better time than the present. Let's have a go at it."

CHAPTER IX

WE SINK A RUSSIAN CRUISER AND A FRENCH DESTROYER IN A MALAY PORT

In the kind of a game we were playing the factor of surprise meant everything. Full speed ahead we started toward Penang. Along about midnight we picked up the shore lights, and hove to some twenty miles out. Captain Mueller set 5 A. M. as the hour for our attempt to force an entrance to the harbor. The waiting was tedious. One's courage is not so good between 2 A. M. and dawn. At 4 A. M. we got under way and passed a destroyer that evidently mistook our four funnels for those of a British warship. She was the watchboat patrolling the harbor entrance, but she actually let us go through unchallenged.

The way in to Penang Harbor is narrow, and calls for careful navigation. Dawn was just breaking when we ran up our battle flags.

A spacious placid bay rimmed with green jungle-clad shores, a flat-topped green mountain, and at its foot, sprawling down to the shore, the fascinating city of Penang, with white houses, green palms, and gray dirty piers and docks. It was all as peaceful and still as a Garden of Eden. Penang was not yet awake. What ships were there? We looked sharp as the *Emden* cut the glassy waters of the bay. What ships, indeed! There

were a number anchored around. One in particular caught and held our attention. It almost made our gunners smack their lips with delight. About one thousand yards away was an enemy warship. I knew her well. Had I not been the guest of her commander when I was in Vladivostok Harbor? She was the Russian cruiser *Yemtschuk*. What memories the sight of her brought back to me. We took a leisurely course toward her in order to get within easy range. No movement on her deck, everybody asleep aboard, or unsuspecting. At three hundred yards we prepared to launch a torpedo. By now we were spotted. Gunners aboard the *Yemtschuk* were hurrying to their guns. Torpedo los! A terrible explosion. That first torpedo of ours lifted her off the water just as her gunners let go their first salvo. As a result her shells passed harmlessly over our heads. Our guns opened on her and then the *Emden* turned and we gave her a second torpedo. Our guns were going with clocklike regularity, pounding the doomed cruiser with shells. The second torpedo must have landed squarely in her ammunition room. With an enormous explosion she rose right out of the water. Then an instant later she vanished from sight behind a curtain of smoke. When the smoke lifted nothing remained above the surface of the harbor but a few yards of the *Yemtschuk's* mast sticking out of the water. The water was alive with Russian sailors, and in a few minutes native sampans were hurrying out to pick up the survivors.

There were two other war vessels in the harbor: the French gunboat *D'Iberville* and the French destroyer *Pistolet*, but they did not have steam up.

"Big cruiser at the entrance," someone sang out.

The *Emden* put about, ready for a dash to the open sea, only to find that the newcomer was a cable steamer and had already been beached a moment before by her cautious captain. However, there was another boat out there—a big freighter. It was the S.S. *Glen Turret.* We stopped her and I was sent over to open her sea cocks. No sooner had I boarded her than I was signaled to return to the *Emden.* The innocent guard boat we had slipped past on our way into Penang was now recklessly coming to the fray. She was the French destroyer *Mousquet.*

She boldly cut loose at us with two torpedoes, and then, turning, tried to escape. But our gunners caught her with their second round; she shuddered and seemed to pause. Two more bursts of fire caught her, and over she went on her side. Then in a sliding dive she disappeared beneath the waves. We immediately put out our boats to pick up her crew, and managed to save thirty-five of her officers and men, some of them badly wounded.

Our radio operator caught a message from the wireless station at Penang. It read: "German cruiser *Emden* just entered harbor sinking Russian cruiser *Yemtschuk* and French destroyer *Mousquet.*"

The *Glen Turret* had escaped into the inner recesses of the harbor. But we decided not to follow her. We had been here long enough and had no further reason for remaining and plenty for leaving. Under forced draft we sped away. In our wake came the spunky *Pistolet.* She had managed to get up steam and was

after us. It was advisable for us to leave that locality, and as the weather was squally we had no trouble losing her. For two hours we followed a straight course and then turned southward in the hope of picking up some steamer that we could persuade to take our wounded French sailors to the nearest Dutch East Indian port. Next day we found the S.S. *Newburn*. I conferred with her captain and promised him immunity if he would take our prisoners to Sabang. He agreed, the transfer was made, and that evening we intercepted a wireless message from the Dutch station at Sabang announcing their safe arrival. Naturally we were jubilant over the success of our raid on Penang.

After another necessary rendezvous with our coal steamer, the *Buresk*, we entered the strait of Sunda, between Sumatra and Java. After two unprofitable days scouring the strait for merchantmen, Captain Mueller ordered us southward to the Cocos Islands, where the *Emden* was destined to have as much excitement packed into one day as on all the rest of our cruise.

We had two reasons for visiting the Cocos: for a rendezvous with our coal ship, the *Exford;* and to destroy the cable station which joins Africa, India, and Australia, one of the most important centers in Great Britain's world-wide chain of communication.

During the night our wireless operator found the air abuzz with messages between British steamers and men-o'-war. But not having their key they were all so much Greek or Sanskrit to us. We suspected there was an important convoy somewhere not far off. It was customary in sending code messages to send the names

of towns and ships, straight. I was with Captain Mueller and the rest of his staff. He held a message in his hand, and "Newcastle" was the only understandable word it bore.

"Evidently refers to the small cruiser *Newcastle*," he remarked, and most of the *Emden* officers agreed with him. I differed. "No," I said, "that is the port of Newcastle in Australia."

It turned out that I was right. A convoy of Australian troops was on its way to France. It was outward bound from Newcastle, protected by British and Australian cruisers. Their course took them very close to the place we had picked for our rendezvous with the *Exford*.

These were dangerous waters should our position be known. Von Mueller had our course all mapped out. We were to meet the *Exford* at about eight in the evening. The next morning a landing party was to be sent ashore at the Cocos Islands. But this time the Fates had ordained that our British friends were to be there too.

As scheduled, we arrived at the place of rendezvous. I figured out our position and then reported to our commander that we were where the *Exford* should be.

At dawn, after a night of anxiety, the *Emden* sped southward, and then swept in a wide circle to the north. Our lookout picked up the smoke smudge of the *Exford* on the horizon at 8 A. M., fifty miles from where she should have been. Her commander came aboard to report. He too had picked up the wireless messages from

the British ships, had seen their smoke, and at once shifted his position.

It was now too late to send the landing party ashore. We would have to wait till morning. The enemy convoy was still quite near. With the *Emden* now was the *Buresk* and the *Exford*. The *Markomannia* had been sent to a certain point to meet the *Pontoporrous*, our first captive in Indian waters, with her cargo of Indian coal. It was the first time that the *Markomannia* had been away from the *Emden* for any length of time, and Von Mueller had picked her for the mission because of her speed.

Normally we carried four hundred and twenty men. But we had put a lieutenant commander and two lieutenants with prize crews aboard our captive coal steamers, the *Pontoporrous*, *Buresk*, and *Exford*. So the *Emden* was short-handed. At this moment the commander made a decision that perhaps saved my life. At the time I was much disappointed.

"Lauterbach," he said, "I think that here near the Cocos Islands we will have a fight." He paused, and puffed a smoke ring into the air. "I may need every regular naval officer." Again he paused, and then, as though definitely making up his mind, he went on: "Lauterbach, you will take command of the *Exford* for two days. I need officers. You will handle the *Exford* alone."

"Certainly," I answered, "I can take the ship wherever you want it, alone."

I was thinking. I could sleep a little on the bridge when I was tired. I was used to that sort of life, and no

doubt this was the reason I was picked for the job. The younger regular naval officers could hardly have handled a job like that alone; it is one that calls for long experience.

"Lauterbach," said my commander, becoming serious, "don't be sorry that you are going away from the *Emden*. You have been with us from the very beginning of the cruise, and we will miss you much. But the *Exford* is our last coal steamer, and who knows when we may pick up another? She must be kept safe at all odds."

I nodded. Captain Mueller pointed to a spot on the chart that lay before us. It was a thousand miles to the west of the Cocos Islands.

"You will await us there just as long as you can," he said. "We ought to arrive in anywhere from two to six days, and then I will want you to resume your work on the *Emden*."

That same evening I put the *Exford* about and headed westward. In silence we swept past the *Emden*. We were seeing her for the last time.

CHAPTER X

THE BATTLE OFF THE COCOS ISLANDS AND THE END OF THE RAIDER "EMDEN"

BEFORE leaving the *Emden* Von Mueller and I had discussed the proposed expedition to the British base on one of the Cocos Islands. I had suggested that the radio station be shelled to prevent the people on Keeling Island from calling for help; then the *Buresk*, which remained with the *Emden*, could be sent into the harbor under a British flag, and thus the landing party could get ashore without trouble. But Von Mueller had objected. He was afraid of harming innocent people and vetoed the shelling idea.

Keeling Island, in the Cocos group, like most of the small islands in that part of the world, is of coral formation. It has a lagoon that is navigable for small ships, but as the entrance is treacherous Von Mueller decided to keep the *Emden* outside, where she would at least have a chance to fight if the enemy appeared. Seen from the water, the island is beautiful: a symphony of blue, white, and green; water, sand, and vegetation. It was dominated by the tall, slender masts of the wireless station, looming above the palm trees.

Our landing party was all set for the raid.

Forty miles away the powerful Australian cruiser

Sydney was on duty with that Australian convoy. Ashore the forty-odd souls that comprised the population of Keeling Island were awakening to the new day. Some one of them evidently recognized the *Emden*.

At about 6:30 A. M. the landing party went over the side. It consisted of forty-five men and three officers led by the *Emden's* chief officer, Von Muecke. Two boats, towed by a motor launch, carried them to the shore. They landed at seven, and were met on the beach by a number of the residents. A party of nine men were left to guard the boats. The remainder started for the wireless station, which was a mile inland.

Meanwhile, the wireless operator ashore, suspecting what was up, began calling for help. The message was picked up by the distant convoy, and the cruiser *Sydney* was sent to investigate.

About seven-thirty the men on the *Emden* saw the radio masts topple, and the dull boom of an explosion told them that it had been blown up. The landing party then proceeded to the place where the cables entered the water. The launch was brought to that point. The cables were cut, the loose ends were attached to the stern of the launch, and she headed seaward. Some distance from the shore they were dropped where grappling for them would be a difficult if not impossible task.

Three blasts from the *Emden's* whistle was to be the signal for the landing party to return to her immediately. At nine o'clock the lookout on the *Emden* sighted smoke. It was assumed to belong to our coal steamer, the *Buresk*. Soon it was evident that an unknown vessel was approaching. The return whistle blew at nine-fifteen.

A few minutes later the oncoming ship was near enough to be recognized. She was a cruiser. There was no time to be lost now. Without waiting to take the landing crew aboard, the *Emden* put to sea.

The stranger was believed to be the cruiser *Newcastle*, a fairly even match for the *Emden*, and Von Mueller was eager to tackle her. But in another minute or two he saw his mistake. The stranger was none other than the much more powerful cruiser *Sydney*. There was nothing now to be done about it but fight.

The *Emden* opened fire at nine thousand meters with her bow guns, and her first salvo killed some of the *Sydney's* crew who were standing on the bridge. A moment later the *Sydney* opened up. At first the Australian fire went wild. Then her commander decided to play a safe game. The *Sydney* was faster than the *Emden*. She could keep out of the range of our four-and-a-half-inch guns, but the *Emden* was always within her range. The *Sydney's* armament included six-inch guns.

Bow and broadside—the *Emden* let the *Sydney* have them alternately, and she returned the compliment. After the eighth salvo there were signs of a fire on the *Sydney*. But from then on the *Emden's* guns were useless. The *Sydney* kept out of range and continued pounding away. A shell ripped off the wireless shack; another tore away a mast. A direct hit smashed the conning tower, and then the *Emden* was in flames. Telephonic communications went. The steam steering apparatus was wrecked.

Some fifty of our men lay dead on the decks. The *Emden* was being steered by hand rudder now. It too

THE DECK of the EMDEN blasted by British shells

THE FAMOUS RAIDER EMDEN after her adventurous cruise: a battered wreck clinging to a coral reef in the Indian Ocean, the reef on which she was driven in one of the classic naval battles of the World War.

jammed. Lieutenant Commander Gropius, temporary navigation officer, went aft with ten men to fix it. They were cut off by the flames, with no way of getting back to the bridge or anywhere else save into the sea. Finally it was impossible to remain without being burned alive. Giving three ringing cheers for the *Emden*, Gropius and his men dived over the side. Only three were saved: a sailor named Koplin and two stokers —Huch and Steidle. They were picked up by the *Buresk*.

Time and again the *Emden* tried to close in on her adversary so she could let loose a torpedo. Always the range was too great. With her two funnels gone, one engine disabled, land control practically gone, Von Mueller made his decision. For hours he had carried on the unequal battle. But it was all over but the shouting now. The *Emden* was nearly helpless.

So he gave the order that ended the fight. The coral reefs of North Keeling Island of the Cocos group was the nearest land. When the *Sydney* saw that the *Emden* was being put on the rocks she swept in upon her with a hail of shells. Then came a crash and the *Emden* impaled herself on the reef. Some of the crew jumped overboard and swam to the island. The *Emden's* flag still waved. The *Sydney* therefore continued her fire for a few minutes. Then she swept around and sent a shell across the bow of the *Buresk*. Lieutenant Commander Kloepper, who was in command, signaled: "We have English people aboard." Two officers and a prize crew from the *Sydney* boarded her, but Kloepper said: "You cannot take charge of this ship; she is sinking." He had opened

the sea valves, and she was filling rapidly. They were angry about that, but took off the crew and all our English prisoners, most of whom had been members of the original crew of the *Buresk*.

Back to the *Emden* went the *Sydney*. Our German war flag was still flying, and Von Mueller still had a lone gun in action. So the *Sydney* opened up on her again, killing about fifty men. On the *Emden* they threw everything overboard, including breeches of the guns, all torpedo target apparatus, signal books, and everything of a secret nature.

The *Sydney* signaled with flags to the *Emden*, and the *Emden* signaled back that she did not have a signal book. The ships were about four thousand meters apart, and it was difficult to make the signal out. Again the *Sydney* opened up with her guns. Our commander again gave the order: "Who can swim, jump overboard."

The decks of the *Emden* were a shambles. Nine officers and one hundred and twelve men had been killed. Forty were wounded. Many of the uninjured took to the water, but some were too weak to make the shore. Some remained throughout the night on the wreck.

The *Sydney* turned her attention to the *Emden's* landing party of the morning. A British force was sent ashore to pick them up. They found that their bird had flown in the night. The landing party under Chief Officer von Muecke had watched the running battle from the shore during the long day. He saw the *Emden* gradually overpowered by a superior foe. At last the fighting vessels vanished from sight. In the harbor there was an old wooden schooner, the *Ayesha*, of about five

hundred tons. She had a crew of Kanakas aboard. Von Muecke ordered them ashore. He loaded her with provisions; and, when he saw that the *Emden* was doomed, he embarked his party. Von Muecke used his launch to tow the *Ayesha* out of the harbor, and then the *Ayesha* stole away. Eighteen days later she turned up at Padang, a port on the island of Sumatra.

There Von Muecke got in touch with Captain Minkiewitz, commander of the S.S. *Choysing*, a German ship, and made arrangements to meet him at a point south of Sumatra. But at Padang he had trouble with the Dutch authorities. They would not recognize his ship as a man-of-war until he showed them his patent as a naval officer and his war flag. Then they told him he must leave the port within twenty-four hours. This was all right with him, because all he wanted was provisions. He got them and left.

Some days later he met the *Choysing* two hundred miles south of Sumatra, took command of her, and sank the *Ayesha*. After an adventurous voyage he and his men landed at a remote place on the coast of the Arabian peninsula thousands of miles away.

Upon discovering that the landing party of the *Emden* had escaped, the *Sydney* returned to the *Emden*. She sent boats over about noon to take off any members of the crew that remained, most of whom were wounded. The last man to leave was the gallant Von Mueller. Our men, I am glad to say, were treated well by their captors.

The *Sydney* rejoined the convoy, which it had left under the protection of the big British cruiser *Minotaur*

and the Japanese cruiser *Ibuki* and another Australian, the *Melbourne*. It was understood that if the *Emden* got the *Sydney*, the *Melbourne* would take up the fight; and if she went down the *Ibuki* would take her place. So the *Emden*, once she was actually found and overtaken, never had a chance.

The wounded were transferred to a hospital in Colombo, and upon recovery were transferred to a prison known as Camp Diatalana, that had been used for the same purpose during the Boer War. Some of the other prisoners, including Captain von Mueller, were taken to the island of Malta. Later they transferred him to England.

That was the end of the *Emden*—but not the end of me. Oh, no! My adventures were really just about to begin, and the cruise of the *Emden* was merely the prologue to all the fun Dame Fortune had figured out for me.

CHAPTER XI

A RENDEZVOUS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE INDIAN OCEAN—CAUGHT BY THE "EMPRESS OF JAPAN"

ABOARD the *Exford* I had a Chinese crew made up of the stokehold gang from the S.S. *Troilus*. We had signed them on with the promise of a bonus. I also had my prize crew from the *Emden:* a petty officer in command of the engine room, a petty officer in charge of the deck, and seventeen seamen. Once more I was a fat, stately skipper in command of a steamer. I felt as though I were back on my old run in the China Sea.

With the wireless set from the *Chilkana*, we listened to everything on the air, and all through the night could hear enemy ships in radio communication with Ceylon, mostly in code.

Then next day we picked up fragmentary snatches referring to the *Emden*. During the fight—and after—the air was full of wireless flashes. But they were jumbled fragments and gave us little satisfaction. Something was wrong, we sensed that. And the *Emden* answered none of our calls. Something told me that we would never see the *Emden* again.

Our instructions had been explicit, and it was up to us to follow them. We must wait there in the middle of the Indian Ocean. Not a very cheerful assignment,

but then we had plenty of good beer aboard so there was no reason to be utterly despondent so long as that held out. We waited hopefully, patiently, and a bit despairingly. But no *Emden* came in sight.

So in spite of our bottled cheer our cruise on the *Exford* will forever live in my memory as a nightmare experience. When we got to our rendezvous we circled round and round. There we were a thousand miles from nowhere in the middle of the Indian Ocean—waiting and waiting, with our supplies fast dwindling away. Ach du lieber! It wasn't so bad for the first couple of weeks—except for the rats. Ugh! The *Exford* was swarming with them.

One night I was awakened by something rushing over me. I sat up with a jerk and lit a match. The darkness had made the filthy creatures bold and they seemed to be holding midnight revelry in my cabin.

"Ho there! Ready for the battle," I shouted to my men.

We caught hundreds in rat traps of the basket type, and when we would try dropping them overboard they would cling to the wire with amazing tenacity. Scalding water persuaded them to let go. But even when they fell into the ocean they would try desperately to climb the sheer sides of the ship.

The weather was miserable and we had to ride out storm after storm; rolling and heaving and pitching all in one devilish movement. Some of the crew groaned too. Oh ho! Then it was not so funny. One day it was so bad that a deputation came and said:

"Captain, we think this old tub is going to capsize."

Was ist los? I laughed. Then I told them to get the hell back to their posts and remember that what *thinking* there was to be done on the *Exford* they must leave to me. On the whole the crew behaved splendidly. It was necessary, of course, to issue duplicate orders, in German to the lads from the *Emden* and in pidgin English to the Chinese.

Corned beef, potatoes, rice, and pickles had comprised the bulk of our larder supplies. We were not outfitted for a long cruise, and at the end of three weeks we were down to a diet of "profus," a kind of potato pancake, and pickles, but with plenty of beer to wash it down.

The Chinamen didn't like the food a little bit. They were not angry; just pathetic.

"No likee this chow chow," their spokesman would say. "We wantchee beef and we wantchee rice."

I would explain in my best pidgin that we must remain where we were as long as possible, and that potatoes were all we had. My explanation would be accepted blandly. As the delegation got ready to leave, I would say:

"Me eatee all same food as you."

"Chinaman no can do," the spokesman would answer, shaking his head, and they would patter aft, discussing the matter as they went. After several days the same situation would arise, and it would be settled in the same fashion. That crew of Chinamen was wonderful. Jawohl.

After two weeks of weary waiting I put the men to work boring holes in the side of the ship and plugging

them up. The enemy would never get the *Exford*, no matter what happened. We had parted with the *Emden* on the 8th of November. We waited out there in the middle of the Indian Ocean until the 9th of December—a month. Now it was impossible for us to linger there any longer, Captain Mueller had told me to put in at a Dutch port if the *Emden* failed to show up. So I made for Padang, Sumatra, seven hundred miles away, to take on supplies. There were no charts for the waters surrounding Sumatra, and we had to feel our way in and out of the smaller islands.

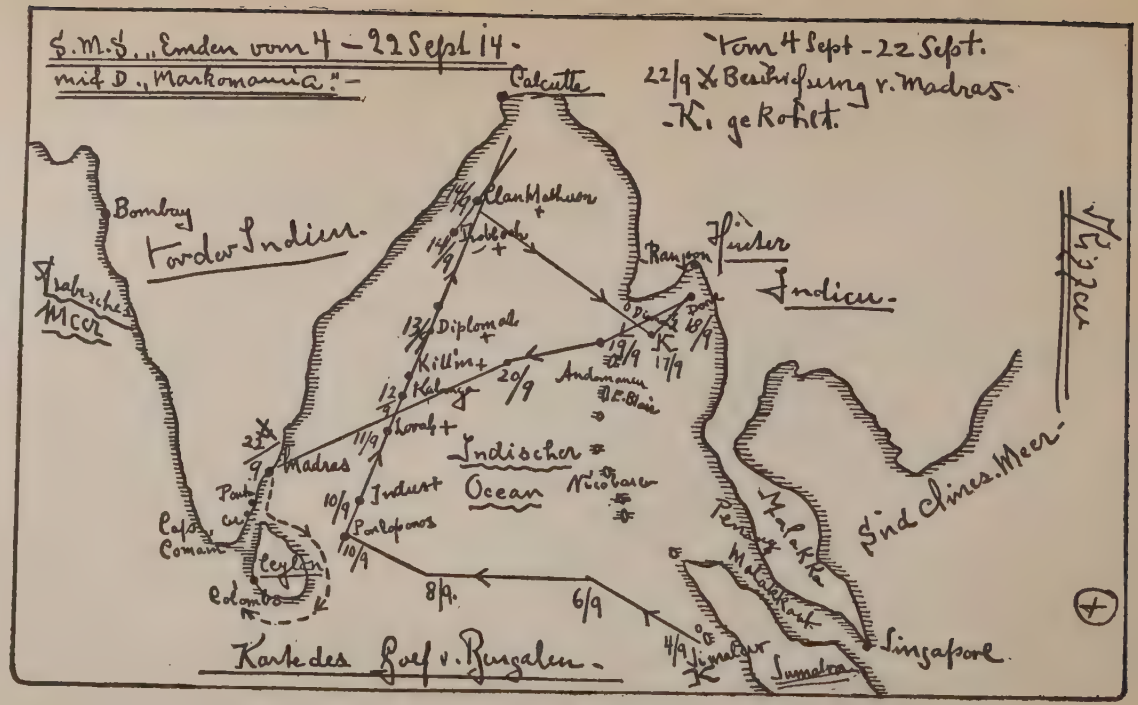
All we had was a big map of the Indian Ocean, and on it Sumatra was quite insignificant, although it really is one of the world's largest islands. We had taken no sea charts from the *Emden*. There were none to spare.

"Don't worry about us," I had assured Von Mueller. "We will pull through. I have been going in and out of these Far East ports all my life and never yet have needed special charts."

Now I had to make good my boast. We made the run in three days, and passed most of the islands at night. The weather was misty, on December 12th, when we sighted the lighthouse that beckons mariners bound for Padang.

The wireless operator came on the bridge with a message. He said it was from a Dutch mail steamer. The outer harbor was just ahead, and there was plenty of work for me to attend to, so I didn't bother about it. I had my pilot flag hoisted. Directly ahead of us were the houses of Padang, and we saw the pilot boat put out for us.

TWO SKETCH MAPS from Captain Lauterbach's nautical log. These give an illustration, accurate and made on the scene, of the spectacular raid on Penang. Left—a general view, the *Emden* shown approaching Penang. Right—a close-up, showing the disposition of ships. Penang Island is seen. The town of Penang is noted as Georgetown, its official, though less popularly used, name.



As NAVIGATING OFFICER of the *Emden* Captain Lauterbach kept a day-by-day nautical log. In this he drew many sketch maps illustrating the course of events of the famous cruise. This is one which, with the notations of ships sunk, gives a graphic picture of the destruction wrought by the *Emden* in the Bay of Bengal.

As we stood there watching that little pilot boat bobbing toward us a vessel crept out from between the islands. She was the English auxiliary cruiser *Empress of Japan*, and it was her message in code that our operator had picked up. Mein Gott im Himmel, we were trapped.

She came toward us, hoisted the British war flag, and asked me to show my flag. I ran up the German naval flag. Although we were in neutral waters, the *Empress of Japan* sent a shot across our bow, and signaled us to heave to.

With only a hundred yards or so between us a small boat dropped over her side, a prize crew tumbled into it, and she pulled for the *Exford*. For the first time I was getting a taste of what so many times I had served to our enemies. Ho ho! Now we were in a pickle. The boarding officer came over the side. He was a lieutenant —a young fellow about twenty; tall and handsome.

"What do you want?" I asked. "I hope you are aware that we are in a neutral zone, and that these are Dutch waters."

"I don't care a hoot about that," he replied. "You will have to tell it to my commander over there on the *Empress of Japan*."

Little dreaming that they would disregard our position in neutral waters, I had failed to open the sea cocks of the *Exford*. Now it was too late. But when I saw that they were going to board me I threw over all of my secret papers in the leaded bag that is always kept ready on ships of war for just such an emergency. The compass from the bridge went the way of the bag. But the compass at the hand steering wheel was four points

off, and I quickly switched it to where the good compass had been.

I figured that if a prize crew tried to navigate by it they might pile themselves on the rocks. And that's exactly what they did. After searching the ship the lieutenant came back. He was a little reserved, but nice.

"What are you looking for?" I asked.

"We are looking for the landing party of the *Emden* that escaped on a schooner," he answered, "and we think they are aboard your ship."

"What has happened to the *Emden?*"

"I am sorry," he said. "She was in a fight with the cruiser *Sydney*, and her skipper put her on the rocks."

So our fears were verified. It developed that the landing party in the *Ayesha* had arrived at Padang two days prior to our arrival, and had immediately put to sea again. News of her arrival had been broadcast and the *Empress of Japan*, while searching for her, had stumbled onto us.

"There are only seventeen Germans aboard?" He resumed his questioning.

"Yes," I answered, "and about fifteen Chinamen."

"How many officers?" he asked.

"I am the only officer."

He looked a bit incredulous at that, and evidently still suspected us of being the Cocos Islands landing party.

"You have three officers and forty-five men aboard," he retorted. "Come, come, where are the rest of them?"

"I know nothing about them," I answered politely, and truthfully. "I was not with the landing party."

The lieutenant called a subordinate, and gave orders for another search of the ship. Then, turning to me, he said: "Pack your things. You and every other German aboard must come with me."

Upon boarding the *Empress of Japan* I presented myself to her commander, an Irishman by the name of Hamilton. He wore a red beard, and had all of the traits that go with that coloring. I protested against his seizure of my vessel on the proper grounds that we were in neutral waters. He heard me through and then replied:

"My orders are to take any German ship, no matter where she is. You can tell your people in Berlin that, and they can take it up with the British government. I am commander here; I have my orders. Your ship is captured."

"All right," I answered. "I will report it."

He had a sense of humor. We both laughed. I made a move to give him my sword, but he said: "No. The King of England will be happy to honor any officer of the *Emden*, and will allow you to retain your sword." We got along famously together. I was given a good cabin, and at meals sat in the place of honor at Commander Hamilton's right. My compatriots were given comfortable quarters in the fo'c'sle.

At any rate we didn't have to live on potato profus any longer, and that was some consolation. The food was good, and the liquor beyond reproach. I was placed under the guard of an Englishman armed with a rifle. Whenever I went on deck he followed me at a respectful distance. But if I wanted a glass of beer, which I did now and then, all I had to do was say: "Could you

bring me a glass of beer?" He would immediately place his rifle in a corner, and go for it. A good fellow, that guard.

"Commander," he said, while I was sampling a glass of ale that he had brought to me, "can I have one of your uniform buttons as a souvenir? I want to have a remembrance of the *Emden*."

I gave him one—a little one. Shortly after I had settled down in the cabin assigned to me there came a knock on the door. I opened it and there stood the purser—a petty officer. He stepped into the room, and said in a matter-of-fact fashion:

"Open your trunk."

"You are the purser," I replied, "but I am an officer. If somebody is to look through my trunk it will have to be an officer."

He had nothing to say regarding my ultimatum and went away. Nobody else came around about the matter, so I retained my money, my photographs, and my diary. I became very well acquainted with their navigation officer, a Commander Dixon Hopcraft, retired, who now resides in Seattle. He came to me and asked whether I would rather be sent as a prisoner to Hongkong or to Singapore.

I knew both cities well, was well known in each, and I was sure it would be far easier to escape from Singapore than from Hongkong, although I was careful of course not to reveal the reason for my preference.

On the way we passed through Rio Strait—a dangerous channel between Singapore and the Dutch islands, narrow and rocky. My friend came to my cabin.

"Have you ever been through Rio Strait?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied.

"Come up on the bridge."

"Commander," I said, "after all, I am your enemy, technically. If you allow me up there I will put your fine ship on the rocks in a minute."

"Then you had better stay down," he laughed.

From both Hamilton and Hopcraft I got my first details of the battle between the *Emden* and the *Sydney*. As I have mentioned, orders had been given them to search for the *Ayesha*, and they assisted me in drowning my sorrow in good old English ale for having missed my countrymen at Padang.

Ho ho! The Englishmen are good sports, and we made the night loud with song on many occasions—and my old "Lauterbach" song cropped up again.

Evidently my friend Hopcraft had spoken to Commander Hamilton regarding my ultimate destination. The day after a particularly jubilant night of song I walked the deck with the commander.

"Where are you taking us?" I asked.

"Singapore," he replied, "and if you give your word of honor that you won't try to escape they may allow you to put up at a hotel.

"You will find many Germans there," he continued. "I suppose you remember the Greek steamer *Pontoporrous*. She is in Singapore harbor, and the prize crew from the *Emden* that were on her are all in the prison camp. We already have about three hundred of your countrymen."

But the comforts of a British prison camp did not

appeal to me. I had already made up my mind to escape at the first opportunity. Meanwhile I continued on as friendly terms with my captors as if there was no such thing as a war between us. My tail had been clipped but I could still waggle the stump; and I figured that if I was lucky it might again resume its pristine splendor. I would escape, and then we could sing "Lauterbach" with real enthusiasm once more.

CHAPTER XII

LAT. 0°—A PRISON CAMP IN THE INDIES

When the *Empress of Japan* steamed into Singapore harbor on December 15th, we caught a glimpse of the French cruiser *Montcalm* in dry dock. There too was the old Greek, *Pontoporrous*, riding serenely at anchor unmindful of her glorious past when she served as coal steamer to the now historic *Emden*. There were the usual number of Chinese junks and sampans moving about, and Singapore looked just as it always did in the days before Mars set the world aflame.

Our captors marched us ashore, hustled us into waiting automobiles, and sped us to their prison camp right in the middle of Singapore Island. Tangling Barracks it was called, and it covered a space about a half a mile square. The golf course and the botanical gardens were near by, but they were not for us—oh ho, no. We were herded behind barbed-wire fences and every sixty yards or so there was a sentry box with a native soldier on guard. That in turn was surrounded by a barricade of electrified wire, and on beyond were pitfalls dug to trap any prisoner rash enough to attempt escape, pitfalls like the Malays use for trapping tiger.

Our arrival brought the number of prisoners to a few more than three hundred. Of these, two hundred and fifty were interned civilians, business men, and travelers

for the most part. The shacks in which they were quartered were laid out in parallel rows, and were surrounded by grass plots and little palm trees. It was a pretty enough place—typical of the South Seas. But the climate was muggy and enervating. Many of the prisoners were sick.

My arrival at the camp was greeted with a roar of cheers. Out of the three hundred inhabitants I knew fully half. Some had traveled with me in the old days. Many were club mates from China Coast ports. Although there were a number of officers of the German army with us, I was the only officer thus far incarcerated at Tangling who had seen active service. Therefore, I was a somewhat privileged person.

The British set aside a little three-room house for me, and when the prisoners were required to report for roll call every morning and evening I was not included in the formality. They also went so far as to allow me to have lights in my quarters at all times, although the rest of the camp had to be in darkness at 10 P. M.

The second day on Singapore Island word came that the general in command would arrive shortly to inspect my group of survivors from the *Emden*. So I called my men, personally saw to it that they had on their best clothes all spick-and-span. Then I lined them up on parade. When the general appeared, I said:

"The men from the *Emden* are ready for inspection, sir."

After the brief ceremony the general came over and chatted with me. He was pleasant and cordial, and at the same time typically English in manner and bearing.

As he was leaving he turned, and his final words were:

"I hope that you and your men will behave. We all think very highly of you and your men of the *Emden*."

Tangling prison camp was guarded by an Indian regiment—the Fifth Light Infantry—Sikhs, and Punjabi Mohammedans commanded by British officers. Two of the non-commissioned officers and the men of the medical detachment were also English. The commandant of the camp, Major Catton, was a particularly fine gentleman, beloved not only by his picturesque Punjabis but even by the prisoners. He treated us especially well; maybe because of his wife. She was an angel.

In another series of barracks only a few hundred yards away, the crew of the French cruiser *Montcalm* had their quarters. The Indians with their long silky beards were near by too. The French and the Punjabis, as we soon found out, hated one another, and a continual conflict went on between them. If the French had remained for any length of time there undoubtedly would have been bloodshed, but they were moved from the island soon after our arrival.

Meanwhile, we Germans had plenty of fun with them—oh ho, yes. In the camp we had a band, a good one. They played "Lauterbach" plenty. In the evening, over in the French quarters, the sailors would start singing the Marseillaise. That was our cue to begin a concert of our own. We Germans are musicians—and we have good lungs. We would blast the silence of the night with "Die Wacht am Rhine." Oh ho! That was funny. And it pleased our Indian guards, too. One of their petty officers—a sergeant—came to me.

"Sahib," he said, "you Germans may be only prisoners here but you certainly can drown out those French *wallas* when it comes to singing songs to your gods. Yes, Sahib, you people all right."

Our little concerts out there under the palms apparently brought us into favor with our Punjabi guards. So we accomplished two things, we gained the good will of our jailers and we passed the weary, languid hours as pleasantly as possible.

As a matter of fact, I was surprised that the British allowed us to converse freely with our guards, and I straightaway proceeded to make as close friends with them as possible.

There was one magnificent-looking sergeant. He was a handsome specimen, tall and with a long black beard. He wore the usual uniform of khaki and a tall turban. These Indians all spoke fairly good English. I had many conversations with this particular sergeant and his associates in the days that followed.

Three days after our arrival an officer came and escorted me into the city of Singapore. The admiral in command of the British naval forces operating in that corner of the world desired my presence. They ushered me into a closed car with the screens drawn.

"Some of the natives might throw stones at you," explained my escort.

"Maybe so," thought I, "but it is more likely they want to keep me from signaling, or something of that sort." At our destination I had a chat with the admiral. He wanted detailed information regarding the *Emden* and all her exploits during our raiding cruise. Of course

I sidestepped all I could. But he caught me on things though. Ho ho, yes.

My little trick of changing compasses on the *Exford* had worked to perfection. The young lieutenant who had taken charge of her, had run her ashore. The admiral asked:

"Did you have any trouble with the *Exford* in the shoal waters?"

"No," I answered. "Why?"

"She is on the rocks."

"Ho ho ho," I laughed. The admiral smiled a bit ruefully too as I explained my little trick. He was a sportsman.

But later they managed to float her off at high tide, and I understand the *Exford* made one more trip, this time to the North Atlantic, where she was torpedoed by one of our submarines.

Finally the admiral said:

"The officer in command of the prison camp has recommended that we transfer you personally to one of the hotels here in the city. But the point is, if we do so will you in turn give your word of honor that you will not attempt to escape?"

I thanked him heartily for his kindness and courtesy. But I told him this was a promise I could not make. Secretly I was determined to get away at all costs.

In fact I had already started devising ways and means. The first thing that I would need would be more appropriate clothes for an escape—British khaki if possible. I asked for an interview with the commandant.

"I was not able to save much of my clothing from the *Emden*," I explained, "and I have only my blue naval uniform. Would there be any objection to my ordering a new outfit or two from a native tailor in Singapore?"

He was most accommodating, and the very next day a tailor arrived to take my measurements. This was my chance, and I ordered two suits of khaki.

About this time some of our men got into trouble. In a way they were justified for rebelling at conditions. There were only three toilets and three shower baths for the three hundred odd prisoners. The food could have been better, too. One day I said to the major:

"There is a lot of room for improvement around here. There is too much sickness, and many of our men are breaking down from dysentery."

"I am trying to do my best for you," he answered. But so far as I was able to observe nothing happened. The men who got into trouble protested more loudly and vigorously than I, and got a dose of jail for their pains.

During the long tropical nights I would lie awake thinking about a plan of escape. Every half hour the men on guard would sing out in rotation: "Post Number One; Post Number Two," and so on down the line. Those Indian sentries had musical voices, and I enjoyed them, despite the fact that the calls were evidence that they were not likely to be caught napping.

My first move toward freedom was to communicate secretly with friends in Singapore. Among them was one

of the best-known men in the city. For that matter, he still is, so I must soft-pedal his name. He was the owner of a big store, and frequently I got packages of ham, German sausage, and other delicacies through him. He had a restaurant too, and as I had always dined at his place on my visits to Singapore, he knew just what a fat China Sea skipper with a good appetite needed. What was more important, he never failed to wrap the bundles in the latest German newspapers that he could obtain. The packages were of course inspected by the commandant.

"Captain Lauterbach," he would say, "here is a parcel for you."

"Thank you," I would respond politely, "it is from a butcher that I know."

The victuals tasted good—I must admit that; but I never touched them until I had gone through the news. Gradually a plan evolved. I decided that a small party of picked men—men who could pass for British—would have the best chance. This meant selecting my companions with great care indeed.

None of my lads from the *Emden* could speak English, so I reluctantly had to pass them all by. The first chap I decided upon was old Johan Merkle. Johan had been second officer of the faithful ghost of the *Emden*—the *Markomannia*. I also picked out two of the civilian prisoners whom I had known during my years on the China Coast. That was all. But one of the latter, a German merchant, had with him in camp a native valet who was well acquainted with the country around

Singapore. So we decided to rely upon him to convey us to the coast, where we hoped to have a native boat waiting for a dash to Sumatra or Borneo.

Before eliminating my comrades of the *Emden* I sounded them out cautiously, explaining that our danger of capture would be enhanced if we had with us individuals who could not speak English. To each of them finally I put the blunt question:

"Will you join me if I attempt to escape?"

Realizing that their chances of a safe getaway were slim, they stood aside. However, they offered to help in any way they possibly could. The fewer who knew about our actual scheme the better. There is always danger of a leak.

A close inspection of Tangling cantonment convinced us that our only way out would be to drive a secret tunnel. But the whole enclosure was brilliantly lighted at night by searchlight. However, there were several shadowed spots. Perhaps one of them would do. If we started our tunnel quite close to the wall we might be invisible to the guards up above in the little wooden sentry towers.

It was not until January 27th—the birthday of the German Empress, that we started digging the tunnel. A large square of sod was carefully taken up so it could be replaced. The tunnel would have to be big for a fat China Coast skipper to get through. Sometimes when I thought about that tunnel I wished I had never learned to like beer. It might have made a difference in me—that is, fore and aft.

Throughout the darkest hours of the night—day

after day—the work went slowly on. The top covering of sod was placed on a cover made from beer cases, and was replaced in position when the coming of dawn rendered it unsafe for us to continue. The work was done in two-man shifts. A knife was our only sharp instrument, so naturally our progress was tedious in the extreme. But luckily the soil was sandy, and easy for digging.

We solved the problem of the disposal of the dirt by going on the assumption that the obvious is always the least noticed. We got rid of the dirt right under our captors' noses. The tunnel entrance was opposite my bungalow, and not far away was a pile of building stone and sand. At first we just dumped the soil there. Then, one day, I decided to become a landscape gardener, a harmless hobby indeed. Iron crosses, anchors, and various geometrical designs beautified the spot; they all were laid out with the dirt from our tunnel. Oh ho! It was very funny. One day the commandant came around on a tour of inspection. I accompanied him. When we reached my little garden, he paused. The major was a Nature lover.

"You are wonderful gardeners," he commented, as he drank in the beauty of the scene. But I did not say a word. I was wondering what he would do if he knew where the soil that bedded the flowers was coming from. He stood much too near the tunnel entrance for comfort. In the camp we had a cage of monkeys. We placed it right on top of the entrance to our tunnel. Thereafter, during the hours that we were not digging, the monkeys jumped and squealed above our secret.

About this time I ran into an unexpected piece of good luck. A hundred yards or so from the stockade there was a highway. We could even wave to the ladies as they drove past, and they would wave to us in return. Fat men like to wave at ladies. The road was about the only link connecting us with the outside world. So our eyes were seldom off of it for long during the daylight hours. On the day in question I noted a familiar figure get out of a carriage and enter the guard-house. Mein Gott! Whew, this is interesting, I mused.

Then I strolled over and waited. In a little while a half-caste girl came looking inquiringly. My eyes had not deceived me. I knew her. What she was doing there I could not imagine. I glanced at the two guards who stood like statues with their bayoneted guns.

"Marianne," I said softly.

She turned, and as the guards didn't seem to mind we began to converse. She had been a passenger on my boat many times—I had first met her two years before the war started—and I liked her very much. She was a wonderful little creature—half Chinese and half French—with dark eyes and hair that made her as exotic as a frangipani blossom. She was now about twenty-one; middling tall and slender. Her father was wealthy—the manager of a bank in Shanghai. She had been highly educated, and spoke perfect English and French. On the boats half-castes were regarded as the white man's social equal; and I knew her very well indeed. She had heard about the *Emden's* disaster and of my being a prisoner. So she slipped away from her home in Shanghai and sailed for Singapore, to help

comfort me. Oh ho! She was not permitted to visit me in the stockade, but I could talk to her at the gate; and she came every day from now on. She would bring flowers and newspapers, and I would pass the lazy hours in her delightful company. I could trust her of course, so I told her all about my determination to escape. Through her we soon got a detailed plan of both the city and island of Singapore. She knew that if all went well I intended to make my getaway on February 23d, or thereabouts. In fact she acted as the go-between in arranging for a native boat to meet us and carry us across Rio Strait to the Dutch islands. The Chinese have a saying that it takes a fat man to be a real cavalier, and I certainly did thank my stars for Marianne.

Meanwhile we all dug like moles. The tunnel dropped straight in a perpendicular shaft for about two yards and then led toward the walls of our prison. At the finish of each day's work a sharp piece of bamboo was thrust upward through the ceiling of the tunnel until it protruded a little above the surface. In that way we had daily check on the distance still to go. If we could get about fourteen yards beyond the wall we would be clear of everything: watch towers, searchlights, electrified wires. Once on the outside, we would be in total darkness, and all that we would have to worry about would be the possibility of pitfalls and the changing of the guards at four hourly intervals. Then freedom!

Then another thing came up to worry us. Spies! I knew that the two Japanese barbers who served the prisoners were spies. Now I found that some of the

civilian prisoners were not above doing dirt to their countrymen. I suspected the Alsace-Lorrainers and the German Polanders among us, but I never did find out for sure. They would come snooping around.

"Lauterbach," they would say, "you are doing something. We feel it."

"That is my own business," I would invariably answer. "But I will tell you; if I am doing something I will let you know five minutes before I go. If you want to go with me, all right; but if you don't, well—you can remain here."

In that way I hoped to allay any idea that I was going with a small party. Maybe I was too easy with some Schweinhund. Oh ho! If I had caught him then —you bet, he wouldn't have liked what I would have given him. As it was, one of the British sergeants came in with a file of native soldiers and began poking around my bungalow. They set up little barricades of barbed wire on one side. Maybe they did not bother the other side because the monkey house was there. At any rate, for the moment we were safe. They did not find anything. However, we had to put off our plan of escaping through the tunnel. It did not matter. Things were brewing, a pot was boiling that made tunnels and such affairs petty and insignificant.

CHAPTER XIII

I PREACH REVOLT TO THE INDIAN TROOPS—THE SINGAPORE MUTINY

FROM the beginning I got along famously with the native guards. Our little contretemps—sing "Marseillaise," sing "Deutschland Über Alles," with the French sailors of the *Montcalm*, whom they disliked—seemed to give them a kindly feeling toward us; and I went out of my way to foster it. As an officer of the *Emden*, I was looked up to not only by my non-combatant fellow prisoners, but by the enemy as well. The *Emden* had created a sensation all through the East and I was getting the benefit of it. The native guards were particularly impressed.

Every day I conversed with the Indian non-commissioned officers who had been entrusted with the immediate surveillance of the prisoners. "Sergeant," as I always called him, was the senior non-com, and as such had the run of the stockade at all hours. As the weeks wore on he came more and more frequently to my bungalow in the night, usually with a subordinate or two, and we would chat for hours. At first they merely wanted to hear about the exploits of the *Emden;* then gradually our talk passed on to other matters. By the time the French sailors had vacated their barracks I was on excellent terms with Sergeant and his brothers.

At first the idea of fomenting a mutiny among our guards never even occurred to me, but suddenly on a day early in February the idea came to me like a flash. At first I did whatever I could to spread propaganda amongst the Indian regiments that might give my friend the enemy a little trouble. But the scheme rapidly grew into a definite plot with mutiny as the objective.

My friendship with Sergeant and his fellow Indian non-coms became almost too apparent. They had now got so they acted in most friendly manner to me even when on active duty—provided of course there were no English officers around. We would laugh and joke, and when I came out from my bungalow they would call to me and jokingly make signs signifying that if I wanted to escape I could go right ahead and scale the stockade. I would answer them in similar light-hearted vein. Then they sometimes would call in a low tone, looking around to make sure no one was within hearing: "*Emden* Officer, Kaiser Wilhelm, Enver Bey, Islam, Hurrah!"

My good friend the sergeant would often bring me the English newspapers, the Singapore *Free Press* and the Singapore *Times*. He would solemnly spread them on my table and read excerpts dealing with the war, and particularly with the activities of the Indian troops in France. I would wait until he finished, nodding my head in agreement or dissent at an interpolated observation of his. And then we would discuss the matter pro and con.

On the February evening when the famous Singapore

mutiny had its inception Sergeant and I were in my hut, and the conversation began as usual. At last he looked over to where I was sitting quietly smoking. I reached for a bottle of beer that stood handy on the table, and pouring out a glass, downed it without pausing. Wiping my mouth on my hand, I pushed the glass toward him. He refused with a gesture.

"We never get the real reports concerning our soldiers in France," he said, and nodding toward the newspapers, he went on: "I am convinced that we are being fed lies, all lies."

"Why?" I asked.

"We never hear direct from our people who have traveled far to fight," he answered. "The papers say the English always have 'victory.' Bah! How do we know what is happening to our soldiers? Our people are being slaughtered for the sake of the British raj."

"You must read these papers between the lines," I told him, after a pause.

"That is difficult for us. But you live in Europe. You can do that. You tell us the truth," he said.

"Yes. I can do that," I admitted slowly, evenly. "If you knew what I know of the German army and of what is happening in France, then you too would be able to pick the right from the wrong in these press dispatches. Naturally the English never will tell you what has happened to your men. They wouldn't dare. Your Indian regiments in France have lost nearly all of their men. It is very cold in France. You know that is so. And your brothers from the Punjab plains cannot stand that kind of climate; they get consumption

and *pouf!* they are gone. The English newspapers say the Indian soldiers are dying bravely in battle, mowed down by German machine-gun fire. That is a lie. They do not die gloriously in battle; they die like sick dogs. That is what the English papers say between the lines. I know. We have the German papers smuggled to us here and they tell the truth about such things."

What I was telling happened to be the truth. And I played upon these swarthy men and their fear, not of bullets, but of the cold and damp of the trenches in France—pneumonia, tuberculosis. I talked a great deal to Sergeant about these dread diseases.

Things came out in the open on the 10th of February. Early in the evening I was seated at the table reading. The door opened, and Sergeant and several of his comrades entered.

"*Emden* Officer," said my friend. "We want to talk with you."

I motioned them to seats, offered them drinks which they never would accept, and cigarettes which they never failed to take, and said: "Now! What do you want?"

"Soon we will be on our way to France to fight your people, and we do not like to go. We like you—we have no reason to fight against your country. You have told us much, and what we have heard from our friends —little as it is—bears out what you have said. If we go to Europe we will never see our homes again. Why should we do this thing for the English?"

"Yes," I interjected, "sure. That is true. I think

that all of you will die in that foreign, inhospitable land, where it is so cold."

"What shall we do?"

"Well," I replied, "as soldiers you have a choice of only two things. You must obey—or you must fight for what you consider the right. And that means to fight the British who would send you there—fight them here on your own continent of Asia. Try to get all of the native troops to do as you wish. Throw off the English, and rule yourselves as you did before they invaded your land. You are a great and warlike people. Now, when war is going on in Europe, now is the best chance you will ever have to get rid of your masters. In Guadalompure there is a regiment of native troops—get them to join you. It ought to be an easy victory for you. Before they know what has happened you will have overwhelmed them."

Step by step I planned every detail with them—taking the English prisoners and putting them in our barracks, seizing the wireless station, the destruction of all government works. It would all be quite easy. At any rate I made them think so.

"All right," my friends said. "We will talk it over with the others."

So it looked as if trouble was brewing; and I did not want to be around when it started. Oh ho, no. If my friends the enemy found out that I was the instigator —well, there would be no more beer and cheer for Lauterbach. We went right on with the tunnel. It was nearing its completion, but we would not be able to make our attempted getaway until the end of the month.

The moon was too bright at other times. But it was destined that all our digging was to go for naught.

The following night Sergeant came again. He did not remain long. He informed me that the regiment at Guadalompure had refused to join in the proposed outbreak. His regiment, he informed me gravely, was composed entirely of Punjabi Mohammedans, all followers of Islam. The others were Hindus, Sikhs, from the Punjab. Unfortunately they never could be made to pull together.

"We are to sail on the 16th for France," he said, lowering his voice. "We have received our orders. But we are not going. You wait. In four days!" He held up four fingers. "In four days something will happen."

Sergeant and his companions—there were four of them—said good-bye, saluted me as they always did, and filed from the room. At the door Sergeant again held up four fingers significantly, and his dignified form vanished into the tropical night.

The Indian guards were replaced by English volunteers and Malay soldiers the very next day. The Englishmen were much more overbearing in their manner toward us. They were in uniform, but it was evident that they were quite unacquainted with military life and ways.

I was talking with my chief tunneling lieutenant when the guard was changed.

"Himmel!" I muttered. "What's up? Was ist los, Johan? I wonder if someone has given us away?"

I was afraid one of my conversations with the Punjabi soldiers had been overheard by a spy and reported

to the commandant. But an hour later, when I encountered the major, he was as agreeable as ever. Hence we concluded that our bearded guards from the "Land of the Five Rivers" in India had merely been relieved from duty so they might the better prepare for their journey to France.

On the afternoon of February 15th, about four o'clock, I was playing chess with a friend. Suddenly the sound of rifle fire brought us to our feet. With a bound that would have done credit to a much thinner man, I got to my front door. There, coming across the stockade, were a hundred or more men armed with rifles. They were running toward us, firing at our new guards as they came. They had mutinied; there was no doubt of it.

Some of the Malays guarding us became confused and opened fire on us. One of our civilians was shot in the belly and fatally wounded. A sailor got a bullet in the leg. Then the yelling Punjabis overwhelmed them. Ten minutes of hand-to-hand fighting and bloodshed and the incident was over. The Englishmen around Tangling Barracks were taken completely by surprise. Montgomery, the officer of the guard, got two bullets in the head. A few were lucky enough to escape. But not many.

Meanwhile all of our prisoners had retreated to the shelter of the barracks. As senior officer, I assumed command, and when some of my lads wanted to join the Indians I advised against it.

"These mutineers really haven't a chance. As soon as the British land sailors and marines from the ships

in the harbor all this will be squelched, and then where will you be? They will say we started the mutiny and every last man of us will be shot."

But I had hardly said this when fifty wild-eyed Indians rushed in upon us, hoisted me to their shoulders, and ran out shouting: "Here is our leader."

One of these fanatical fellows jerked off his turban and jammed it over my ears. I must have looked like a fat, drunken Sultan. His comrades cheered, but I didn't. Oh ho, no. Not me. If I should be caught by the British in that turban and as the acclaimed leader of the mutineers I would make a fine target, tall and broad, for a firing squad. Moreover, a German officer does not fight without his uniform or in the ranks of mutineers. At least he doesn't unless he is a renegade.

"No," I told them, when they had quieted down a little, "I cannot be your leader. We Germans can do very little to help you; we have no guns."

"We bring you guns," they shouted. "You will have plenty of arms."

This time in declining the honor I merely assured them that their own men were far more experienced at land warfare than I who knew only the sea. They discussed the matter at some length, and as they made ready to leave their leader said:

"We will bring you arms to-night. You can defend yourself. All you have to do now is fight your way to the harbor, take a steamer, and get away."

Then off they went. The gates were open, and we were free to march out. But first I ordered my lads to pick up the bodies scattered about. Some might be

alive, I thought. But we might just as well not have bothered. The mutineers had done a thorough job of it. They had stabbed every guard through the heart after shooting him down. I counted twenty-three bodies in all—English and Malays.

While we were busy with this work a small group of Europeans entered They were strangers seeking refuge, and all civilians. Their spokesman came to me.

"Can you give us a hand?" he asked. "Have you any revolvers?"

"Yes," I answered. I had retained my sidearms on entering the camp. These newcomers wanted me to hand them over, and when I refused they demanded the rifles of the dead guards. I would not allow that either. I herded them into the barracks.

"Stay here and you are safe," I said. "I am in command of this camp. We Germans are not in league with the mutineers, but we are armed now and we will protect you. All you have to do is keep quiet."

The way to escape was clear, and, of course, I intended to take advantage of it. I had intended to make a break in any case, and now it was the most urgent thing possible. There was a large probability that word would leak out about my fomenting the mutiny, and, in that case, the British would shoot me the moment they got their hands on me. But in getting away we must make a good job of it. Johan and seven others were determined to go with me. All agreed that it would be best to lie low until dark.

Now that things had quieted down I noted an undercurrent of unrest among the hybrid Germans—those

Polanders and Alsacers—amongst us. I sensed that they would not let me go—oh ho—if they could help it. They did not wish me well. Perhaps they thought I ought to remain and keep command of the camp—I with the guilt of inciting the mutiny hanging over my head. In the distance there was intermittent firing all around us. Bloody work was going on in the city of Singapore and its environs, savage fighting between the British and the mutineers.

Six-thirty, seven, seven-thirty, and finally eight o'clock. All quiet in the camp. It was pitch dark, and still no sign of either mutineers or British. Taking my raincoat, pipe, tobacco, and a knife, I joined my companions. We slipped quietly away so the rest would not suspect us of leaving them. Some of the less enterprising German prisoners were on watch at the gate, so on the opposite side of the camp we hurriedly dug a hole under the fence. The barbed-wire barrier we cut with scissors and I was the last to pass through. Just as I did so I heard a voice calling: "where is Captain Lauterbach?" Ho ho. With the aid of a pole we vaulted over the electrified wire that was our sole remaining obstacle. Though fat, I can jump—and one had to be sure of getting over that wire. Near by we came upon a little path which we followed until it led us to the banks of a small stream. Here the faithful Chinese servant of one of the German merchants took over the rôle of guide. He was the boy we had counted on for this task all along. Our way led through the ghostlike symmetrical lines of trees of a rubber plantation. The moon made it almost as light as day. We went single

file and kept to the shadows of the rubber trees until we came to a main road, which we followed for a short distance. On Singapore Island the English had an excellent traffic regulation requiring all natives to carry a lamp or lantern of some sort whenever they journeyed along a highway at night. This was to prevent them from being run down by motor cars. The rule pleased us too, because whenever we saw a light approaching it warned us to get off of the road. The fewer who saw us the better. There were altogether too many travelers on the road that night, so we soon decided we would make better time by cutting across fields in spite of the heavy going.

This didn't work so well. Although our guide knew the roads, once we left them he became confused. After two hours of hiking through the rough we were lost. Several times in passing Malay kampongs we heard the natives chattering excitedly. We were hoping to make our way to the beach, and when we kept going on and on without finding it I decided we had better take a chance and ask our way. So at a hut we approached a Chinaman and bribed him to lead us to the nearest Malay village on the coast. He seemed friendly and eager to take our money, so off we went again. Our route led past one of the inland police stations. But we slipped around it without arousing anyone. About one-thirty in the morning we at last reached the beach, and you have no idea how inviting that white sand looked under the tropical moon.

There was a lone cottage, and not knowing what to expect inside, we decided to rush the place. At a signal

we all burst in, and there we found some twenty Chinamen in the midst of a game of fan-tan with stacks of Strait Settlement dollars before them. They naturally thought we were police and that it was a raid. I hurriedly reassured them. Speaking in Chinese, I explained that we were Germans and that we wanted them to put us in touch with Malay fishermen.

That started them chattering and jabbering. But they evidently were greatly relieved and quickly volunteered to take us to a near-by fisherman's kampong. The Malays looked like pirates—and I think that is what they really were. And here we had another surprise. Two of the Indian mutineers had arrived here ahead of us, and from them we got an account of how the mutiny had started. It seems that the regiments scheduled to leave for France on the morrow were ordered out on parade so the governor could say a few parting words. At a signal from one of the ring leaders the men turned on their officers. In a flash pandemonium reigned. After killing or wounding nearly all of their officers, the mutineers swarmed over the city, looting homes and shops. But it was not long until white troops advanced on Singapore, from the fort and from the ships in the harbor. Deeming discretion the better part of valor, many of the mutineers cleared out. Some, who were made of sterner stuff, were determined to die fighting, and as we stood talking we could still hear the intermittent rattle of rifle fire in the distance. It seemed to come from all directions.

The two mutineers explained that they too were seeking to escape and would like nothing better than

to join us. We preferred to have them go their own way, and when I assured them that if they were caught in company with Germans their throats would be slit in a hurry, they decided to stay by themselves. We never saw them again and I have often wondered whether Dame Fortune smiled on them as she did on us.

I dickered with the headman for two small native sailboats, with a Malay crew to man each. I explained that all we wanted was safe passage across to the nearest Dutch island. The outcome of all our palaver was that they agreed to get us across the straits of Malacca to Great Karimon Island, on the north coast of Sumatra. They demanded their pay in advance, got it, and we put out to sea in the darkness.

Free? Ach du lieber, ja, ja. But if you think the straits of Malacca and the island of Sumatra down there on the equator are anywhere near Germany, just take a look at your map.

CHAPTER XIV

£10,000—DEAD OR ALIVE

We were crowded into the two Malay boats, and dawn caught us before we were more than a half mile or so off shore. Our Malays sailed along leisurely, although we urged them on as much as we could. You can't hustle a Malay. Love of hard work is not one of the weaknesses of the race. If we could just manage somehow to get across the dangerous straits of Malacca we were sure we could lose ourselves and find a temporary refuge among the islands of the Dutch East Indies.

There were nine of us in the two boats, men of all sorts and conditions, short, tall, thin, fat—I the fattest. We were of varying professions and varying capacities for adventure. There was Diehn, a native of my home town of Rostock. He had been the manager of Behn & Meyer, an import and export commission house—the biggest German firm in Singapore at the outbreak of hostilities. He had also held the Singapore agency for the Blue Funnel Line, England's largest merchant freight service. For years Diehn had been an outstanding figure in Singapore. He was one of the so-called *burrasahibs* of the city, prominent commercially and socially. In common with a number of Germans who had attained high positions, he was a mem-

ber of the leading clubs, which of course were controlled by the British.

When war came the British authorities were polite enough not to intern men like Diehn at first. However, they kept them under close watch. Now Diehn was inclined to be proud and arrogant. So there were Britishers who did not like him and the war only served to intensify their dislike. The authorities knew of course that he was a pretty smart fellow; and they also knew that he was well liked by the Malays and Straits Chinese.

The *Emden* was indirectly the cause of his fall from grace. A shipper entered his office one morning, and informed him that he had a consignment of cargo for the S.S. *Troilus*, one of the crack boats of the Blue Funnel Line. This was just at the time when Singapore was all agog over the exploits of the *Emden*, and Diehn thoughtlessly and laughingly said:

"Maybe the *Emden* will get your cargo."

He spoke truer than he knew; but the British, who were getting a bit jumpy by that time, learned of the incident, and were convinced that Diehn had surely been in touch with the *Emden* through a private wireless station. They blamed him for the loss of the *Troilus*. His office and home were raided by the Singapore police. Nothing incriminating was found at his office, but at his home they discovered something that made the amateur sleuth's eyes pop. It was a metal line for drying clothes. Ha! Here was a perfect antennæ for a radio set. Of course it was metal, because that's the most durable sort of clothesline for a muggy, equatorial

climate. But people's nerves go wrong in wartime, and they hustled Diehn to their prison camp.

Diehn was a man in the prime of life at the time of our little escapade, tall and blond. I liked him, even though he did wear a high hat, as you say. He considered himself quite a Singapore Poo Bah and would not listen to reason when he had his mind set on something. For instance, while we were at sea, after our escape from Singapore, he decided that his white skin—particularly on his legs—did not look dark enough for him to pass as a sailor. So he rolled up his trousers and exposed his legs to the sun, a particularly stupid thing for a man to do who has lived for years in the tropics and ought to know better.

"Don't be a fool," I expostulated. "You will get badly sunburned."

I was right. He got a frightful burn, one of the worst I have ever seen. Then, to cool his burning legs, he elevated himself from a plain fool to a damn fool by spraying them with sea water. This simply made his burns all the worse and well-nigh crippled him for life.

Next in importance in our little group was Herr Schoenberg, the manager of Behn & Meyer's Penang branch. Ach Himmel, there was a wonderful fellow, thin and active. He remained with me to the last, the only one who did. We parted in Manila: he to take a steamer for the United States, and I bound for Shanghai on the Emperor's business. Schoenberg had only one minor failing in my eyes—he did get seasick. Jawohl, and how!

Jessen was a tall fellow, very tanned, and a trifle

inclined to embonpoint. He had been the manager of a firm in Singapore, but I have forgotten its name. He was nice, always jolly and good-natured, with a fund of excellent stories. He was our Candide—everything was always for the best with him. It is useful to have an optimist along, if he doesn't carry it too far and make a pest of himself, which Jessen never did.

Johan, the second officer of the *Markomannia*, was very active—as all good seamen are—strong, and deeply tanned. He had an energetic face, and not the least part of it was his nose.

A real ship engineer was Jensen; short, thickset, and strong as an ox. He was Platt-Deutsch, and as I too could speak low German and sailor jargon, we got along fine. He had been the chief engineer of a craft called the S.S. *Quarta*.

Then there was Reinhart, a merchant, who hailed from Wiesbaden. Although he appeared quite dignified with his tall, impressive stature and his brown van dyke, he was good-natured. Reinhart was a city man, a vicarious adventurer who had suddenly fallen into the real thing.

At the end of the procession—following his elders as is right—comes Thompson, a lad of eighteen. He had been an assistant apprentice in the engine room of some steamer. He was quite fearless, but unfortunately the boy could not stand up under the gruelling hardships that were before us.

Sprawled in the bottom of the boat, covered with nets and old canvas sails, we tried to sleep. It was uneasy repose at best. In the Singapore channel we were

hailed a number of times by British guards in fast motor boats. The waters about Singapore were swarming with them, or so it seemed to us. Our Malays responded to their hails, telling them that they were going fishing. Luckily they did not bother to search our little craft and we got out into open water safely.

We were still hugging the coast, and about five o'clock pulled in shore for a bite to eat. Except for an occasional crocodile sliding into the water, there was not a sound and we were completely hidden by the mangrove trees. However, we had a rather close call just as we were pushing out from the overhanging trees. Three British steamers were bearing right down upon us. However, we hurriedly slid back into the mangrove forest, and after they had passed we crept out a bit more cautiously and started on our long pull for Great Karimon, the nearest Dutch island. A strong tide was running and the sea was rough; that is, rough for rowing. We all took our turn at the sweeps, and it was hot—much too hot for a fat old captain who has been accustomed to letting Chinese coolies do all manual work.

Nevertheless, in spite of blisters and sore backs, we made the seventy-odd miles in twelve hours, and were in Dutch waters off the island of Great Karimon. We pulled into a cove near a Malay fishing village. The houses were all built on stilts out over the water, with Singapore Straits on one side and jungle on the other.

Our boatmen were a bloodthirsty crew, and no sooner had we dropped our oars than they picked up their wicked-looking krises, the crooked Malay dagger. They

said that on their last visit to this village they had found several Englishmen there, and now they wanted to prove their friendship for us by exterminating the hapless Britishers. But I told them we would prefer not to see anyone's throat cut and urged them to behave peaceably. All we wanted now was a meal. Exhausted from the hardest day's work any of us had endured in years, we bathed and lay on the beach while the boatmen went for food. They brought us rice and chicken, and after eating sparingly because we were so weary we posted a guard and went off to sleep.

The chief town of Great Karimon was across on the other side of the island. There, we were told, lived the resident Dutch official. At five o'clock the following morning we prepared to start. The larger of the boats was leaking—in landing it had hit a rock—and it was unfit for further service. The island, fortunately, was small; and we decided that the men who had been in that boat the previous day would hike across, while the rest of us would paddle around, which was a lucky break for me. I was in the boat. Tramping through jungles did not appeal to me. Ach, if I had known how much of it I would soon have to do.

Well, we arrived at Tanjang Baley at eight o'clock and the reception committee was headed by the chief of the police! He was a Dutchman by the name of Van der Weide, and he explained that in the absence of the commissioner he was in charge. This was a stroke of good fortune too. We discovered later that the commissioner had it in for all Germans. I believe he had

married one—a shrew perhaps. However, the chief treated us fine. He recognized me from a description that had already been sent out by radio.

"Ha," he said, "you are the navigation officer of the *Emden*. We have already heard about the mutiny you stirred up in Singapore."

I said nothing, but thought it better to listen and see if he had anything more to say.

"I salute you," he added in his broad Dutch accent. "But I regret to say we cannot keep you longer than twenty-four hours. Better you go ahead and take a junk and sail off from here to Sumatra."

"All right," I answered. "I will go down to the harbor and look for a little boat."

"Wait," he said, as I turned to go. Then he went on confidentially: "There are two Englishmen in town, and they know that you are here. Out in the harbor there is a little coal steamer that is leaving this afternoon for Singapore, and they will send a message by her captain that you are here. You had better go as quickly as possible."

Then he told me something that burned my ears. The British had learned of my part in fomenting the Singapore mutiny. They had put a price of ten thousand pounds ($50,000) on my head, and broadcast the report far and wide throughout the East. Donnerwetter! Mein Gott im Himmel! Ten thousand pounds is a lot of money, especially in the East. There would be many whites and many natives eager to earn it. Even in neutral territory I would never be safe. The British would not scruple to hatch schemes to get me into their

power. Whites, natives, neutrals, enemies—almost anybody might be expected to try to earn the reward by getting me into British hands. A smaller reward was put on Diehn's head. The British presumed that he too must have had something to do with the mutiny. He really had not, but they suspected him just the same, and the reward for him increased the value of our party to anyone wanting to concoct a scheme for delivering us into the hands of the British.

I got an old atlas from a trader, and now, with my compass, I was better fitted for the adventure that lay before us. I found a small sampan that was sufficient for our needs. We were not troubled for funds: all of us had money, plenty of it. Our companions who were hiking it across the island did not get in until late afternoon, and we were unable to get under way for Sumatra until next morning.

Bidding good-bye to the friendly police chief, we hoisted our square sampan sail and the wind carried us quickly out of the harbor at Tanjang Baley. It was eleven o'clock of the following morning when we left and we hoped to reach the coast of Sumatra, some fifty miles away, that night. A strong current upset our plan, however, and we found ourselves unable to make any headway. There was no use attempting to buck that welter of water. Right near by was a tiny island that was unknown to me then, and still remains so. Here we anchored beneath the shelter of a giant mangrove tree to await the turn of the tide.

There could be no doubt but that the British had received a tip from the two Englishmen back there at

the Dutch town on Great Karimon Island and were hot on our scent. There must have been fifteen or twenty motor boats sweeping the night with their searchlights in the hope of picking us up. Since those days I have always had an affection for mangrove trees; for they certainly shielded me in times of need. They may seem eerie and dismal to others, but not to me.

Gradually the scouting flotilla vanished into the night. Breathing more freely, we decided to chance it and make a break for the coast of Sumatra proper, which I was certain could be only a short distance away. The tide had turned, and just as the first streaks of dawn cast their faint light along the equator we saw land and what appeared to be the mouth of a river.

Taking a bearing with my compass, I set our course straight for it. Although I knew that there were no British islands in the vicinity, we had to be extremely cautious. At the time when we were first captured and taken to Singapore I had discovered that the English would not hesitate about going into neutral waters. They were quite ready to disregard international law if a chance came to make a capture.

"Either this half light is deceiving or we are bucking a strong current," I said to myself as we crept toward our objective. Another three hours elapsed before we reached that river mouth. I was not at all sure where we were and we were bucking a strong ebb tide which added to the uncertainty.

We had paid off our Malay boatmen at Tanjang Baley, and the only others aboard our sampan aside from our escaping party were two Chinamen. They seemed

afraid that the strong ebb tide would sweep us far out into the South China Sea, so to propitiate their multitude of devils they began to make joss pidgin by lighting firecrackers and throwing them over the side. We were alarmed. To us it seemed as if the noise would be heard all the way back in Singapore. But the Chinamen, acting in accordance with the dictates of their unfathomable Chinese consciences, were raising a rumpus quite likely even to bring their honorable ancestors to life. My colleagues suggested chucking them and their firecrackers overboard.

"Jawohl, but please wait a moment," I cautioned, and then went forward to where our celestial friends were solemnly propitiating the devils of the sea.

"Chinamen," I said, "you better waitee till we havee look see."

"Ting howla," said one, as they ceased their bombardment.

"Why you makee this joss pidgin?" I asked.

"Devils get velly bad," he replied. "We givee some clackers, then he see belong all rightee."

"You better waitee," I ordered. "I makee better joss pidgin. Devils all muchee fraid of me. By and by strong ebb tide change and then we go quai quai with the flood tide in the river."

I suppose it was my promise of some stronger joss pidgin that persuaded them. At any rate they laid off the racket.

About an hour later the tide turned, and now we had the weight of it with us. The river was very broad, and I caught sight of a cluster of white houses on the right-

hand bank of the stream. They looked very pretty and alluring in their verdant setting.

We decided to land and find out just where we were. It was a beautiful spot, but what a scare we had there. Oh ho, yes, Lauterbach did not feel like singing when he left that village, and he left in a hurry too.

I jumped into water about up to my knees and waded ashore with two of my companions. No one was in sight. But when I halloed there was an immediate response. Ach! It turns my stomach even yet when I think about it. Out of the houses tumbled a group of the unclean—lepers. They came running and hobbling toward us as we stood rooted in our tracks. There were about twenty hideous-looking human beings in all stages of the dread disease. We lost no time in scrambling back into our boat.

For the moment I was no longer interested in our whereabouts; and for the moment my memory took me back to the prison camp at Singapore and it seemed like a heaven in comparison with this stricken place. It must be that no matter how badly off you are, you can always find someone who is having worse luck than you.

We continued our course up the river. The sampan was slow, and two hours or so later we were overhauled by a big Chinese merchant junk. I hailed it, asking where we were. The answer was unintelligible except that I caught the Chinese equivalent for "Follow us."

It was raining hard, and we had a difficult job keeping the big junk in sight. She was making eight or nine knots an hour with the help of the flood tide. Toward

the end of the afternoon we lost sight of it altogether. At twilight we found her again. She was riding at anchor at a little village, so we pulled in shore and anchored also.

We found a customs commissioner in charge: a half-caste, part Dutch and part Malay. Not a particularly hospitable person either.

"What you doing here?" he demanded.

When I told him that we were Germans escaped from Singapore he seemed relieved. We then learned that the headman of the big junk we had followed had told him a boat was coming up the river with a crew of pirates armed to the teeth. Expecting trouble, he had immediately despatched a Malay with a message to the district commissioner asking for help.

Finding that we were inclined to be friendly, the half-caste invited us into his house and did his utmost to entertain us. Lans was his name, and it was from him that we learned the joyful news that we were indeed safe in Sumatra.

"Wunderschon, but just where in Sumatra are we?" I said.

Our host nodded gravely and announced that we were at Pulo Mudra, a village on the Kampar River, the principal river of Sumatra. We discussed our plans with him and told him of our desire to get across to the city of Padang, some four hundred miles distant, on the opposite side of the island, where some of us hoped to catch a steamer. Several of my companions were from Sumatra and proposed to remain there, but Padang was our immediate goal nevertheless.

Unfortunately, Padang was a long way off, far to the west and south of where we were. The usual mode of travel is by boat, a distance of nearly two thousand miles around this huge island. For Sumatra is some thirteen times larger than Holland. But a sea journey would almost surely deliver us into the hands of the British. So we elected to make the journey overland, sailing and paddling up the Kampar River as far as possible and then hiking the rest of the way. It was not a pleasing journey to contemplate, but it was the only sensible thing to do. Mr. Lans suggested that so long as we were determined to continue inland by river we might as well take passage on the large junk that we had hailed.

She was leaving next day and we went with her. Conditions on board that craft were indescribable, as we soon found out. She was a large three-master of shallow draft, with a crew of Chinamen out of Singapore with a cargo of conserves and other supplies for Chinese shopkeepers and traders along the river.

We had discarded our weapons, fearing that as armed Germans we might be interned and held indefinitely by the Dutch. The crew took things easy—too easy. They sprawled about the deck on their mats or in their bunks, smoking the pipe of forgetfulness—stupid and dull with the fumes of opium. Over them, unnoticed, swarmed myriads of mosquitoes and vermin. That was one filthy place. The mosquitoes were bad, but when I found the lousy old hulk reeking with bedbugs—that was too much. Ach Gott—me no likee bite bite.

"If we want to get to Padang alive," I said to Johan

soon after we had started upriver, "we must leave this boat. Four weeks bucking the current on this damn junk will kill us."

My companions agreed. I went to the headman aboard to see what would be our next stop. The day was hot. The shimmering heat waves on the water burned our eyes and nearly blinded us. By contrast, the shaded depths of the jungle that came down to the water's edge along the river banks beckoned invitingly.

"When you thinkee catchee next port?" I inquired of the heavy-lidded Chinaman.

"Bye bye," he responded, singsong.

"Me no likee stay here so long," I said. "Me want change. We go shore shore."

"Oh, Maskee; never mind."

And that was all I could get out of that son of a long line of dishonorable ancestors. I went back to my companions. We threshed the matter out. It had been our intention to go as far upriver as possible on the junk—a four-week journey—and then strike overland for Padang. It was impossible now. No white man could stand a week of the conditions prevailing on that crawling hulk, much less a month.

"We will have to keep our eyes open," I said finally, "and watch for other boats on the river. Maybe we can get some natives to paddle us as far upriver as the village of Pelulawan."

All through the day we were the only moving thing on the river. Bad as it was at the start, it kept getting worse. Where the mosquitoes failed to bite through our

garments there the bedbugs and other vermin got in their work. That night there was no sleep for any of us. I sat up and smoked my pipe. It at least helped keep the mosquitoes away, and it was soothing to the soul.

I had almost decided that it would be best for us to emulate the Israelites—that is, make a trek of forty days through the wilderness—when a bit of luck came our way. We sighted a Malay on the river, and I hailed him alongside. I told him that we wanted to get to Pelulawan and asked him if he could get us boats to take us there. He paddled away and returned with four native dugouts, each manned by two Malays.

Our boatmen were good-looking fellows: tall and slender, bronzed and bearded. They were wonders on the water, but they too were lazy—lazier even than the opium-smoking Chinese. A good smoke, a nice girl, and nothing to do—that was their idea of a wonderful life. Nor could I argue with an intelligent philosophy like that. I couldn't blame them for feeling the way they did about their girls. A wonderful lot they were: beautiful and graceful, and modest—even though they did think nothing of parading in the garb of Mother Eve.

I had learned the Malay language early in my career as a sailor and recently had brushed up considerably during those long months in the prison camp at Singapore. Now my knowledge of it was to come in very handy indeed, and I got along splendidly with the Malays in spite of their objection to doing any work. They expressed their attitude toward life in the phrase: "Macam amie," which means, "What the day brings, I

take." With such a philosophy it was only natural that they should be content with their lot.

In the Orient the term "boy" is applied somewhat indiscriminately to all natives of the working classes. In each Far Eastern land, however, the spoken response to the call of "boy" is different. For instance, when I addressed one of our boatmen as "boy," he would respond: "Tuan besar, grosser herr." In ordinary conversation with the white man their speech was a mixture of Malay and English or Holland Dutch, which often sounds like German. When they wanted to know if we were hungry it was expressed thus: "Tuan, you want chacula."

Our Malay river boats were rather tricky. They were merely the hollowed-out trunks of trees, and you had to sit mighty steady in them. The slightest movement of your body and they would sway perilously, and on several occasions only the skillfulness of our boatmen prevented a catastrophe. The thoughts of what the crocodiles would do with us if we tipped over made us sit more quietly than ever we sat before. Ja, ja.

We made good time going upriver now. Each boat carried two of us. The scenery along the banks was like some equatorial fairyland. The forest came right down to the water's edge; and in the daytime we could see countless troops of monkeys, of all sizes and species, watching and following us through the trees as we swept onward to the rhythmic movement of the paddles and the monotonous chant of the boatmen. The mother monkeys with their arms protectingly about their young would chatter and scold at our intrusion. As we would

near a sand bar the crocodiles would become excited and slither into the swirling river.

A happy crew rode in our little flotilla of dugouts. For the present at any rate we could forget our friends, the British. By offering them double pay we finally cajoled the Malays into rowing in shifts so that we could travel night and day. Our spirits soared with each passing mile and we rather rudely disturbed the primeval peace and quiet of the river and jungle with our laughter and songs. We had neither women nor wine—but a merry song at times will compensate for the lack. We sang every old folksong and sailor song that any of us knew, and as usual my song led all the rest.

"*Zu Lauterbach hab ich mein Strumpf verloren,*
Zu Lauterbach geh ich nicht heim."

Und so weiter——

With rousing gusto we sang, and from shore to shore out there in the wilds of Sumatra the echo would throw it back to us. The animals and other creatures of the vast forest must have wondered at this unwonted intrusion upon their solitude. In the evening the larger animals, rhinoceros, tapir, the wild hog, antelope, Malay bear, and elephant, would come down to the waterside to drink, and then lumber away at the sound of our shouts and songs.

Then the night would enfold the jungle world in an inky blackness accentuated by the brilliance of the stars; and, nearer at hand, the gigantic fireflies acted a luminous pageant against the black wall of the forest.

Ach du lieber! I have sung and listened to singing in

many places but never in such surroundings of eerie strangeness and exotic beauty as out there in Sumatra —paddling up the Kampar River, propelled by the strokes of the lithe, bronze Apollos who knelt rigidly upright, only their arms moving in a cadenced rhythm, silent, thinking the devil only knows what thoughts, while we made the night and day ring with the unrestrained merriment of men who have at last found freedom.

CHAPTER XV

FLEEING THROUGH SUMATRAN JUNGLES

In the morning we came to Pelulawan. We had spent the night on the river, and our costumes—a lone pair of trousers and a shirt apiece—were in no condition for paying social visits. Nevertheless, Pelulawan was the capital of a Malay state and the home of a sultan. To avoid difficulty of any sort, Oriental courtesy made it imperative that we pay our respects to His Dusky Highness immediately. Pausing only to rinse out our clothes and dry them—a matter of fifteen minutes or so in the broiling Sumatran sunshine—we wended our way to the palace, followed by half the population.

The palace proved to be an *atap*, a thatched-roof bungalow, little different from the others in the town. The Sultan received us in his Hall of Audience—a bare room with mats on the floor. He was a small man. Everything about him was small: his house, his ministers of state, and his retainers—in fact, almost as small as the pigmies of interior Malaya and Formosa. We could pick out the prominent members of the assemblage by their clothes. They were garbed in American overalls—dollar specials on Main Street in any town in Iowa, but the latest style for royalty in Pelulawan.

We were welcomed graciously. The decorations worn

CAPTAIN LAUTERBACH as a prisoner in Singapore just before he made his sensational escape.

"We fled from Singapore to Sumatra, across the Straits of Malacca, on board a hybrid native craft that was a cross between a Chinese junk and a sampan."

by Herr Diehn may have had something to do with that. Diehn had carefully saved his medals, several of which he had received from the Emperor, and had pinned them to his ragged shirt. I noticed that the Sultan kept his eye on the Cross of the Red Eagle especially. After some palaver, His Highness said in Malay:

"Now, boys, if you will be good enough to accept our humble hospitality I would like to place a little house at your disposal where you may stay as long as you like. But I must warn you to sleep with one eye open. You see, the last people who lived there were killed by the Old Man." The Old Man being polite Malay for His Lordship the tiger.

Well, we all laughed and thought the Sultan was having a little joke with us. But we soon changed our minds. As we strolled off to the native hut that had been assigned to us we were followed by a crowd of curious Malays, and there were many in the crowd whose faces, arms, and legs bore deep gashes. We were in the heart of the tiger country of Sumatra all right, and not a firearm in the crowd. Knowing little about the ways of tigers, we kept watch. Ja, ja.

Remembering my friends the enemy at Singapore, I sent a postcard to the authorities there. It read: "From now on kindly consider me a non-resident member of your Tangling Barracks Club. I am drinking to your health, gentlemen." Ho ho, I'll bet they cursed me roundly for that.

Toward evening we were preparing some food—rice and chicken—laughing, talking, and joking with one another.

"Lauterbach," said Reinhart, "if any man-eating tiger drops in on us I'll bet he steps right over the rest of us and picks you out for his meal."

I puffed away on my pipe and smiled.

"Yes," said Jessen with mock anxiety, "you are the juiciest morsel of us all."

Then they all roared with laughter. And rightly so. What a meal for a tiger I would make—or a whole family of tigers for that matter.

We had just sat down to supper when a scuffling on the path outside brought us to our feet. Tiger? Nein! A voice called out in English:

"Where is the *Emden* officer?"

"Herein," I answered. "Was ist los?"

"Oh!" There was an exclamation and the sound of footsteps became louder. A tall man with a military mustache appeared in the doorway. He was forty-odd, I should judge, but a tropical helmet threw the upper part of his face in shadow. He introduced himself as Mynheer Filet, the district commissioner. Then he explained.

"My man in Pulo Mudra sent word by messenger that you were here and that you were Germans escaped from Singapore."

He looked at us inquiringly.

"Yes," I replied, "you are correct. Come in."

"I want to help you," he added. "I was a Dutch army officer before I joined the Civil Service. I admire brave men and brave deeds, and I have always felt friendly toward the German people."

He entered the room and we made him welcome. He

informed us that he had a launch at Pulo Mudra some distance down the river, and that he would be glad to place it at our disposal and take us wherever we wanted to go. Fine. From the first I had not relished the idea of going overland to Padang—trekking hundreds of miles through jungle held no appeal for a fat man like me. Here was a chance. Maybe we could take his launch along the coast and thus get to Padang much more easily and quickly.

"I want to talk things over with my companions," I told him. So Mynheer Filet left us and went for a stroll. We immediately divided into two camps. Some of my companions, headed by Herr Diehn, did not want to venture near the coast again. They thought the danger of recapture far too great. Besides, Johan was down with malaria—he had contracted it on the trip upriver—and after the strenuous life we had been leading a few days' rest right where we were would be the best thing in the world for him and for all of us.

I, on the other hand, had but one objective in view. I wanted to get back across the world to Germany where I could get into the fight again, and the quickest way was what I was looking for. Besides, as you will readily understand, I had no desire to carry my paunch through three or four hundred miles of Sumatran jungle. After some discussion I spoke out with finality:

"I am going to trust Mynheer Filet."

"Lauterbach," said the canny Diehn, "if you go with that man you will be a prisoner again, mark my word."

"Bah," I replied, "he looks like a perfectly honest Dutchman. This is a real chance and I am not going to pass it up."

That settled it, and Schoenberg, Jessen, and Reinhart elected to accompany me. We left at once in Mynheer Filet's fast despatch boat. It was a big native craft propelled by oars and carried a crew of six Malays. Our comrades came down to the river bank to see us off.

"We will make our way overland slowly," said Diehn, as we parted. "Then we will all meet together in Padang. Maybe. But keep a weather eye open, Lauterbach."

The boat took us down the river so swiftly that the jungle looked like one vast mass of green, almost a blur. At Pulo Mudra we found a steam launch awaiting us, and a three-hour run in it brought us to Mynheer Filet's place of residence at Selat Pajang, a small island just off the northeast coast of Sumatra. Here he had a sago plantation and mill.

We were in exceedingly dangerous territory, only a little way from Singapore. At any time a British gunboat might come poking her nose into her place of refuge. Oh ho, not so good. I began to wonder if Diehn's hunch hadn't been the correct one after all. It was decided that the best course for us to pursue would be to go to the town of Siak, a place situated some distance up the Siak River, another long, navigable stream coming down from the high mountains of the interior.

Mynheer Filet was something of a politician. To run

a steam launch cost money, and before we could start he had to think up a good excuse so that he could saddle the expenses of the trip on his government. After considering various courses—during which time we managed to empty several bottles of good old Holland gin—he hit on the expedient of having a poisoned finger that demanded immediate attention. By that time Mynheer Filet was well nigh "blotto," as the British say.

"I think I have poison in my finger," he remarked with a wink. "I must go and see the doctor in Siak."

It was mid-morning when we arrived at Siak. We immediately found ourselves in hot water. The control commissioner here was a good friend of the English, and when he found out that we were in his bailiwick he decided that he would like to have us stop right there. Evidently that prize money looked good to him. Mynheer Filet, seeing how things were going, became somewhat worried.

"I am no longer in my district," he explained, "and I cannot do anything for you here. You must try to get over to Tratabula. You will be safe there." Tratabula was still farther up the Siak River.

So our fine plan of getting to Padang by boat was checkmated right there. Ach Gott!

The chief of the police was a black Malay—black inside and out, as far as I am concerned. I had always trusted Malays and I trusted him—almost to my everlasting sorrow. I had a talk with him, explained our predicament, and asked him to help us to escape. He responded by trying to take us prisoners. I rather think

he already had orders to that effect from the commissioner. It was now late in the afternoon, and seeing the way things were going, I had a secret session with my comrades and we decided to make a break for it.

About four o'clock we found an opportunity to slip away unobserved, and off we started on foot for Tratabula. We were afraid to stick to any of the beaten paths for we wanted to avoid being seen above all things. The jungle was almost impenetrable, and we had a terrific time of it forcing our way through the luxuriant undergrowth. However, we stayed near the river, and when darkness came we ventured along a small path that followed the river, a path used by Malay runners in carrying mail from one river village to another.

It took us six hours to make the ten miles to Tratabula but we finally got there at ten o'clock that night. Here there were no white men and we remained till morning. It was impossible for us to push on any farther at once. We were completely fagged by our struggle with the jungle.

The incident at Siak at last brought home to me the seriousness of our position. Up to then I had regarded our adventure a bit lightly; and so too had my companions. Now I realized that the price on my head was the stumbling block. Fifty thousand dollars is worth going after, and I began to see that even in Dutch Sumatra it was proving attractive bait. Well, we would give them a run for their money at any rate.

We were out early next morning and at six were headed upriver toward the interior. I was going to

have to cross Sumatra afoot after all. It seemed that I could not avoid that fatiguing destiny. It was impossible to walk during the heat of the day, and for the next couple of weeks our schedule ran somewhat as follows: We traveled from 5 A. M. to 10 A. M. and from 4 P. M. to 10 P. M. It was devilishly hard, but we seemed to thrive on it.

Three things kept me strong and vigorous. Of that I am convinced. Every evening I made it a practice to take a quinine pill; I had the solace of my pipe; and in my mind's eye I had the vision of a stein of cold, foaming beer.

After leaving Tratabula we headed for the village of Bankinang, where the commissioner was a certain Mynheer Dahler. He was of Dutch and Malayan ancestry. I remember him with affection. He was exceedingly kind to us. He gave us one of his river boats, six stout Malays to paddle us up the river as far as the rapids would permit, and—I find myself at a loss for words. Away out there in the jungle, miles from civilized habitation, that half-caste Dutchman actually offered us a glass of beer. It was the first beer I had tasted since our escape from prison at Singapore.

I remember thinking as I let that ambrosia trickle slowly down my gullet that I was in a new world. For awhile I forgot my surroundings, my host, my companions, everything. Ach, it was paradise. As a certain Great Mogul of India once said about the lovely Vale of Kashmir, "If there is a paradise on earth, it is this, it is this, it is this." Mynheer Dahler, wherever you may be at the present moment, in heaven or on

earth, I salute you. Many a time when I lift a stein to my lips I drink a silent toast to you.

Above Bankinang the river became tumultuous. It was a series of rapids, cataracts, and whirlpools. Schoenberg and Reinhart did not like the idea of venturing out into the caldron and they elected to go afoot; but Jensen and I, because we were sailors, preferred the boat. Sometimes I thought that it was much better to walk, so bad was the river. We had a thrilling time of it in spots; but the experience interested me greatly. A giant whirlpool would catch our cockleshell and hurl us against the shore in spite of all that those wizard Malays could do. Then we would all jump into the water and shove the boat back into the current again.

Finally we reached a small village beyond which it was impossible to venture farther by river. Jensen and I found an empty native hut, made of bamboo and with a straw roof, and there we fell asleep. About twelve o'clock we were awakened by the arrival of Schoenberg and Reinhart as they came in half dead from their trek through the tangled forest.

The next morning we resumed our hike through the jungle, one of the wildest regions I had ever seen. Our nearest approach to civilization was Payacombo, a primitive village at the foot of the Padang Mountains, which still lay before us.

Certain parts of Sumatra—the northwestern section in particular—is peopled by savages of the blood-thirstiest kind; but in the interior through which we were passing the country was almost entirely devoid of human life. Occasional native dwellings were all

that we saw, and at night we usually stopped at one of these and slept with a native family. The women of the household wore only loin cloths, and one could not but admire their beautiful figures, their poise and their modest ways.

The land, except for a little clearing here and there, was as wild and primeval as though still inhabited by nothing more akin to man than the melancholy orang-utan and the giant simang with his immense long arms. Here and there, if your eyes were sharp, you might pick up a path beaten by the natives. In spots these tunnel-like avenues were so low that any average-height European would have to stoop in passing through. The jungle was full of life, and although we seldom saw any of the larger reptiles and animals we knew that everywhere we passed we were surrounded by tigers, leopards, elephants, apes, and snakes of every size, from the smallest viper to the thirty-foot python. Again and again we came upon the tracks of wild buffalo and occasionally of tapir, elephant, and rhinoceros. Whenever we waded in a river we had to keep a sharp lookout for crocodiles. Every stretch of sluggish backwater swarmed with them.

But the animal life of the jungle is usually hidden from the eyes of man and our worst enemies were the insects and tiny crawling things. We could avoid the larger animals, or rather they were kind enough to keep away from us. But there was no way we could avoid the mosquitoes and the blood-sucking leeches that attacked us on all sides. My companions were affected more by these pests than I. Maybe my hide was tougher,

more like the Sumatran rhinoceros. As for the snakes, they worried us but little because we could kill them with our clubs.

You may think of Sumatra as a small island. But it really is immense in size, longer than from New York to Chicago and as wide as the distance from New York to Pittsburgh, as it sprawls across the equator.

I will always remember that trip as one of the toughest ordeals of my life. Our gnarled clubs of heavy jungle wood were our only weapons. But at least we could always buy food from the Malay tribesmen. Rice and coconuts constituted our daily fare, and sometimes a coconut or two would have to suffice. Usually upon arrival at a native kampong the headman would bring out a monkey or a tailless gibbon and send him up a convenient tree. Wonderfully trained they were, and at a command from the Malay down would come a supply of either ripe or green coconuts, whichever the creature was told to twist loose from the cluster.

All of the natives, even deep in the interior of Sumatra, seemed to have heard of the *Emden*. Never before had I realized the rapidity with which news spreads through an uncivilized region. The Malays usually referred to the *Emden* as the "Kaplasetas," or Devil Ship, and behind my back they probably referred to me as the Devil himself, or at least one of the Old Boy's right-hand men.

The Padang mountains rise above the equatorial forest to a height of three thousand feet. When we approached the foothills the weather changed, and each day now we had a terrific tropical downpour that

made the going all the harder. In a glade we unexpectedly came across a herd of buffalo grazing only twenty yards or so away. Evidently they already had our scent, because the moment we appeared they charged. In less time than it takes to tell it we were back in the underbrush. Ja, ja, you bet. The jungle was dense and they evidently did not think us worth following. From here on the going was exceedingly rough, especially for me. But I was getting toughened to it and on the seventeenth day after leaving the coast we scaled the heights of the Padang Range to the town of Payacombo. The worst part of our Sumatran trek was over. We were on the western slope now and far below we could make out the smoke of the capital of Sumatra, the town of Padang, with the sea just beyond. Quite near us were the two volcanic cones of Marapi and Singgalang, nearly ten thousand feet high and astride the equator. That view is one of the finest in the world, but to us, wet and bedraggled as we were, ach Gott, now I know how Moses must have felt when he saw the Promised Land.

The first thing we did in Payacombo was to buy white linen suits to take the place of the rags in which we came out of the forest. Then we hunted up a Malay barber. Our faces were covered with long matted beards and we all looked like the Java ape men of the Stone Age. Our barber knew nothing about razors. He simply whetted a wicked-looking Malay knife and went to work. It was not any too sharp either; but did we mind? Himmel, nein! Our skins were like leather.

After the barber had finished operating on us we could hardly recognize each other. The change was startling. My companions were gaunt and plainly showed the hardships they had been through. Except for a rash that some jungle insect had wished on me, I was my pristine self, hard as rock and ready for anything. Primitive life had agreed with me. My normal weight was around two hundred and fifty pounds, and a few days later when I weighed myself at Padang—ach du lieber! I was amazed. Only ten pounds I had lost. The rest had hardened into muscle and brawn.

We took a bath in a little mountain pool on the edge of Payacombo, changed our clothes, and then established ourselves at a native dak bungalow. The village people, all Malays, were kind to us, and next day sent us merrily on our way to a place called Fort de Kock in two native carts, diminutive two-wheeled conveyances drawn by diminutive horses.

At last we were in civilized country, and at the fort we found a telegraph station from where we sent a wire to the German consul in Padang so that we would not take him by surprise. A Dutch railway line passes through here and after a picturesque two-hour ride down precipitous mountains and through miles and miles of coconut plantations we pulled into the station in Padang.

The consul was on the platform waiting for us and also a representative of the Dutch government. Apparently we had become people of importance, or maybe they were curious to see the wild men from the jungles of Sumatra. They escorted us to the Hotel Orange

where rooms had been set aside for us. Then, as leader of the party, I was asked to appear before the local authorities for an immediate investigation concerning our rights.

They pumped me and fired hundreds of questions at me, but in the end decided there was nothing they could do to us since we were not armed and not in uniform. Therefore they had no legal grounds for interning us. However, they ordered us not to leave Padang until they could communicate with Holland and receive final instructions. At first I did not mind this restriction a bit. Good beer—Himmel, yes—was served at the Orange Hotel. Then too it was delightful to rest in peace for a few days, and eat civilized food again instead of just rice and coconuts and other native dishes. But the days began to drag along and I grew more and more impatient to be off.

Several days after our arrival a German lady made me welcome at her home, and there I stayed until I left Padang. I went daily to the consul and of course complained long and loud at being held up on my journey back to the Fatherland. He was sympathetic and did all he could to help me, which wasn't much. Eventually my lament about wanting to push on became a great joke between us.

One thing that puzzled and worried us greatly was that neither the Dutch officials nor the consul had heard from our comrades whom we had left weeks before at Pelulawan. But eight days after our arrival they too straggled into Padang. They were in far worse condition than we, worn to shadows and half

devoured by mosquitoes. Many of the bites that covered their bodies had become infected and they were a mass of sores. Johan, the officer from the *Markomannia*, had been particularly hard hit by malaria.

In the meantime, the consul, able to get little satisfaction and no action from the local authorities, went over their heads and sent a message direct to His Excellency Mynheer Idenburg, Governor General of the Dutch East Indies. The governor straightway wired back from Boetzenzorg in the hills, granting me permission to proceed to Batavia, in Java.

That same night we all held a final conference at the Orange Hotel. All along I had resolved to get to Germany as quickly as possible, and I now put the matter up to them. I explained my views and finished with the announcement:

"I am leaving at once for Germany; and I am going the shortest way. Who will come?"

Schoenberg, Reinhart, and Johan said they were with me; but the latter was so ill that his going was out of the question. The others were men who for many years had been connected by business, family, and social ties to the East. Hence they elected to remain in Padang. They thought the war would soon be over and they wanted to be on hand to resume their peacetime occupations.

We—Schoenberg, Reinhart, and I—discussed matters, and I sounded out the captains of the neutral boats in the harbor. There were many German ships interned and I became friendly with their commanders.

The nearest way home was of course the most dangerous—I mean by way of the Suez Canal. I had this made clear to me by the captain of a Dutch mail steamer. One night I slipped out to his ship under cover of darkness to avoid being seen. Once aboard I immediately sought him out and found him in his cabin. Without any preliminaries, I said:

"Will you give me a chance to stow away on your boat? I want to get back to Germany."

"My dear man," he said gutturally, "I know your name. You are the Captain Lauterbach for whom the British are searching. You were the navigating officer of the *Emden*. I have seen your pictures in Colombo, in Aden, in Port Said, in Suez. You are worth many, many thousands of English pounds to anyone who turns you in. You wouldn't have a chance to get through."

Oh ho! So I was still being considered in terms of cold cash, and that grizzled old ship's master was right. There was hardly a Chinaman's chance of my getting through by the westward route. So I reluctantly came to the conclusion that the longest way around was going to be my shortest way home.

I figured out a tentative course by way of Batavia and Java, thence to Celebes and on to the Philippines. From there I hoped it would be a simpler matter to get a boat for the United States. Then I would be safe until I could devise some way of slipping through the British blockade, probably by way of one of the neutral Scandinavian countries.

Everything hinged now on some way of getting

through the islands of the Dutch East Indies to Uncle Sam's domain. Stowing away for the three of us was obviously out of the question. The authorities were strict, and all boats were being inspected with unusual care. Besides, we were continually under the observation of enemy agents who regarded me as a burglar would a pearl necklace, something to be secretly whisked away whenever the opportunity presented itself. Oh ho, yes. So we decided on a watchful-waiting course.

One night I was sitting in the lobby of the hotel with some German friends. A party of men, members of the crew of an English merchant vessel, entered. They were about half drunk. Their leader was one of the ship's officers, and under his leadership they struck up that cheery and justly famous war song of the British, "It's a Long Way to Tipperary." There was nothing objectionable about that. But they roared it out in a boisterous manner. My friends and I paid no attention and simply went on with our conversation. But those fellows had their eyes on us, and were ripe for trouble.

"To hell with the Germans," said one of them, and as he did so he looked me in the eye.

"What kind of language are you using here?" I answered, taking up his challenge. "You want to fight? All right, come on; I am ready for you."

That took the wind out of him a bit.

"We are not afraid of you," he retorted, and then he added, "What are you doing here?"

"That is our business," I responded politely. "We

are guests of this hotel. And what, may I ask, is your object in trying to disturb us?"

"You are from one of the German ships in the harbor?" broke in the English officer. His attitude was belligerent to say the least.

"Listen," I said quietly, "if you want a scrap, I will accommodate you. In fact I am feeling rather in the mood for it and am spoiling for a fight. But you are in a neutral country here, and I would advise you to behave yourself."

As he did not answer me back, I then added that I was not from any of the German ships in the port.

"Oh," he said, "then you must be the *Emden* officer everybody has been looking for."

I admitted it, and he apologized.

"That's different," he exclaimed. "I have heard much about you, and about your being quite decent to the crews of the ships that the *Emden* captured."

Then he turned to his men, who were murmuring together, and told them to shut up and get the hell out of the place. So it all ended quite amicably, although my friends said they saw visions of broken heads and the Dutch gendarmes arriving in answer to a riot call. When the boisterous seagoing sons of John Bull had vanished into the night my companions lifted their whiskies and sodas in salute, and then took up that old and anything but warlike refrain: "Zu Lauterbach hab ich mein Strumpf verloren."

We sang it over and over again, and in the end we may have been as loud about it as those British lads. It was morning before I got to bed. Not in many com-

ings and goings of the tropical moon had I felt so good as I felt on that night of good beer, good friends, and good songs. A foaming stein, a hearty meal, and a few cheery friends to while away the languid hours go far toward making life bearable even in equatorial Sumatra.

CHAPTER XVI

OUR ESCAPE FROM JAVA—SECRET PAPERS FOR SHANGHAI

As USUAL, Old Man Opportunity knocked at our door when we were least expecting him, and instead of having whiskers he came in the guise of a bewitchingly beautiful half-caste girl. It was our tenth night in Padang and I was attending a dance at the social center of the town, the Royal Sumatra Club I believe they call it. All was gay and festive. As is customary among the Dutch in the East Indies, in contrast to the British in the tropics, the society was somewhat mixed; and I met two young half-caste girls of German descent. They bore a noble name, were high in Sumatran social circles, and we became quite good friends as the evening wore on. Perhaps the glamorous and lurid tales they had heard of my adventures dazzled them. At any rate I knew that a half-caste woman can be very loyal if she likes you, and I was moved to confide in these girls, the elder in particular.

Try as I will, my memory will not serve me by recalling the names of those two lovely flowers of the Orient. They were very young. One, I should say, was about eighteen and the other a year or so older. From their Malay forbears they had inherited their stunning figures, a slender loveliness that was graced by a noble

and dignified bearing rarely found in the Occident. They possessed the exotic beauty of tropical flowers.

I told them of my eagerness to get across to Java and of the danger of risking it by regular passenger boat. British secret service men were watching me, and would tip off their naval people if they saw me sail. Then a cruiser would yank me off and take me back to a firing squad in Singapore. But not if I could help it. Nein! The girls were thrilled at all this suggestion of excitement. They listened breathlessly, and when I had finished they broke in with murmured ejaculations. Finally the eldest said:

"We have good friends here who will take care of you. Oh, I am just sure they will. They make regular trips along the coast with cargo, and if I remember correctly one of their boats is leaving to-night. We must find out about it right away and then rush you and your friends aboard. Oh, how we wish we could go too."

Those girls were superb. I got word quickly to Schoenberg and Reinhart. They met me and we slipped away to the waterside where the girls were awaiting us with a small boat that took us out to a little twenty-ton cargo motor boat. She was bound southward and they agreed to drop us at some point on the Sumatran coast right opposite Java. Then it would only be necessary for us to get across Sunda Strait which separates these two great islands.

The captain of the boat was a Malay. He didn't seem a bit fearful of being made to pay a penalty. We explained all about who we were and asked him to

hug the coast. We, of course, wanted to avoid the possibility of being stopped by any of the British naval craft patrolling these waters. That captain was a corking fine fellow and an excellent sailor as well. During the whole of our journey he kept the boat within two or three hundred yards of the coast.

Our first port of call was a place called Salinas, and the way that Malay skipper handled his hybrid craft in the breakers when we hit in for shore was a revelation to me. Making shore on that part of the Sumatran coast required real wizardry. Here is how that Malay master-mariner would do it: First he would point our nose right toward shore, and then strike out full speed ahead. Breaker number one would pull us up with a jolt. The second breaker coming along with incredible rapidity would sweep right over us. Now the trick is to avoid breaker number three. If a third one hits you—you are sunk. But by the grace of Allah and the skill of our captain we were all clear before number three caught us. Here we took aboard some cargo and then put right out to sea again.

Getting away from shore was far easier. The boat merely bucked her nose through the rollers, and then we headed for Katoen. There, I was told, the breakers were higher than at any other place on the coast. Only a short time earlier a boat had been caught in the welter of water and swamped. Our skipper, however, managed it as though it were all in the day's work.

In these isolated places we went unrecognized. The boat remained at Katoen for the better part of a day, and being rather bored with that Sumatran vil-

lage, we decided to hike along the coast to Benkoelen, a more important port, where we found a number of German merchants who made us welcome.

We stayed with them overnight as their guests. We retired early. But along in the night we were suddenly awakened by—I knew not what. For a moment I thought I was at sea or that someone was shaking me violently. Then I noticed that the whole house was rocking. I thought I was having a nightmare, so I drowsily turned over and went back to sleep. In the morning I learned that it was an earthquake that had disturbed my slumbers, and that more than a hundred houses in Benkoelen had been destroyed. Evidently old Krakatau or one of the hundred other active volcanoes of this fiery part of the world was getting restless again.

In the meantime, our boat had pulled in, and going aboard her we started out for Kroe, not far from Sunda Strait. Here we found a Dutch steamer in port. It came in handy.

It had been our intention to cross the lower tip of Sumatra, from Kroe to the town of Telok Betong. Sunda Strait is at its narrowest between there and the town of Anjer across the way in Java. In fact, the strait can be crossed here in a matter of two hours or so.

But we met a half-caste German at Kroe who informed us that extreme southeastern Sumatra could not be traversed overland at that time of year because the rivers were on a rampage. Now I am by nature a trusting sort of person; and, as I had no reason to disbelieve our informant, I promptly changed my plans

and decided to run the risk of putting straight out to sea from Kroe via that Dutch steamer in the harbor. Reinhart objected.

"I still insist upon going overland," he said, "whether you chaps do or not. I don't want to take the risk of sailing on a steamer all the way to Batavia. The British surely know we have left Padang by now and they will search every Dutch steamer in these waters."

Well, Schoenberg sided with me, so we bade Reinhart a cheery farewell, assuring him we would have all Java out to welcome him when he finally joined us again. But afterward we learned that he was unable to reach Telok Betong because of the swollen streams, that he returned to Kroe and remained in Sumatra. Beyond that I have never heard from him to this day. He may have lost his way in a mangrove swamp and been devoured by crocodiles for all I know.

Schoenberg and I had faked passports, and aboard ship we parted company, he to pose as a Dane and I as a Belgian. The run to Batavia was a short one and the captain turned out to be a native Hollander from near the German border. So I took a chance, told him that I was German, and asked him to stay just as near shore as he dared.

"All right," he said. "Excepting while crossing Sunda Strait we will keep to the neutral zone. I know who you are all right and I wish you luck."

All went well except for a moment out in the Sunda Strait when a Jap warship passed within easy range of us. We were not challenged by her, however; and a little while after we steamed into Batavia.

But it was futile for us even to try to keep our identity hidden in that cosmopolitan Dutch capital of the East. There was a large German colony in Batavia and Schoenberg and I were well known in the city, he particularly so. Immediately upon arrival I called up the offices of Behn & Meyer, and was connected with Herr Helfferich, a brother of the Helfferich who served as Minister of Interior in Berlin during the war. This hospitable gentleman took us under his wing and insisted upon our residing at his beautiful home out at Weltefreden, the delightful foreign suburb of Batavia. Schoenberg and I were there three weeks as his guests and he fairly overwhelmed us with hospitality.

Through him we met all of the high officials and social lights of this part of Java. You never can tell when an acquaintance will come in handy, so we made it a point to cultivate the prominent people we met no matter how little or how much they really interested us.

Once I had settled down to my new surroundings I remembered my good friends in Singapore. From a young Austrian who had escaped from the prison camp the day following our flight, I completed my picture of what had happened. The Austrian, incidentally, had undergone incredible hardships, and was still a sick man.

He had remained with the others in the camp until the evening following the mutiny. Then a group of about thirty decided to follow in our footsteps and make a break for the coast. In the meantime the English had landed reinforcements from ships in Singapore

Harbor. The fighting settled down to skirmishes with the mutineers on the outskirts of the city, a sort of tree-to-tree fight. Suddenly the little group of fleeing Germans found themselves between a detachment of English troops and a band of mutineers. They were unarmed and helpless, and were obliged to return to camp.

Another group of prisoners managed to get into the city. They attempted to hide in the house of a Malay girl but were recaptured. Two stokers—one off a merchant ship and the other a lad from the *Emden*—did manage to escape. They got away on a coastwise steamer, and eventually reached Sumatra. After the war —in 1922—I read an account of the stoker's escape from Singapore in a home newspaper, and I wrote to the *Emden* man. This young Austrian, however, had pushed off on his own and gotten across to the Dutch islands in a dugout. He told me that the mutineers held control of Singapore for about thirty-six hours. The outside world never heard of this on account of the strict British censorship. With the landing of Allied troops the mutineers crossed over to the mainland of the Malay Peninsula and vanished into the jungle fastnesses of the domain of the Sultan of Johore. For the next month or so a bit of guerrilla fighting continued but that soon dwindled away to nothing.

The British captured hundreds of the mutineers. Many were shot as an example to the rest. Others were sent to St. Blair, the famous prison in the Nicobar Islands, out in the Bay of Bengal, to pay the penalty in hard labor. The majority, however, got away and simply vanished into the jungles of Asia.

One piece of news I liked very much. When the mutineers had captured the prison camp they seized Major Catton, the commandant; but they did not kill him. He and his wife were placed in an isolated room in their bungalow and were not harmed. The major was an exceedingly fine gentleman and it pleased me much to hear that he and his wife had come through those bloody days unscathed.

Now that I knew he was safe I sat down and wrote him a cordial letter of appreciation for the decent way he had always treated us. Among other things, I told him that I knew there was money for me at the camp; and of course I would like to have it if it could be arranged. The major forwarded my mail all right but in an accompanying note he merely said:

"I am sorry. I cannot send you the money. In wartime that is out of the question. I am sure you will understand."

Soon after my arrival in Batavia I was presented to the governor general, who informed me that word had just come from Holland about me, and that I was absolutely free to do anything and go anywhere so long, of course, as I was law-abiding. Then he added:

"Surely you will be better off if you stay here in this peaceful, tropical garden spot. But even here you must watch carefully. With such a big price on your head there are plenty of reckless people willing to go to any length to get you—and the reward."

I gravely agreed with him, of course, but to my host, Herr Helfferich, I confided my real plans. At first he too tried to persuade me to remain in Java, but in the end

he gave me invaluable help on the next stage of my journey to Germany. During the war each side had its spies and counter-spies. We had our secret service men actually employed in the French and British spy systems. And it was through one of these that I learned of the dangers that lurked in my path. I was told that wherever I went my footsteps were dogged by undercover men. Then, too, in Java there were many beachcombers, derelicts of the tropics, who would not hesitate at any crime if it would bring them £10,000 in His Britannic Majesty's gold. And, dead or alive, I was as negotiable as Bank of England treasury notes if they could ever spirit me away.

I would have left Java immediately had it not been for an unexpected development. One day the German consul came to me and said:

"Captain Lauterbach, I know how eager you are to reach Germany and get into the war again. I cannot compel you to stay here. But I want to urge you to do so. You are just the man we need for an important and dangerous mission. I am expecting a steamer almost any day now, from San Francisco, with a load of rifles and ammunition. The Emperor wants that cargo landed at a certain point on the coast of India. There is a plan under way to start a revolution among some of the more warlike peoples of Hindustan. You know those waters as well if not better than anyone else. I want you to take command of that ship."

This sort of took my breath away. I was already wanted by the British on the charge of having fomented mutiny among the Indian troops in Singapore. Now I

was being asked to help start a mutiny on a far larger scale in India itself. Whew! If I did that then what price would the British offer for my head?

"Yes," I replied, "it is true that I know the Indian coast fairly well. I will take command of the ship."

Then followed a round of social gaieties. I frequented the Harmonia Club, and there met many of my country's enemies, mostly English from Singapore. Some were good sports. Others were nasty. I recall one evening when I was dining there, and at a near-by table were three or four Britishers.

"Captain Lauterbach," one of them called over, "you certainly did cause us to get the wind up before you escaped from Singapore; but we will get you yet and we will hang you.. And when it happens I will be in Singapore to watch you dangling in the air."

"Ho ho," I roared back. "I hope to do plenty more to you people before I do any dangling in mid-air. You had better catch me before you count too much on attending a necktie party in my honor." Then I raised my glass to him, and my friends burst forth with the "Lauterbach" song, somewhat to the annoyance of that cocky chap.

While waiting for the boatload of rifles and ammunition to turn up from San Francisco, Herr Helfferich and I schemed ways of smuggling revolutionary pamphlets into India in shipments of bicycle rubber. But that was rather tame, and when two more weeks passed with no sign of that ship, I became impatient. I told the consul general that I was afraid the cargo for India had fallen into enemy hands or gone down. At any rate

it seemed useless for me to stay around indefinitely. And by the way, she never did show up. We heard she was captured.

When the consul saw that it was useless trying to hold me he thought up another tough job for me, almost as dangerous as the Indian mutiny idea. He asked me if I would carry some secret despatches to the consul general at Shanghai.

I thought a moment and then nodded in the affirmative.

"But how will you get them there? I know of no man on the China Coast who would be easier to recognize than you, no matter what your disguise."

However, I told him the idea appealed to me and that I would like nothing better than to revisit my old haunts in Shanghai once more before proceeding to Germany.

Then I sought out Schoenberg and Herr Helfferich. We had never even considered Shanghai as a stopping place. We now decided that the best thing to do would be to try and make our way, via the small Dutch islands, to the Philippines, and leave the rest to that whimsical lady, Dame Fortune.

CHAPTER XVII

I DIE IN JAVA AND COME TO LIFE IN MINDANAO

"LAUTERBACH is dead."

So ran the headlines in the *Bataviaasch Nieuwsblad*, the leading newspaper of Batavia. That same day the tragic story of my demise was flashed far and wide and spread across the front page of every newspaper in the East. Whether it brought much sorrow to my friends or not, ich weis nicht. Maybe they merely sang the refrain to the "Lauterbach" song, "Oh where, oh where has he gone?" with more gusto than ever. The fact remains that I was gone—but not to the place where both my friends and enemies would expect me to go. Ho ho, not much.

My warm-hearted host in Java was responsible for the jolly idea of having me bumped off by proxy.

"You have to die, Lauterbach," said Helfferich. If you want to give all these sleuths and pseudo-sleuths the slip—you must die."

I didn't mind a bit, so we fixed it up. Helfferich, Schoenberg, and I drank to the success of the plan—and to my long life.

Helfferich arranged all of the cheery details. His first move was to give the chief reporter or the editor of the *Nieuws van den Dag* all the details about a big tiger

hunt he was arranging in my honor. Then he proceeded to make all of the necessary preparations for a big hunt. In the meantime, Schoenberg took the train for the city of Soerabaya, the important seaport on the east coast of Java, a twelve-hour train journey from Batavia. Apparently he was not shadowed as I was. No price had been put on his head so far as we knew. So he got away unnoticed, or we believe he did.

When Herr Helfferich had everything all set, off we went, presumably in search of Master Stripes, lord of the jungle. In Java a tiger hunt is quite an affair, and to arrange one for a guest is to pay him the highest tribute possible. It is just as much of a compliment as a parade up Broadway through a shower of ticker tape, like the parade I witnessed in honor of Dr. Eckener and his crew at the end of the first Zeppelin flight around the world.

Well, up in the mountains of Java there is a little place called Badung. It is quite famous as a healthful place in which to recover from a siege of malaria. While the hunting party went on into the tiger country I disguised myself as a fat Arab merchant from Basra, such as you often see in the Indies, and then I left by automobile for Badung, where I put up for the night. A hot wind was blowing from the lowlands and I found it impossible to sleep. Whether or not it was this idea of to die but not to die that was keeping me awake, I do not know. At any rate I, who had gone through the jungles of Sumatra without a qualm, now found myself irritated by the smallest things. The mosquitoes, the rustling of the vegetation, the calls of the little "tuck-

too" lizards that were everywhere. I was just jumpy. In a few hours I was to die—for publication purposes only. So there was nothing to lose any sleep over, was there? Nein. Along toward morning I dozed off, and when I awakened I was my normal self again. Then the next day I motored on to Soerabaya. Here I found a number of German ships. They had been interned by the Dutch and the commander of one of these, a Captain Engelhardt, was an old crony of mine whom I had first known on the China Coast in the days when he was skipper of a North German Lloyd river boat at Shanghai.

Instead of wandering around Soerabaya and running any chance of being recognized, I drove to the dock and went aboard his vessel. Schoenberg, I knew, was at the hotel; but it was a part of our pose to carry on as though we were total strangers. Captain Engelhardt received me with open arms, and we had a cheery time in his cabin, yarning and drinking bottle after bottle of good Pilsener. After a time we sang too:

"Zu Lauterbach hab ich mein Strumpf verloren."

Then when I had him in a particularly jolly mood I told him the whole plot, and from him I obtained sea charts of Celebes Island and the Philippines, a little compass, and a revolver. He also went ashore and got a scrubby false mustache and some stuff for my hair. After donning the upper lip adornment and applying the hair bleach my disguise was changed again and I hardly recognized myself. I was now a decided blond, and as homely a Scandinavian as ever sailed from Stockholm. But as my passport—Helfferich had sup-

plied Schoenberg with a faked one also—gave my nationality as Swedish, I was in the mode. Then my loyal friend, Captain Engelhardt, arranged passage to Borneo and Celebes for me on a small Dutch cargo ship.

It was the following morning that the newspapers carried the story that set the European population of the Dutch East Indies agog.

"Captain Lauterbach," so it ran, "while on a hunt was attacked and badly mauled by a wounded tiger." Then it went on to tell about how the natives had carried me through the forest and how Helfferich had finally gotten me to a hospital in the mountains.

So Lauterbach was going to die. It was too bad that my boat was about to leave. I would have liked to go back in disguise and attend my own funeral. However, I heard the details of it later. Two days after I had been hurried to the hospital, frightfully torn and chewed by that mythical tiger, I breathed my last. Then my obituary appeared. Now that I was dead I was lauded to the heavens by enemies and friends alike. Helfferich—how he must have quaked in his shoes—had me buried at Batavia. They say my funeral was quite an affair, and that everybody—big and little—turned out to do honor to Lauterbach as he took his last ride.

And to think that all of that emotion was wasted on a casket full of old bricks! That part of it wasn't so very complimentary. I always have thought that Helfferich could at least have used new ones, eh?

While my funeral was in progress I was aboard the S.S. *Pynacker Hordyke*, a Dutch steamer bound for

Borneo and Celebes. At the actual moment they were burying me and saying a prayer over my bier I probably was having a nice cold bottle of beer and enjoying a lazy life in a long chair.

Schoenberg, traveling as a Dane, had come aboard just before the gangplank was dropped. But we paid no attention to each other and acted as strangers in accordance with our prearranged plan.

There were a lot of passengers aboard—merchants mostly, traveling from one island port to another on business: a motley crowd of Germans, Scotchmen, Englishmen, and Dutchmen, a few Americans, and a miscellaneous lot of others, every nationality from Japs and Javanese to Portuguese. There was, naturally, much talk of the war; but Schoenberg and I were taciturn. We avoided conversation as much as possible.

One of our fellow passengers was a Scotchman named MacPherson. He was a jolly good fellow, only about twenty-five years old, and a bit outspoken. I frequently played bridge in his company. I noticed him at first because he happened to be blowing off steam. The boat was pulling out of the harbor when he discovered that the hotel people had failed to deliver his baggage. He cussed them out in fine Highland style. But after he had relieved his mind he laughed, and turning to me explained that they had forgotten to send his trunks aboard, and he would have to go back to pick them up. Then, shrugging his shoulders as though to rid himself of a burden, he ejaculated: "Oh, come on; let's see if we can get up a game of bridge and forget this —— —— region." I liked him from the first.

Among the Germans aboard there was much talk of the war, and that I did not like at all. Posing as a Swede seemed to enable me to look on as an outsider. It even seemed to change my point of view a bit, and I was fed up with the cocksure attitude of some of my countrymen. The English, too, were constantly hashing and re-hashing the war news. All this irritated the Scot. He hadn't lost his head; he seemed to regard the Germans aboard as human beings, and objected to some of the talk that was sure to offend them.

"I don't care if there are a hundred Prussians aboard or not," he said, one day after one of his countrymen had finished a personal Hymn of Hate while we were playing a rubber of bridge. "They have their good points and their bad ones—and so have I." He paused to light a cigarette, and then said with finality: "As for me, I am a busy man, all wars are a curse. We common people have nothing to do with starting them but we ought to find some way of ending them without being so stupid as to turn the world into a shambles."

In the dining saloon I was assigned to a table with two Germans and a Dutchman. It was plain that the Hollander sympathized with Britain, for his face showed that he was irritated by my countrymen's discussion of war news. But he kept quiet and ate his meal in nervous fashion. One day after lunch we all rose from the table together. Now in German there is an expression of good will and happiness that is used after a meal.

"Mahlzeit," said one of the Germans to the other. I was feeling just what the word means and, unthinking, I responded with the same expression. My Dutch friend

pricked up his ears and, although he did not say anything, I could have bitten off my tongue. A little later, when I was seated on deck, he dropped into a long chair beside me.

"I believe you are a Swede," he said inquiringly in English.

"Righto," I answered, in the same language. "Your deduction is correct. I am a Swede."

"But can you talk German?"

Of course I felt like hitting him a poke in the nose, as you say, but a moment of reflection warned me that I was on ticklish ground. I must allay his suspicions.

"Oh," I said, laughing easily, "I know a bit of it. We Swedes have a good deal of contact with German-speaking peoples and we are taught German in our schools just as we are taught English and French. I speak them all after a fashion. At any rate, there are many common words like 'Mahlzeit' that I know."

"But can you talk Swedish?" he asked slowly, staring at me in a rather curious, meditative sort of fashion. "I would like to have you translate something for me."

I looked out over the sparkling waters of Java Sea, wondering if he had an X-ray eye and could see what was running through my mind. When I turned my gaze back to him, he held out a box of Swedish matches.

"Will you be so good as to translate that into English?" he requested, pointing to the inscription on the box cover.

I was relieved. He had underestimated my ability by a considerable margin. I translated it to him word for word. He nodded his head, and thanked me. Evidently

I had passed his test, for he went away and did not bother me again. But it was an excellent lesson to me and taught me to adhere more closely to the ancient saying about thinking twice before you speak and then talking to yourself.

Our first stop after crossing the Java Sea was at the port of Macassar, capital of Celebes. While in port the vessel was overrun with visitors and I decided I would be more likely to escape recognition ashore than on shipboard. So I went to the hotel, slipped into an inconspicuous corner table, and ordered a whisky and soda. I would have preferred beer, but Swedes like strong drink.

As I sat there enjoying my "peg," a number of German residents of Macassar lined up at the bar. There were several interned seamen amongst them too. I pricked up my ears at the sound of my name uttered by a burly sea captain.

"Lauterbach of the *Emden*," he was saying, "is supposed to be working his way back to Germany."

His listeners gave a chorus of "Jahs." Then the big fellow glanced around the room, saw me sitting there, and dropped his voice. Nevertheless I cupped my ear and heard what he was saying. It gave me a shock, I can tell you. Oh ho, yes.

"Let's go aboard this Dutch steamer," he said; "maybe we will find Captain Lauterbach. And maybe he will tell us a little about the *Emden* raid and that row in Singapore."

I thought hard as my well-wishers departed in search of me. Now, did that fellow really know I was aboard

that boat? It hardly seemed possible, but I had heard his conversation with my own ears. Possibly he was just guessing. Probably that was it. Nevertheless, I waited until the last moment before the *Pynacker Hordyke* was ready to pull out before I hurried up her gangplank.

The men I had seen at the bar had been aboard all right. Schoenberg told me they had searched the boat in their quest, and so did MacPherson, who asked me if I thought this chap Lauterbach had really been aboard.

When we pulled out of the harbor there was much speculation about me and my alleged exploits, especially the methods I was reported to have used in inciting the Indian troops to mutiny. My escape and present whereabouts also came in for considerable discussion. It made the shivers go up and down my spine, so I called for a steward to bring me another "peg."

By the time we reached our next stopping place—the little port of Dongalla in Borneo—Lauterbach and his exploits had been practically exhausted as a conversational tidbit, and I felt a bit easier.

We were at Dongalla only for a few hours, and from there cut across to the Celebes coast again. We stopped briefly at Kurndang, and then went on to Menado, a remote port on the northeastern peninsular arm of Celebes. The boat stayed at the latter place two days, and Schoenberg and I intended to depart from her there. But the Fates decreed otherwise.

We had hoped to obtain a small boat and a native crew to run us over to the Philippines. Schoenberg

happened to have a friend here whom we felt sure would assist us in picking up a boat suitable for our needs. Herr Remphis was this trader's name. He gave us a hearty welcome, but when we told him what we wanted he could offer us no help. Nor could anyone else, for there was no craft in Menado harbor suitable for a cruise across to the Philippines.

So we went back aboard the *Pynacker Hordyke* as she headed for the Taruna Islands. After a twenty-four-hour run we dropped anchor off the most important native town in the Tarunas. I went ashore, alone, to scout for boats. My ramble finally brought me to a little cove, and there, drawn up on shore beyond the reach of the tides, I found an old boat. She was only about fifteen feet long, and badly in need of caulking; but I liked her lines.

A native informed me that the boat had been ashore for the past seven months, which explained her condition. When wood dries it contracts, and those seven months had been responsible for the gaping seams. Twenty-four hours in the water, and she would be as seaworthy as ever.

"What kind of a boat is she?" I inquired.

"Muchee fishee boat," replied the native.

I then asked him if it was for sale, and gave as my excuse that I was in the copra business. It was for sale —and at a low figure. I delegated the native to arrange the matter with the boat's owner, and at the same time told him to round up five men to take along as her crew. Then I dragged the craft down to the water's edge. The tide was coming in, and in a short

time began to swish around the keel of my little craft. It leaked like hell. In five minutes she was half full of water. I did not care. Plenty of water would be the one sure cure for her ailments.

"Is there a sail aboard?" I asked the native.

"Plentee, yes, yes."

I motioned for him to give her a shove into the water and jump in. He did and we hoisted sail. While he bailed like the very devil, I turned the little craft's nose toward the harbor entrance for a trial spin. She pleased me, although of course she was loggy in answering the helm on account of all the water still leaking in. Satisfied with her seaworthy qualities, I turned her and stood in toward the *Pynacker Hordyke*.

On the bridge, with glasses glued to his eyes, I could make out my companion. It was near sailing time, and he was watching me anxiously. As I pulled alongside the Dutch vessel he came to the side, and never will I forget that look of dismay on his face.

I spoke to him in English. "See the wonderful boat I have found. She will sail us to the Philippines like a charm."

"Mein Gott, Lauterbach!" he cried, foolishly forgetting that someone might hear him. "She is leaking. Surely, man, you wouldn't go in that?"

"She really is a stout craft," I remonstrated, and I pushed with all the strength of my legs against the bottom to reassure him. You see, poor Schoenberg was not a sailor, and he was compelled to trust to my judgment.

"She has been seven months ashore," I continued,

"and is all dried out. All boats that are ashore for any length of time are like that. I promise you she will be fine once she has been in the water for twenty-four hours."

The captain of the *Pynacker Hordyke* had come over, and stood with his mate laughing at me and making adverse comments. Then he thrust himself into the matter.

Shaking his massive head, he shouted, "Don't you risk it. You'll never dare go from one island to another in that cockleshell. Your friends will never see any more of you if you go to sea in that."

I paid no attention whatsoever to his warning. He meant well enough, I suppose, but his croaking did influence that landlubber, Schoenberg. As he looked again at the boat I had chosen to carry us across a thousand miles of dangerous water, he stood shaking his head dismally.

"No," he said mournfully, "no. I am afraid to go on that. I cannot risk it."

This made me somewhat impatient. The ship's officers had gone about their duties and my little vessel rose and fell lazily on the swell of the waters. As I opened my mouth to speak, the siren of the *Pynacker Hordyke* blew a blast, warning us that she would be leaving in a few moments.

"Look here, old chap," I said, "we have been through many things, you and I. Now if you are afraid we will not make it back to Germany together, all right. But I am going to get there and I'm going to make the next leg in this boat; and I am leaving now."

This hit home. He hesitated, and I could see that he was badly worried. Finally I noted a peculiar look in his eye. I admired that fellow! He was afraid, but he was a man, if ever there was one.

"All right," he called, and his voice was a bit husky. "I trust you. You are a good sailor, and I will risk it. I'll come."

That made me feel fine. After all, we had had our ups and downs and gone through many hardships together. That is when you come to know what is in a man. Of the group of escaping prisoners he, and he alone, had stuck with me to the end. The rest, for one reason or another, had remained behind. Is it any wonder that I felt a deep affection for Schoenberg?

"Grab my kit and hustle along," I sang out to him.

He disappeared and in a few minutes returned dragging my little sea chest and his luggage. Just in time, too; for they were already starting to pull up the anchor of the *Pynacker Hordyke*. As we headed for shore our friends on the Dutch vessel waved to us as though we were doomed men. I have often wondered what they would have said if they had known that their Swedish companion was the chap on whom the British placed the blame for the mutiny at Singapore.

CHAPTER XVIII

IN A LEAKY BOAT ACROSS THE CELEBES SEA

Putting in at Menado, we arranged with the Malays for a supply of food. Then we instructed the crew we had hired to bring it out when they reported for duty the following morning. By now the afternoon was gone, and rather than run any chance of being recognized by a trader or Dutch official, we decided to spend the night on our little boat. So we went out of the harbor and anchored just beyond the breakers, there to remain until morning.

As the time wore on the sea began kicking up, and poor Schoenberg was so seasick that he would have even been glad to trade places with one of our comrades in the prison camp at Singapore. Gradually the sky became overcast, and by dawn it was evident we were in for a squall. The wind moaned and shrieked, and under the impulse of its growing strength our midget craft danced a devil's dance to a devil's tune.

"Lauterbach," moaned Schoenberg in a small voice, "this is an awful boat."

"No," I responded, puffing contentedly on my pipe, "I do not agree with you. I think it is a wonderful craft. Just wait until we have gone a thousand miles or so in her and you will agree with me."

But this remark only made him moan the louder:

"A thousand miles of this. Ach mein Gott im Himmel, will I ever live through it? Ach, a thousand miles, a thousand——" and so on.

About eleven o'clock the five natives who were to accompany us came through the breakers, carrying a part of our supplies on their heads. When they clambered aboard, their headman, an upstanding old boy with a few stringy wisps of beard, began a long-winded palaver. He spoke in some Celebes Malayan dialect and it was difficult for me to get the drift of it. His oratory was voluble enough. From his gestures alone I could tell that he and his comrades were not a bit keen about shoving off in that kind of weather.

"My men him say she too damn rough," he kept repeating over and over as he swept his arm in a wide arc toward the seaward side of the horizon. He was right. It was rough out there. But the wind was from the southwest and to the northeast lay the Philippines and with it behind us we would make fast time toward Mindanao, the southernmost island in the Philippine group.

I could see that I would have a job talking those fellows into sailing that night. The boat was still leaking a bit—enough to necessitate frequent bailing—and only a part of our supplies had been brought out; but there was the danger that someone on the *Pynacker Hordyke* had heard Schoenberg's unfortunate slip of the tongue. If so, then we might be trapped. I glanced carelessly over the supplies that were lying in the bottom of the boat: a quantity of rice, some biscuits, a couple of

pounds of chocolate, and a jug of brandy. We would not do any banqueting, but I was sure we could pull through on it. So I cut the native orator off with one of those dark scowling looks that even a fat man can assume on occasions. He paused in mid sentence, with his arm outstretched toward the open sea.

"No," I bellowed, "we are going."

And at the same moment I reached over, severing the anchor rope with a sweep of my arm. Out we drifted. Then I dropped my knife and seized the rudder pin. Those fellows were between the devil and the deep blue sea. Oh ho, yes; only the sea was not blue—it was a sullen leaden gray. My crew was sullen too. I could see that they would like to make a break for shore, but the sight of sail-like fins cutting the water near by deterred them. The shark likes dark meat just as well as white, despite what some people say.

In dealing with natives in the East you seldom go far wrong if you impress upon them from the jump that you are the boss. If you do not do this there often will be trouble when you are most in need of assistance. Before they could recover from their surprise over my slashing the rope, I laid about me with my rudder pin and bowled over two who looked as if they were the chief dissenters to my program. In this way I let them know they were never to entertain any thoughts of mutiny. My show of force, and my great size and strength too, no doubt impressed them and, when I ordered them to make sail, they jumped to it.

The boat began to pick up speed and I headed her for a break in the coral reef. It was an exciting moment

as we swept through a narrow channel and on into the open sea. At first we were shipping water much faster than I had expected, and we all had to bail for our lives.

Instead of improving, the weather grew worse, and along about midnight we were struck by a line squall. The rain streamed down in torrents, and the tropic sea was illuminated to the horizon by awe-inspiring flashes of lightning. Never will I forget that weltering immensity of water. Fortunately the wind remained with us, and we were skimming along at breakneck speed. Every now and then a wave would sweep right over us, and the staunch little craft would swing loggily until our frantic bailing would lighten her. Although my Malays hardly had time to realize what a tight hole we were actually in, they worked harder than I ever saw Malays work before.

But there was one who did not do one lick of work during the whole of our run through the Celebes and Sulu seas. All during those thrilling days he clung heroically to the only crosswise plank in the boat, and there he lay throughout; praying, I suspect, that our craft would sink and end his misery. During lulls in the storm I could hear poor Schoenberg muttering to himself and groaning.

"Lauterbach," he would moan, "I am so seasick." And again: "For God's sake, won't you stop your smoking? It is killing me."

I smoked my pipe continually. It soothed me and kept me awake. I had set a course for the Sarangani Isles, which are between Celebes and the Philippines,

and every half hour or so I would light a match and inspect the pocket compass clutched tightly in my hand. It would never do to lose that or we might miss every island in these parts and suddenly turn up at some British possession.

The morning dawned leaden and cheerless. We still had a good following wind and that was just what we needed. The seams of our little craft had tightened up now, as I was sure they would, and we no longer had to bail excepting when we shipped a heavy sea. Try as I would, there was no preventing a wave or two coming aboard now and then.

Throughout the day we had company. What a juicy morsel I—big, fat Lauterbach half pickled in beer—would have made for the tigers of the deep that swarmed about us on every side. It must have been me that they scented, eh? My companions were much too scrawny to attract even a shark. At night it must have given poor Schoenberg an odd feeling to see—in the blazing flashes of sheet lightning—the sail-like fins smoothly cleaving the water: a cheery reminder of what would happen if a waterspout or some other freak disturbance swamped us.

The second night came on with still another blow from the southwest. This time it looked as though we might be scheduled for an extra bad squall, so I kept the tiller and ordered the Malays to get their empty kerosene tins ready for bailing. What a night it turned out to be! A veritable tropical hell raiser. We had to take in our sail, of course, and for the rest of the night we scudded along under bare poles. Toward dawn the

gale tapered off. But each night a squall would kick us about.

I somehow managed to get a few winks of sleep in the daytime. But it was an uneasy rest at best. Two kerosene cans containing our water supply formed my couch. A hard bed that; and when I would awaken from a nightmare, with a start, I would find my hard, fat, flea-bitten hide marked with creases from the indentations that characterize that kind of container. Himmel! A martyr.

But in spite of the rotten weather and the lack of sleep and the wet, soggy food, I did not feel at all badly. The wind remained with us, we were making amazing speed, my pipe was pulling good, I had plenty of my favorite tobacco, and we were getting nearer and nearer the Philippines. My mind's eye would conjure up the delectable sight of a foaming stein—and when I would revert to my surroundings I would catch myself humming my old "Lauterbach" song, "Oh where, oh where has he gone?"

Four days and four nights we sailed the little-known waters of that lonely part of the earth. The morning of the fifth day dawned clear, and the wind died away at last. Gradually our speed dwindled and then we lay in mid-morning tossing lazily on the swell under a blazing sun in the Celebes Sea. Directly ahead we could see an island.

I checked over my sea chart of the Philippine Archipelago and its vicinity. My companion was able to eat a few bites now and he halfway came to life.

"Schoenberg," I said to him, "that must be one of the Sarangani Islands. It seems impossible. If it really is then we have sailed some six or seven hundred miles in five days. For a cockleshell like this that would be almost too good to be true." I paused and glanced over the chart again. "Yes, Schoenberg; that is one of the Saranganies."

We were in the doldrums now, a belt of dead calm, and I bellowed to the boatmen, telling them to bend themselves to the oars. They were lazy fellows. Only one of them was a real deep-sea sailor—and that was the headman; the others knew but little of the sea and its ways. This was no time to have trouble, I decided. I picked up the jug of brandy, squeezed the cork out, making it pop suggestively, and gave each a tot of it in his cupped hand. They smacked their lips. Then I gave each a cigar, and ordered them to pull like the very blazes.

It was comical watching them enjoy those cigars. Instead of smoking them, as they strained away at the sweeps, they chewed contentedly, as I have seen some Americans do. Toward evening the breeze came again to help us, and we went skimming into Tumanao Bay, the principal harbor of the Sarangani Islands, at about eight o'clock that night. In the darkness we located a little wooden pier that served as a landing place, and tied up to it.

Schoenberg and I went ashore. There were two little cottages—native style, with some rather unexpected American trimmings. Approaching the nearest, we

knocked on the door. It opened, letting a flood of light pour out upon us. A handsome-looking native woman stood in the doorway.

"I would like to know where we can find a steamer going to Manila," I requested in English.

"Oh," she answered, speaking in the same tongue, "you must come in."

We entered a low-ceilinged room, and there seated in an easy chair I saw an old man, a white man with a white beard—and he was blind. Without being introduced I knew who he was. Everybody in the East has heard of him. He was an American. McCoy was his name. He had come to the South Seas in the early days, and had married the sister of the famous dusky Queen Emma.

The Queen is a Polynesian, a resident of New Guinea. She is not only one of the wealthiest natives in the South Seas, but she wields considerable authority among the natives. She is the possessor of immense ranches and plantations, and is celebrated for her hospitality to strangers.

Mrs. McCoy was a beautiful woman, and she attended to her husband with real devotion. A native of Polynesia, she had settled in the Sarangani Isles with her husband, and in the years they had been there they had acquired vast property interests, and become wealthy. McCoy was, in fact, the only white man in these parts.

"Can you tell us where we can pick up a steamer for Manila?" I inquired, after we had passed the amenities of the day.

Mr. McCoy turned his sightless eyes toward me. "There is a steamer that touches at Gran every four weeks," he answered. "It is a small port about one hundred miles to the north of here, on the south coast of Mindanao."

At this point our conversation was interrupted by the return of Mrs. McCoy carrying a tray—and, ach du lieber! There they were, three bottles of ice-cold beer. It tasted as though it had been made as nectar for the gods.

We only remained with our hospitable host and hostess for a few hours because we were anxious not to miss the steamer at Gran.

When we went out to gather together our boatmen we found that they did not want to go any farther. Their spokesman explained that they were "much tired," already far from their homes, and did not intend to go any farther.

"But you must go," I explained in Malay. "It is only a hundred miles from here to the island where we join our steamer. When we get there you will be paid. But no money till then."

They understood that, and there was nothing they could do about it, so about eleven o'clock that night we put out from Tumanao Bay. A huge tropical moon spread a veil of enchantment over the world, and soon the lights from the McCoy bungalow—a welcome beacon to any seafarer in those waters—faded from view.

I set a direct course for Gran on Mindanao and kept the tiller while all the others slept. The weather was wonderful. I looked at Schoenberg snoring away on his

little shelf that kept him above the dampness of the boat's bottom, at the huddle of brown bodies that sprawled there in the wetness and entirely oblivious of it, and then my eyes followed the little triangular fins of the sharks that still remained with us. Although I certainly couldn't have looked like one, in a way I felt like their guardian angel.

All during the following day we crept slowly toward the land mass that loomed on the northern horizon, and it increased in size in imperceptible degrees. It was the middle of the following afternoon when we came to Gran. There was a little landing place, and as we pulled alongside we were besieged by a flock of curious natives, some of them in uniform.

At last we were under the protection of Uncle Sam, and here we found an American outpost presided over by an officer and a unit of the Philippine constabulary. Lieutenant Malone was the American officer's name, and as we came alongside the little bamboo pier I saw him standing a short distance off, watching us. Schoenberg and I had been burned so by the sun, wind, and salt spray that he at first took us for natives.

After we had tied up, he sauntered down to look us over. Although we were unrecognizable as white men, even at close range, our speech gave him his first clue.

"Who are you?" he inquired, "and what brings you to this jumping-off place?"

"We have just crossed over from the Saranganies," I responded, "and we want to go to Manila."

He glanced at us rather quizzically. "You are a foreigner," he said, "but I don't quite get your accent."

I admitted it.

"Well," he said, with a grin, "you don't look much like one."

We all three laughed; and then I told him who we were. "Gosh!" he exclaimed, and whistled through his teeth. He turned to his men, and snapped out some orders. Then he said to me:

"You must come and stay in my house, both of you. A bath and a good meal will buck you up, eh?"

We agreed, and together walked to his bungalow quite near by in the palms. At dinner he complimented us on our good luck, and he also said that my name was already well known in the Philippines. I suppose my friends, the enemy, had been responsible for that. Then he told us that we had just missed the steamer and there would not be another along for many weeks.

CHAPTER XIX

THROUGH THE COUNTRY OF THE HEAD HUNTERS WITH A TERRIFIED GUIDE

NEXT day I had a palaver with our head boatman. The upshot of it was that I made them a present of our boat, paid them off, and the staunch little craft that had carried us safely through the dangerous waters of the Celebes and Sulu seas sailed out of the harbor, and stood away for her home island. Himmel! those fellows were glad to be on their way.

Lieutenant Malone was a fine chap, full of ideas. When we told him that instead of killing weeks of time waiting for a boat we thought we would push on across to the northern part of Mindanao, he suggested first going horseback to one of the larger towns on the coast. There, he thought, we might be able to pick up a small boat in which we could proceed until a steamer came along. I vetoed it merely because I knew those Philippine ponies. It would take two of them to carry me. Big fat Lauterbach on the back of an animal that he could almost lift with one hand—ho ho! That would have been a sight for the gods.

The lieutenant then told us of a Mr. Walker who had a place some forty miles away. Perhaps he could let us have a seagoing native outrigger boat. He would call

him up and see. Sure enough, Mr. Walker had one and promptly offered it to us.

Lieutenant Malone and his detachment had charge of policing the entire southern part of Mindanao, while in the interior to the north lay the wild country inhabited by savage Moro tribes. At isolated spots along the coast they had transferred their activities to the sea, and the traveler in the vicinity had to keep a wary watch for these pirates. Lieutenant Malone was afraid we might encounter trouble with the Moros, so he sent three of his men with us.

The idea of having police at our heels did not appeal to me, but under the circumstances we could hardly refuse their services without an explanation to our host, an explanation that I wanted to avoid. I knew well that there were Allied spies and spotters all over the East. Our escort knew who we were, and it would be too much to expect them to remain quiet and keep our secret at every port of call. So we determined to shake them at the first opportunity.

At our very first stopping place, Port Lebak, we saw our chance. There was a lumber mill here, and when I went ashore I discovered five white men in the town: two Americans and three Englishmen. They treated us fine, in spite of the fact that they at once recognized us as Germans. When I inquired whether there was any kind of a boat going north, one of the Britishers said:

"We are going to Malabang this evening. Our motor boat will hold you and you are welcome to come along."

I thanked them, and then went out looking for my escort. When I found them I said to their leader:

"We are going to Cottabato by motor boat. We will meet you there."

He saluted, barked some orders to his comrades, and they shoved off for Cottabato. I watched them, until an intervening point of land hid the boat from view. And that was the last I saw of them. Our friends in Port Lebak were as good as their word. They took us along, and that night Schoenberg and I spent on the outskirts of the village of Malabang.

In the morning we went into the town, and directed our steps to the headquarters of another American police official, whom we asked for an escort right through the heart of Mindanao to Iligan. He laughed, and then explained that, not only would he not give us an escort, but he could not even allow us to enter the interior. He said that no white man had ever entered the country and come out alive, because it was still inhabited by fanatical and bloodthirsty head hunters.

"But we simply must get across to Iligan," I replied. "We are German, and we dare not risk it by boat."

"I guess you are right," he reflected. "There are English destroyers at Zamboanga, and it would indeed be difficult to dodge them by water."

Then he shrugged his shoulders resignedly and added, "If you must attempt it, you of course must go at your own risk. It will be impossible for us to help you."

At the Christian mission I located a Moro whom the good fathers had brought under the benign influence of civilization. He offered to guide us to Iligan for

twenty dollars. The distance to Lake Lanao, the nearest civilized spot on the other side of the mountains, was only a little way. But in that short stretch of country all of the perils of the jungle lay before us. Mountains and rivers, reptiles and insects, wild animals and scarcely less wild savages. It sounded like anything but a pleasure jaunt.

However, Schoenberg and I left at once and were soon deep in the jungle wilderness. Again poor fat Lauterbach was trekking his way through dense tropical forests with only his pipe and the thought of the delights of civilization that were sure to be found at our journey's end. It was frightfully hot, hard work, and ahead of us lay the mountains, towering up to around eight thousand feet.

During the heat of the day we slept under the trees, and in the late afternoon we plunged on again. Toward nightfall it began to rain. The heavens seemed to pour water. At times we warily passed native huts, and in them we could hear the sounds of voices and the crying of infants. We were now in the heart of the Moro country, and suddenly I became aware that our guide had lost his nerve. He could speak but little English, and in an accent of terror he was groaning:

"Moro, Master, Moro."

Over and over again he whined it. I am not easily moved or frightened by imaginary fears, but I must confess that fellow made me nervous. I grabbed him by the arm and shook him violently.

"Shut up," I growled. "There are no Moros here. Come along and follow me."

I was tempted to leave the quaking fellow there to shift for himself, but he was a native and maybe it was not right to expect him to have the courage of desperate men. Anyhow, he kept quiet after that. We came to a large river, and with our clothes on we swam across it. Our garments were already dripping. For a long stretch now we trekked through tall grass, where there was a constant rustling either from the wind or from some nocturnal beasts, or there might have been Moros all around us for all we knew.

At one place our guide became so terror-stricken that he fell to his knees and obstinately refused to go farther. He wanted to pray for his soul, but in that spot he was neglecting his body, which the church says is also a sin. We picked him up and pushed him on. When they lose their old religion they sometimes lose their spines as well. At any rate, that chap did.

After a time I came to the conclusion that we were lost. It was impossible to be sure in the pouring rain, but it seemed to me that we were simply going round and round and getting nowhere. I stopped and waited for Schoenberg—and our poor chicken-hearted guide. There the three of us stood, dripping wet, with the moans and rustlings of the wilds feeding our imaginations.

"We are going in a circle," I said to Schoenberg. "I am sure we have already passed that tree. This is the third time I have seen it. We don't know the road, and we had better stay here until daylight."

"No, Lauterbach," disagreed my comrade. "Here is no place to stop. We had better keep on."

Nevertheless, I took off my raincoat and spread it on the ground, pulled a bottle of brandy from one of the pockets, took a drink to warm me up, passed it to him, and then threw myself down.

"That fellow hasn't the faintest idea where we are," I said, looking toward our woebegone guide, who stood there trembling as though he had an attack of ague. "Besides, it is raining snakes and monkeys. Let's bunk here for the night."

Seeing that I was determined, Schoenberg fixed a place for himself and we soon dropped off to sleep. At about five o'clock in the morning, our guide awakened us—probably he had not slept at all—and we found that my surmise had been right. We were in the hills, near the top of the pass, with a precipice right in front of us. The terrain was so rough and broken that we never in the world could have found our way out in the darkness. We might easily have plunged into the abyss had we gone on.

Now that day was here we all felt better. Our guide seemed to have figured out our approximate position, and after two more hours of heavy going we came to a little village out of the Moro country, where we found natives who spoke Spanish. They informed us that Lanao Lake was about three hours' journey away. Giving the most likely-looking fellow a dollar, we asked him to lead us to the town of Lanao.

Along about noon we arrived and were greeted by the officer in command of the local constabulary. He was an American, and he regarded us with frank amazement. He held a paper in his hand.

"You are the men," he exclaimed, waving the paper at us. "You must be the men. Here is the telegram from Malabang. They never expected you would get through; they were sure that the Moros would get you both—and here you are. Well, I'll be damned!"

"Maybe we were lucky," I admitted. "At any rate, we did not see a single Moro."

"I'll say you are lucky," he burst out. "Seven of them escaped from prison yesterday, and they went the way you came. They are on a rampage, and are killing everyone they meet."

"Well, we thought we heard voices, but we weren't sure. It was during the storm the other night, and we thought we were imagining things."

"Whew!" he exclaimed, and rubbed his sweaty face with the arm of his shirt. "And you got away with it." Then, noticing a lack in our costumes, he asked: "But where are your sidearms, your weapons?"

"Here you are," I said with a laugh, brandishing the stout cudgel on which I had been leaning. "It has served me well."

"You mean that you came through without even a gun—with only a club?" he queried.

I nodded.

"Why?" he asked, shaking his head unbelievingly.

"If we had guns, what would you say—and do?" I retorted. "After all, I am German; and in a neutral country. I have no desire to be interned here Had I a certificate to carry a gun," I assured him with a laugh, "a gun I would have."

Oh ho, yes. And my American friend now understood

how it was that we were without weapons. He was a real friend. He saw that we had food and shelter. And after a good rest he sent us by boat across Lanao Lake to Camp Keithley.

Lanao Lake is a spot of some historical importance in the Philippines. The Spaniards, during their ascendency, had established gunboats on the lake to cope with the Moros. During the Spanish-American War the Dons sank them. Later the Americans raised them, and they are there now for the inspection of visitors.

Camp Keithley, I found, was quite a large place. About a thousand men were barracked there. We were received, and treated very kindly, by Mr. Cobertson, the American postmaster. We stayed overnight at his house, and next morning he arranged for us to go to Iligan by motor boat.

After a fast two-hour run by boat we arrived at Iligan, only to meet with a disappointment. We had counted on finding a steamer, but there was none. However, we located a native boat—a twenty-four-footer—that we could obtain cheaply. So we took her and made a break for Cebú, another island to the north.

Hoisting sail on our single-masted craft, we put out across Iligan Bay and an arm of Sulu Sea.

Forty-eight hours later we landed on the beach just outside of the port of Cebú. We did this in order to avoid publicity. When we walked into the town it was late afternoon, and we went direct to a little hotel. A lazy fellow behind the desk informed us that the S.S.

O'Neill McLeod was in the harbor, and due to leave for Manila the following morning.

So we stayed overnight, and were up early to arrange passage. We were the only foreigners aboard her, the rest of the passengers being Filipinos.

The weather was fine and we nearly forgot about there being a World War until we neared Manila. Just off of Corregidor Island were several British auxiliary cruisers. We were in neutral waters, and they showed no signs of being interested in us. For which we were thankful. Oh ho, you bet. Now there was great activity aboard. It was funny. The Filipino girls unabashedly were stripping off their clothes in full view of everyone. In a most natural way they went about their ablutions, and then changed into fresh garments.

There were many German ships interned at Manila. One of them, the S.S. *Lyemoon*, was commanded by a former chief officer of mine. You can imagine his astonishment when I clambered aboard his vessel.

"I should like to stay with you awhile," I told him.

"Certainly," he said, nervous with excitement, "certainly, certainly, but where in blazes did you come from and where are you headed for?"

"From the Dutch islands," I replied, "and I am bound for China—Shanghai—on the Emperor's business, with secret papers."

"Yes, yes," he responded, in his clipped speech, "all right; stay aboard; nobody will see you. I will see to that."

When I added that I must leave as soon as possible, he said:

"Yes, yes; we will watch the shipping notices, and arrange for your passage on a boat bound for China. But come now, tell me about yourself."

With a few draughts of his excellent beer for a lubricant, that was easy, and we were soon living over old times. I was as fat and strong as ever, and even my host had to admit that my appetite for good Lager was as great as ever. Oh ho, yes.

Schoenberg went aboard the S.S. *China*, a Pacific mail steamer. We parted, for from that moment our paths lay in different directions—mine, as I have already mentioned, toward Shanghai, and his toward San Francisco and thence to Germany. I never hated to part with anyone as much as with him. He had been an ideal companion in spite of his distaste for the sea. Never had I known a stouter-hearted man. Later I learned that he arrived in San Francisco safely. But so far as I know, he remained in America and never did have any luck in getting back to Germany.

To Schoenberg, wherever he may be, I lift up my voice, as we so often did together:

"Prosit to you, old man, and as they say in Malaya, may Allah give you peace and may your shadow never grow less!"

CHAPTER XX

DISGUISED AS MYNHEER PETER BLOOW FROM HOLLAND

Two vessels were about ready to leave Manila for Chinese ports: the S.S. *Butterfield Squire*, a British steamer bound for Shanghai; and the S.S. *Otaka Maru*, a Jap freighter headed for the port of Chingmantao on the North China coast. I knew the British vessel —jawohl. Her officers were members of the same Masonic club that I belonged to in Shanghai, and I had met most of them at one time or another. To go on her was out of the question. I might as well buy a ticket for Singapore and then prepare to salute St. Peter as sail for Shanghai on any British ship.

So, the *Otaka Maru* was my best and only bet. I went ashore to call at the office of Vine & Company, the agents in Manila, to arrange passage to Chingmantao. The clerk or agent, or whoever he was to whom I addressed myself, was British, but he suspected nothing and took me at my face value when I handed him my passport. This document said that I was a Dutchman. You see, I had several passports when I left Java. Apparently the fictitious details given in this document were convincing for the agent promptly made out the ticket in the name of Mynheer Peter Bloow. When I thanked him for his courtesy, he said:

"But Mynheer Bloow, the *Otaka Maru* is not a passenger boat; she is a coal steamer; and I will have to ask her captain whether he will consent to carry a passenger. You understand, of course, that traveling conditions aboard her are not of the best."

"Oh," I said, "I am a dredger master. So most of my experience has been on uncomfortable small boats. As far as accommodations are concerned, a hammock will do me. Only make it a big hammock." He laughed at the fat Hollander's joke.

"Very well," he answered, evidently pleased. "I will let you know definitely if arrangements can be made for you on the *Otaka Maru* just as soon as I hear from her master. I have no doubt but what it will be all right. At any rate, you have your ticket. When you hear from me there will be nothing left to do but go aboard."

I thanked him and departed. The next morning I was informed that the *Otaka Maru* was sailing in a few hours, at the turn of the tide, and that it would be unnecessary for me to sleep in a hammock because there was one extra cabin available for a paying guest. The captain had expressed his willingness to put up with my company for a slight sum—of eighty pesos. That suited me fine. I would gladly have paid twice as much, nicht wahr?

The last-minute bustle that attends the departure of a vessel aided my efforts to get aboard as inconspicuously as possible. There were plenty of seafaring men on the quay, and while I did not recognize anyone I had to be careful. My hulk was a valuable one—oh ho,

yes. Just as I started up the gangplank I got a shock that nearly turned my bleached hair snow white. Fortunately I had already passed the officer who stood on the dock. There were two Chinese standing near by, and I gave them only a passing glance. But, mein Gott, as I approached one sang out:

"Hello, Captain."

That jarred me right down to my heels, I tell you. Then I recognized them. I had last seen them aboard my old command, the *Staatssekretär Kraeke*. They had served under me there, and now of course could not miss recognizing the portly figure of their former skipper. I answered them in Chinese, telling them to please pipe down and keep mum. I could tell from their demeanor that they understood, and that they would be glad to do all they could to help me. They were leaving on the same boat.

That evening they came to me, and we had a palaver in their language. "If you want plenty of money," I told them, feeling my way, "please do not tell anybody that I am aboard."

It was unnecessary, my caution; for there are some things that are of much greater importance to a Chinaman than mere money. With their bland yellow faces beaded with sweat, they stood silently attentive while I was speaking. Like yellow statues they remained, with their arms folded and their hands hidden in the voluminous folds of their wide-sleeved jackets.

"Captain," began the fellow who had addressed me earlier in the day, "you were always a very good man to our countrymen. It is well known. And we would

not take money from you at a time like this. We will not betray you."

He then went on to tell me that everybody on the China Coast, all my old friends among his countrymen, knew of my being with the *Emden* and had heard of my escape from Singapore. I expressed my appreciation of their kindness and asked if there was not something I could do for them. The only request they made —those fellows who held me in the hollow of their hands; and, mind you, I was worth many thousands of dollars in cash to them if they wanted to give me away—was that I supply them with letters certifying that they had always been excellent sailors while on my ship.

Now, do you wonder why I have an affection for a race that breeds such men? Before I left the boat I of course did as they wished. I would gladly have done more. Evidently they felt that to accept money from me would cause them to lose "face," or, as we would say, they would not be able to live with themselves.

We passed through the Yellow Sea without untoward incident. Off Port Arthur we sighted a number of Japanese torpedo boats, but were not bothered by them. It was about ten in the morning when we entered the harbor of Chingmantao. I had been there many times in the old days, and the long bridge and the familiar breakwater recalled the time to me when I little dreamed that I would ever return, secretly, as an escaped prisoner. I remembered the place well enough, and knew that I would have to be careful if I wanted to avoid old acquaintances and get safely ashore into the interior.

Orange County Free Li

Before the outbreak of the war, the harbor master had been a Britisher, a Captain Robertson, and then some of the customs officers were English also. Robertson and I were especially well acquainted. Many times he had dined with me aboard the *Staatssekretär Kraeke*, and plentifully had the liquor flowed—his particular predilection being whisky straight. Of course, it would never do to let him get a glimpse of my ponderous frame or he would have me spotted in a hurry.

I watched the harbor boat pull alongside, and sure enough there was my old friend Captain Robertson. Custom on the China Coast decrees that the port official must straightway present himself at the captain's cabin for a "peg" or two and a chin wag. I knew Robertson would adhere scrupulously to this ritual of the East. So I remained out of sight until the *Otaka Maru* pulled into her berth and was made fast. From where I was standing I could hear the little group in the captain's cabin pledging one another's health amid the usual jovial banter and laughter.

Satisfied on that score, I glanced casually about the deck, and then, walking to the rail, I inspected the pier. Aboard ship everything was activity; and on shore there was the usual motley group of "heathen Chinee"—vendors, loafers, and so on. At one end of the dock there was an obese Chinaman who rented out donkeys. I recognized him. He was a fixture at Chingmantao.

No one seemed to be paying the slightest attention to me, so I casually lowered my belongings to the pier and leisurely followed. Without bothering to dicker with the thieving donkey tender I—like a gullible

trusting tourist—engaged two of the animals: one for myself and the other for my luggage. You should see my two hundred and fifty pounds astride a donkey. I could get money for doing it in vaudeville, I'm sure.

It was about noon that I left the *Otaka Maru*, and as we headed away from the coast along the road to Pei-tai-ho the streets were deserted. That was what I had expected. Ja, ja, yes. So I got plenty safely away.

Pei-tai-ho is noted as a bathing beach, a sort of resort for Chingmantao. It also is the summer sojourning place for the foreign residents of Tientsin and Peking. There, I was sure, I would find many of my countrymen. The weather was hot, just as hot as it had been down on the equator in torrid Sumatra, but I did not mind it as we ambled and jogged along the country highways. There were beautiful vistas to be enjoyed—and I was safely out of a situation that might have been troublesome, had Captain Robertson got his eyes on me. As I rode along with my long legs dangling down below my donkey's belly I bellowed—to the alarm of the feathered denizens of the neighborhood and the amazement of my guide—my approval of life in general and myself in particular in lyric outbursts of song: "Zu Lauterbach hab ich mein Strumpf verloren."

Along about twilight I rolled into Pei-tai-ho in all my regal splendor, aboard the same jackass, albeit the poor little fellow was beginning to totter. The post office was still open, so I wheedled the Chinese postmaster into giving me a list of the foreign residents. Sure enough, there I found the names of my very good friends, Dr. Paukstadt and his wife, from Tientsin. So

I directed my donkey to their bungalow and dined with them. After dinner, over our coffee, I outlined my plans, and they invited me to go straight to their house in Tientsin upon reaching that city. A train was leaving this same evening, so I hurried down to it.

After a somewhat uncomfortable and jumpy ride we steamed into Tientsin at five o'clock next morning. I betook myself straight to Dr. Paukstadt's home and, armed with a letter from him, I presented myself at the door.

While the doctor was away the house was in the possession of the wives of two of our naval men who had been stationed at Tsingtau. It was rather an ungodly time to drop in on people. So I apologized profusely for disturbing them so early. Then I presented my letter of introduction. The girls were not bad looking, even at that hour. But I was not inclined to disclose my relationship with the Paukstadts, in spite of their ill-concealed curiosity. The letter was read in silence.

"I think that Mrs. Paukstadt would allow only one man the freedom of her home," said she, looking at me suggestively.

"And that one?" I queried.

"That man," she answered, watching me closely, "is Captain Lauterbach. But he is in prison in Singapore."

"Was," I corrected, never batting an eye. "He was in prison there, but he escaped. I have heard much about him, but I do not know where he is now."

That seemed to satisfy my inquisitive interrogators, and I was made welcome. Throughout my stay I re-

mained alone as much as possible. I had many friends in Tientsin, but visited only a few. When I had left to join the *Emden* at Tsingtau I had given August Lindberg, one of the pilots that ferry the steamers in and out of port, five hundred dollars to keep for me. He was one of my best friends, and at that time he had said jokingly:

"Lauterbach, maybe the war is coming. I will be able to put this money to excellent use!"

Well, I waited until that first evening and then I fared forth in search of August and to see what had happened to my five hundred. We were glad to see each other. We drank beer. We sang "Lauterbach." There was much to talk over, and he recalled his merriment when I had left to join the fleet at Tsingtau. He was one of those who had believed that my premonitions of war were—just premonitions. So we laughed about that, too.

With the assistance of August I made my arrangements to go on down to Shanghai. You see, I was mighty anxious to get rid of those secret papers that I had been entrusted with in Java. The manager of the Poukow-Nanking Railway was a countryman, and he supplied me with a ticket for my journey. The first stop we made was at Tsinanfu, then at Nanking, where we had a stop-over. I was on the train for three days. There were many Englishmen aboard, but for once I passed unrecognized.

In Nanking the commander of the German destroyer *S-90* was interned. He had torpedoed a Japanese cruiser at the outbreak of hostilities with that country, and

had then slipped through the blockade that had already been established along the Asiatic coast by the Allies. Finally, after sinking his own vessel to keep it from being captured, he made his way safely into China, where he had been interned. The Chinese government had given him a house in Nanking. So I visited him. "Wie gehts landsmann." And that same night I resumed my journey.

Shanghai was not far away now. As the train rumbled through the flat, monotonous delta country I thought of the world-wide changes that had upset the peaceful trend of my life since last I had been in Shanghai. Of all my hundreds of visits to that picturesque city this was the first time I had ever approached it by train, and yet, as we drew near it seemed like returning home.

I kept a weather eye open during my cogitations, always on the watch for any signs of recognition on the part of my fellow passengers. With my picture posted in public places all over the East, there always was an excellent chance of someone recognizing me.

Of course, going to Shanghai was like putting my head into the mouth of the British lion; for that city, although an international port, has long been policed by John Bull. Shortly we pulled into the station, so, swallowing my heart, I dismissed my misgivings, assembled my luggage, and chuckled at the surprise I would give my Shanghai friends—and enemies too, perhaps.

CHAPTER XXI

HIDDEN BY AN ENGLISH GIRL IN SHANGHAI

Mynheer Peter Bloow sauntered casually down the Shanghai Bund. His papers were in order, his eyes were shielded by blue spectacles, his hair was the color of a fair-haired Dutchman—ach, yes. But I could not change that big beer belly. Nein. It gave me away.

"Hallo, Captain Lauterbach," called a hearty voice in English. "I say, old chap, I hardly expected to see you, you know. Fawncy meeting you heah."

I turned and my eyes verified the testimony of my ears. The short fellow with the black beard who had addressed me was none other than Captain Dewar, another of my pre-war friends. By Jove, here was a bit of deuced hard luck, don't you know. Dewar, when I first met him in the sacred precincts of the British Club, was in command of the *Butterfield Squire*, that vessel I had passed up in Manila. Well, there was no use trying to fool him now. We talked in friendly fashion. He knew all about me, the *Emden*, the Singapore mutiny, the price on my head. He told me that I would probably never leave Shanghai a free man.

After that encounter my disguise was of no further use. Everybody would know of my presence in the city.

So Captain Lauterbach resumed his proper identity, and that was the end of Mynheer Peter Bloow.

At the German Consulate I turned over the secret despatches and praised Allah and Confucius and all the ancestors of the Chinese for having allowed me to successfully deliver them. Over a stein or two I gave the Shanghai emissaries of my country a résumé of my adventures, and capped it with my meeting Captain Dewar on the Bund. Whereupon the consul general insisted that I remain within the safe confines of the consulate. That did not appeal to me. I was on my way to Germany. The consulate, I knew, was filled with spies, and my every movement would be known. Surely that was not the place for one who wanted privacy.

A private home, I decided, would be the best place for me to remain hidden until I could find a way to get across to America. The home of one of my countrymen would hardly do. The British had their eye on all of them. I could lose myself in the Chinese part of Shanghai—maybe. But it would mean a difficult disguise, Chinese food, the risk of treachery, and it would be difficult for me to keep in touch with the movements of ships.

Then I remembered—Adda.

Her people were English, but they had resided in the East most of their lives. And Adda was a very good friend of mine. She had often written me while I was in the prison camp at Singapore, telling me of the happenings in Shanghai. At the time that we were working on the tunnel I had smuggled a letter

through one of our Indian guards, so it would not be seen by the censor. In it I had told Adda that I hoped to see her in Shanghai shortly. Now I telephoned her, and she joyfully replied that she would wait until dark and then pick me up in her car.

Adda was a tall, slender woman, a good-looking woman, with dark hair and dark limpid eyes. She was tubercular, that I knew; but her very frailty enhanced her charm in my eyes. Her cough was not bad when I knew her best. Still you could tell. There was the telltale hectic flush on her cheeks. While it served to accentuate her pale beauty, it also was an indicator of the fever that was consuming her.

While in command of the *Staatssekretär Kraeke* I was in Shanghai every fourteen days, and I was always active socially—fat, jolly China Sea skipper, fond of beer and singing and dancing. I first met Adda at a dinner party. We were attracted to each other. Her parents were wealthy and she had her own car. She was a superb driver, and I never will forget the glorious drives at night along the old Whangpo with Adda at the wheel.

Then, one sparkling evening in the early winter, she told me that she would like to go with me in the summertime to Tsingtau, on the *Staatssekretär Kraeke.* I would have given her anything then; done anything for her. She went, and from then onward she traveled to Tsingtau twice a year. Oh! I was very happy in her company. And now I was to see her again.

From the window of the restaurant where I awaited her I saw her car drive up. I went out immediately.

We had a long talk as we drove on and on for miles and miles.

I explained my predicament to her, and, as I had hoped, she solved my problem. She smuggled me into her home—it was a very big house—and kept me there. Nobody knew what had become of me, not even my own countrymen. Adda of course told her parents all about our plan, but they too were friendly toward me and kept it secret.

Ach, such kindness I had from that family. Adda gave up her room to me, and took another room for herself.

Then for days I remained indoors. Being English, she was in a position to get accurate information of what was transpiring at the British Consulate. She had heard that I was to be seized some evening and placed aboard a steamer bound for Singapore. She was afraid for my safety, and used every precaution to keep my hiding place secret. But it could not last. I got tired of staying indoors.

I began venturing forth at night. I did accede to Adda's wishes to the extent of carrying a revolver. One night a friend with whom I was in touch asked me to give a talk at the German Club. It was a foolish thing to do, even with the precaution of the new disguise that Adda made for me. Immediately upon entering the club I went to the bar and ordered a whisky and soda. There were twenty people in the room—many of them friends of mine—but I went unrecognized until I disclosed my identity, and then there was an uproar.

"You might have been in here every day for the

last week," I was told. "No one would have known it. You and your whisky and soda."

We all laughed—and ordered beer. After delivering my lecture on the *Emden's* cruise I prepared to depart as inconspicuously as possible. To escape the vigilance of anyone who might be dogging my footsteps, I headed for the public gardens that run along the Whangpo River. The night was somewhat overcast and I trudged along at a brisk pace, keeping an alert watch as I went.

Suddenly I became aware of a group of men converging on me, two from either side. Startled, I turned my head slightly. It was sufficient to enable me to see five more rapidly approaching. I was in a trap. On one side the park, on the other a low wall, beyond which flowed the sluggish Whangpo.

My way to safety certainly did not lie by the land route with those blood-money rascals on my trail. Of that I was convinced. I fondled the revolver in my pocket, but I knew that it was folly for me to attempt to use it, except as a last resort.

"There's no use trying to fight it out with these fellows," I thought rapidly. "The police are English and, even if I manage to rout these thugs I will be taken to prison, and then all my hopes of getting back to the Fatherland will go up in smoke."

One course remained—the river. My assailants had spread out in a semi-circle on the landward side as they approached. I turned suddenly and as they dashed toward me I placed my hand on the stone wall and vaulted over into the muddy water of the Whangpo. One shot was fired and I heard shouted curses as I

went under. I held my breath, swimming under water until I felt as though I were suffocating. Then I came to the surface.

I was alone on the blackness of the river. The strong ebb tide was drifting me down the stream, and I permitted myself to float with it for about thirty minutes. There were many steamers anchored in mid-stream, but I passed them in silence and kept a sharp lookout for a native craft.

At last I sighted a sampan. I hailed it and crawled aboard. While drifting down the Whangpo I figured out a plan of immediate escape from Shanghai. The German S.S. *Sikiang* was in the harbor, interned, and her master was an old, old friend. I decided that I would be safer aboard her than ashore. Without bothering to explain my presence in the water to my surprised rescuers, I told them to take me over to the *Sikiang*.

Four bells sounded as we came alongside. The master of the *Sikiang* had once been my chief officer, and I sent one of the seamen to rout him out of his sleep. He certainly was an astonished fellow when he found me awaiting him clad in dripping garments. I remained aboard during the rest of my stay in Shanghai.

I knew that Captain Eisler, of the Standard Oil Company, was in Shanghai. The captain was an Austrian, and I sent the third mate of the *Sikiang* over to him with a request for assistance. Two days later a sealed envelope was delivered to me. I took it to my cabin before I opened it. Inside I found a passport—an American passport made out to W. Johnson, petty officer in the American navy.

There was, as I discovered later, a real W. Johnson, from whom the passport had been procured in some fashion or other. The last time I heard of him he was serving as a prohibition agent out in San Francisco. He was a chief sail-maker's mate—at any rate, so the passport read—and I had a Chinaman tailor make me two uniforms for that grade. Sehr schön—me velly big Amellican man. Ja, I'll bet I was the fattest petty officer the U. S. Navy ever had. A friend then booked passage for me on the S.S. *Mongolia*, a Pacific mail steamer sailing under the American flag.

As a final precaution I arranged with one of the reporters on the *North China Herald*, an American newspaper, for the circulation of a bit of misinformation. This man was a member of the German Club, and at the time of my lecture on the *Emden* I had broached the subject to him.

"Sure," I was told heartily, "I will be glad to do it for you. Just give me a buzz."

Now that I was about to leave I had a friend remind the reporter of his promise. Thus it was that shortly after the *Mongolia* had sailed the *North China Herald* appeared on the streets of Shanghai with a story, under a Vancouver date line, that must have pleased the jolly Britishers. It read:

"Captain Lauterbach captured aboard S.S. *Mounteagle* off coast of British Columbia."

According to international law, I would be quite safe aboard a neutral vessel on the high seas. Yes, but there was a catch to it in this instance, for the *Mongolia* was due to stop at ports in Japan. There I would be

in great danger; for it was generally known that vessels sailing from Shanghai often had spies aboard.

The *Mongolia* was laying-to outside of Woosung, and the passengers due to sail on her were taken down the river by a British tender. The crew of the auxiliary craft was British, and they watched the departure of every foreigner. Little escaped them. They themselves could do nothing, because of being in neutral waters. But they always reported suspicious persons to the Japanese government by wireless, and then the Japanese took care of them when the *Mongolia* put in at Nagasaki.

I knew that. The *Mongolia* was to sail at the turn of the tide. A friend borrowed the steam launch of a Chinaman for me. We hoisted an American flag; and at four o'clock that afternoon Petty Officer W. Johnson, clad in a nice new uniform, clambered over the side of the *Mongolia*, and immediately went below to his cabin. It was number eighty-eight, and I shared it with another fellow. My fellow traveler was not aboard as yet, but when he turned up I was not a bit displeased when I found him to be a nice little missionary, pious and pale.

About six o'clock there was a bustle on deck and I went up to see what was happening. It was the arrival of the tender, the *Alexandra* she was called, with the rest of the passengers. The officers of the tender were already snooping around the deck. So I hurriedly went below and made for the barber shop. Taking care to place the tunic of my natty new American naval uniform right beside the doorway, I dropped into a chair and asked for a shave and haircut.

The barber was lathering my face when the door suddenly swung open. Through slitted eyes, in the mirror, I saw the serious visage of a red-faced Britisher glance around the cubbyhole of a room. The sight of my coat was sufficient, and he left without a word. While I was still in the chair the *Mongolia* lifted anchor and pointed her nose seaward.

On the run over to Nagasaki we had fine weather. I was glad to feel a heaving deck under my feet once again. I spent most of the night in my cabin. My companion, having eschewed the world, the flesh, and the devil, was also inclined to meditation.

I was up early next morning and decided that the less I mingled with my fellow passengers until in mid-Pacific the better. But, as food was absolutely necessary to me, regularly and in considerable quantities, I decided to dine as early as possible. It was while passing along the almost deserted decks on my way to the saloon that I discovered I was known aboard—by one person at least. It was about six o'clock, and as I strode along inhaling great gulps of the fresh sea air:

"Hello, Captain Lauterbach!"

That halted me in my tracks. I turned quickly. There stood another old friend of more peaceful days. It was a Mr. Dunning, a young American and a prince of a fellow. I looked into his face and I was satisfied with what I found there. At least, I knew I had one friend on the *Mongolia* upon whom I could rely. I put my finger to my lips with a smile.

"You do not recognize me," I said. "I am an American."

"All right," he returned, catching my cue. Then, lowering his voice: "Nearly all of the Britishers now residing in Japan are in Nikko at present, and I am going there. When I hear that you have safely arrived in San Francisco I will tell them about meeting you aboard the *Mongolia*—as a petty officer in the American navy! Oh, boy, won't that frost their whiskers. Wow!"

At Nagasaki a swarm of Japanese officials, police and otherwise, descended upon the *Mongolia*. All of the passengers were ordered into the first-class dining room. When we had assembled, a detective stepped forward and asked:

"Where is Mr. Johnson?"

That was my assumed name, and, even as it reverberated in my ears, a response came from an unexpected quarter. An American army officer stepped forward and said:

"I am Colonel Johnson. What do you want?"

I felt like swooning for joy. Japanese want to investigate Petty Officer Johnson, and a Colonel Johnson steps into his place. While the Japs were examining the colonel, I achieved the master stroke of my life. Ja. I saw a little knot of very interesting people. Admiral W. C. Cowles, U. S. Navy, and his staff formed a colorful group in the saloon. I edged my way closer and closer, while the examination of the passengers went on, until it appeared as though I were a member of the admiral's party. The examining official approached the admiral who, with his wife and daughter on either hand, stood surrounded by the members of his staff. The admiral raised his hand in salute, and I—immedi-

ately behind him—did likewise. The examiner returned the admiral's greetings—and went on about his business.

Oh ho, that made me feel good. Jawohl. You bet! The *Mongolia* coaled at Nagasaki, and I took a chance and went ashore. At six o'clock we sailed for Kobe, where we paused briefly, and then headed for Yokohama.

One afternoon, during the passage to Yokohama, I went down to my cabin and found a Japanese snooping around. I was hopping mad, but I had to be diplomatic. He was a police detective.

"What are you doing here?" I asked.

"Me looking round," he answered in broken English. "Maybe I find some German officer on board here."

"Oh," I said, nodding my head sagely. And then I went on: "Although I am an American petty officer, is there anything I can do to help you?"

That pleased him. "You know Japan?" he inquired.

"No," I answered. "I have never been in Japan. I was sent out to China for a berth on the American gunboat *Helena*, but I was only at Shanghai four weeks. My eyes went bad on me; that's why I am on my way back to the United States."

"All right," he told me. "I show you Yokohama."

The fellow wanted to show me a good time, and I decided I had better accept or it might seem suspicious. So we went ashore in a police boat; and he took me all around town, showing me the sights of Yokohama. It was quite interesting being in his company, but as we walked through the main street I noted on at least three corners placards bearing that picture of me, the

picture the British had plastered all over the East. At the first one, my companion paused. "Twenty-five thousand yen," he read, and then we walked on.

"That is the fellow I want, see," he remarked suddenly. "Then I am rich."

"All right," I said, "let us look for him. We split fifty-fifty when we find him."

And all the time I was thinking of the pickle I would be in if he happened to penetrate beneath my false exterior. When I told him that I had to get back to the boat he insisted upon escorting me, and returned me safely on board via his police boat.

"Have you a card?" I asked, as he turned to leave. "I may come back this way again, and I would like nothing better than to have the pleasure of seeing you. Or maybe I will write to you."

I kept my promise, and I did write to him. When I was in Copenhagen I recollected my Japanese detective, and I dropped him a line. I wonder how he enjoyed it? Oh ho. I wrote it in English, and it read:

"You are the smartest detective that I have ever met. You had that twenty-five thousand yen right in your hands. LAUTERBACH."

The run to Honolulu was uneventful. During the passage I met the Colonel Johnson who had so opportunely stepped forward when my name was called at Nagasaki. The colonel was a member of the staff of the Governor of Hawaii. I did not tell him who I was, and he thought me nothing more than an American petty officer, who from his accent might have been born in Germany or Sweden.

"At last we were out of the Sumatran jungle and among the plantations of the Dutch."

"Colonel Johnson unwittingly saved my life when he was mistaken for me by the Japanese secret service."

"So you are the fellow who caused me all that trouble I had with the Japanese!" he exclaimed.

I admitted it.

"They would not believe I was Colonel Johnson," he went on. "For four hours they put me through a regular third degree. They kept insisting that I was a German captain. You are lucky that I was aboard, for you might have had an even harder time than I did."

"Yes," I agreed. "I was lucky."

"Well," said the colonel, "it's all over now."

On the day before we were due to land at Honolulu I sent a wireless message in code to the captain of the good old *Staatssekretär Kraeke*—my former chief officer. It read:

"Julius X is arriving to-morrow on the *Mongolia*."

When I escaped I wrote him all about it and that I might possibly come to Honolulu. So he was on the lookout for me. My old ship, the *Staatssekretär Kraeke*, had acted as the supply steamer for the cruiser *Scharnhorst*, and when she was empty the admiral—Von Spee—ordered her to Honolulu, where she was interned.

At Honolulu I found the harbor filled with German vessels—all interned. My first move was to board my old command. I packed my belongings carefully in boxes, and turned them over to the harbor customs officer. I had a notion then that the United States would eventually enter the war on the side of the Allies, and I wanted to save my treasured possessions. I finally got them back from the American customs through the intercession of the German naval authorities, after the war, in 1919.

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I then went to call on the German consul. He showed me a late edition of the local newspaper. Blazoned in large type was the information that Captain Lauterbach, navigating officer of the *Emden*, was on the *Mongolia*. So fast the news traveled. I had been recognized by Germans interned in the port, and it was they who had spread the news around the city. The consul said seriously,

"You had better remain here."

"No," I answered reassuringly, "I am absolutely safe on this American ship. So I am going on."

I met Colonel Johnson at one of the leading hotels, and this time I told him who I was. Whereupon we had a drink. I also told Admiral Cowles.

"But why did you use an American uniform?" he queried. "Surely you were safe aboard an American boat."

"Maybe!" I answered. "But I wanted to be sure. Still, I was not entirely under false colors. If you had looked closely at my uniform you would have been surprised. It was an American naval uniform—with German naval buttons!"

Some more drinks, and it certainly was time to sing "Lauterbach" in a loud, melodious voice. But I restrained myself.

There was very little to be gained by landing under an assumed name, so I went to the purser of the *Mongolia* and asked him to record me under my proper name. The wireless operator put it on the air, and over the world went the information that the *Mon-*

golia, bound for San Francisco, had an officer of the raider *Emden* aboard.

Everybody on the boat wanted to meet the raider —even the English. I frankly admitted that I was on my way back to Germany. They all advised me not to risk it—even the English.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Taft, brother and sister-in-law of the former President of the United States, were very kind to me; and they invited me to visit them at their home. A Mrs. McDonald, of the Southern Pacific, also extended me a similar invitation.

Your American Senator Salisbury, who was aboard, made a stirring speech at dinner one evening, reaching the height of his eloquence with the statement: "We will protect Captain Lauterbach, and he will find a safe haven in America." That was fine, and I appreciated it from the bottom of my heart. But I intended to stay only long enough to find a way of getting across the Atlantic and through the blockade.

CHAPTER XXII

SHADOWED IN NEW YORK, AND THROUGH THE BRITISH BLOCKADE

In San Francisco a score of reporters and photographers swarmed aboard the *Mongolia* and camped on my trail. The *Emden* had not been forgotten, and apparently I was expected to give my interviewers whatever information they demanded. Ach du lieber! That was funny. Here was I doing my best to remain inconspicuous, and all of those newspaper chaps were trying to put me in the full glare of your red-hot American spotlight.

I was in the cabin of the third officer having a farewell nip with him when I heard that they were searching for me. Suddenly an idea flashed through my mind. There was a young German fellow with us, and I begged him to run along like a good lad and tell them that he was the man they were looking for.

"Yes," he objected, "and after that then what?"

"Oh, just keep quiet," I answered, "and when they ask you questions about your adventures, give evasive replies. Now go right ahead and let them interview you."

I remained in the cabin of the third officer until evening. Almost the last thing in the whole world that I wanted at that stage of the game was to have my pic-

ture broadcast from coast to coast in your American papers. Well, sir, my young understudy played his part well. The next day, in the papers, I read my purported interviews. They contained nothing but wild generalizations and descriptions of me. Nearly all mentioned that I was a shy, quiet, haggard, modest youth, all of which was just about the direct opposite to the truth. One paper said that I had received orders from the Kaiser to "keep your mouth shut."

For eight days I remained in San Francisco, which, by the way, is one of my favorite spots on this turbulent old sphere. Much of my time I spent inspecting the wonders of the Panama-Pacific Exposition. Then with another set of spurious identification papers I made my way across the continent, this time as a Dane. Dr. Larsen was the name of the ponderous wayfarer who bore a striking resemblance to a certain old skipper from the China Coast. I remained aloof and did not speak to a single one of my fellow passengers during the entire three-thousand-mile train journey.

When I landed in New York I proceeded immediately to the lower end of Manhattan to see our consul general. Here again my services were immediately commandeered and he asked me to take some secret documents to the ambassador in Washington. Just who tipped them off I can't imagine, but next day some of the newspapers carried my picture with an account of my arrival. Perhaps the jolly British were up to some trick. I suppose they were behind it all.

I soon found that I was being shadowed. Once you become familiar with those fellows you can always tell

them. The one who usually hounded me looked like an Englishman, and leading that chap a merry chase was the most fun I had had in years. Into the big buildings of New York I would go—hotels, museums, churches, business buildings, railway stations, and the like. I could always manage to lose him for awhile, but occasionally I would have to enter an elevator in a skyscraper, ascend ten or twelve stories, and then return to the lobby on another side of the building; or, in the case of a large hotel, I would walk down the stairs or even slide out through the kitchens.

To Washington and back I went in one day. Invariably my shadow would pick me up in some way. How he did it baffled me. Perhaps he found me through the restaurant where I often went—in fact, the only place that I frequented regularly. It was a Scandinavian place down near the Battery. I went there because I wanted to get aboard a vessel bound for a northern country, and this restaurant was the favorite rendezvous for officers off Scandinavian boats.

Every night I changed my lodging place. One time I would sleep in the downtown section of Brooklyn, the next day in upper Manhattan, the third day out on Long Island at Forest Hills, Jamaica, or Rockaway, then into the fastnesses of the Bronx, to Hoboken, Passaic, and Bayonne. I spent almost as much on carfare as I did on rooms. Oh ho, yes.

I could speak Swedish fluently enough and I knew that the Swedish sailors did not object to picking up a little money on the side. I got in touch with the captain of the S.S. *Orion*. He was a good fellow.

"We are carrying a full cargo of coal," he said. "You can live in the hold, and I will see that food is dropped to you through the ventilators. Go on board."

The *Orion* was lying at Richmond Point, Philadelphia. That night I took the Pennsylvania flyer for the Quaker City. I knew Philadelphia, and had no trouble locating the *Orion*. But when I went aboard and looked her over I saw that she would never do. The *Orion* was bound for Stockholm—a thirty-two-day trip at her best gait—and I would have to remain cooped up for a whole long month in a murky space on top of the coal. The hatches would not be opened for all that time, and no human being could possibly survive in there, with clouds of dust off the coal soaking into his lungs. Nein, nein, not for me.

"I will not be with you," I wrote to the captain on a postcard. "I thank you just the same. I have a better chance."

Back to New York I came, and again I played hide and seek with my shadow. At last, the master of the S.S. *Frederick VII*, a Danish boat, offered me a chance to cross with him—as a stoker. Instead of receiving wages for my labor I was to pay him the sum of two hundred dollars. He knew that I was German, but I do not think he suspected me of being an officer. If he had, probably he would have charged me more.

The *Frederick VII* was berthed in Hoboken. Garbed as a stoker, carrying a bucket and some sections of iron pipe, and with a grimy appearance, I safely passed the guards at the pier and went aboard. Hurrying to the fire room, I took a position in the coal bunker, passing

coal to the regular stokers. For six hours without a break I shoveled. By that time the steamer was well on her way to open water. I was standing under the ventilator getting a breath of fresh sea air when the chief engineer entered the fire room.

"You look as though you might have seen better days," he said to me in English.

"Sure," I admitted, speaking Swedish. "Sure I have had better days."

He followed my lead and spoke Swedish too. "What is your trade?" he inquired.

"Engineer," I answered laconically.

"Where did you work last?"

"I was an engineer in a brewery in Milwaukee."

He rubbed his chin with his closed fist and gazed at me thoughtfully. "Well," he said finally, "if that's the case I am not going to make you shovel coal. You come on over to the engine room."

Apparently the chief engineer did not suspect me of being a German. And he certainly did me a favor when he took me out of the fire room. Himmel, but it was hard work. Oh ho, yes. During the rest of the trip I puttered about in the engine room. There was little for me to do, but I managed to occupy my time cleaning pipes and lamps and pumps.

Every evening the chief engineer would give me two bottles of beer. "You are the engineer of a brewery," he had said to me the first night out, "and you must like beer. Anyhow, you look as though you do."

As we neared the European coast we sighted a warship. She was a big auxiliary cruiser—a Britisher—and

she sent a prize crew aboard us and we were taken in to Kirkwall. The *Frederick VII* was carrying a considerable amount of bacon, and the British figured it was destined for transmission, through Copenhagen, to Germany. We were in Kirkwall five days, and I was not particularly optimistic regarding my chances of coming through undetected.

They came aboard and examined her every day. I made it a point to be at work up on the boilers, so that the inspector would merely call to me for whatever information he wanted; but twice they examined me closely. The interpreter that accompanied the examining officer could not speak Swedish at all well, and the questions were asked in a routine way: "Where is your passport? What is your name? Where are you going?" I told them of my mother and of an uncle I had living in Sweden, adorning my little tale with actual incidents from my childhood, in a way that must have carried conviction. It got me by.

In the night time they had a little trick that worried me a bit. Even when we were asleep they would bother us. We would be awakened by shouted curses in German.

"Get up, you German pigs."

That and other expressions like it would be yelled at us while asleep, in the hope, I suppose, that some of us would give ourselves away by answering them. It made me mad.

"What the hell do you want?" I would growl back in Swedish. "What kind of a lingo is that?"

Off our tormentors would go, only to return and re-

peat it later. I was glad—mighty glad—when the *Frederick VII* was finally given permission to proceed on her way. They let us go, bacon and all. In the night we sighted a German submarine. She turned her searchlight upon us, and, seeing that we were sailing under a neutral flag, vanished into the darkness.

During the passage from Kirkwall there was an outbreak of smallpox aboard, and when we entered the port of Oslo—Christiania had just been renamed—the medical authorities came aboard and ordered the inoculation of everybody aboard. I got it, too.

When the time came to go ashore—I had informed the officials that I was leaving the ship at Oslo—I was asked: "Where are you going to reside?"

I had not been in Oslo for a long time, and I could only remember the name of one hotel—the Park Hotel. As it happened, that was about the best stopping place in the city. My interrogator looked at me in amazement.

"You," he exclaimed, "a dirty stoker. You live in the best hotel! Huh!"

"I have made a lot of money in America," I retorted. "And I am going to stop at the best hotel in town for once in my life."

That squelched him. He became his usual servile self, and informed me somewhat fawningly that I would have to report at the quarantine station at noon each day for ten days.

"All right," I agreed. It was about six o'clock before I finally got ashore. At seven-forty I was on my way to Copenhagen.

There I went direct to the offices of our consul general. Without bothering to tell him who I was, I merely asked him for a passport into Germany.

"Show me your German papers," he demanded.

"I have none," I answered.

"Then I cannot do anything for you."

"But I have come twenty thousand miles," I explained.

The high and mighty gentleman did not seem to be either interested or impressed. "The only thing that I can do for you is to send you into Germany, where our police will take charge of you."

That made me sore. I had traveled around the world to get home to the Fatherland, and I didn't intend to arrive as any guest of the police.

"You want papers," I growled. "Well, I have escaped from Singapore. How could I have any papers?"

Turning, I stalked out. To the office of the Hamburg American Line I went. There I explained my case to the manager, told him everything. "You go over to our ambassador," he suggested. "See Captain Bartling, the naval attaché. Tell him I sent you over; I know him very well."

Captain Bartling and I had dinner together. He arranged for my passport, and when I returned to my quarters everything was ready for my return to German soil on the morrow. I left Copenhagen at nine in the morning by boat.

At four o'clock on the afternoon of October 10, 1915, my long journey ended. As we pulled into the harbor of Warnemuende—a watering place about twenty min-

utes' ride from the town of my birth—I saw the beach was crowded with people. I wondered what that mass of people could be doing on the beach at that time of the year.

"What is the matter here?" I mused aloud. "The summer is over."

But I soon found out. My countrymen were there in force to give me a rousing reception. My father had once commanded the regiment stationed in the town, and the colonel in command had even sent the regimental band to welcome me. As I stepped ashore the band struck up "Deutschland Über Alles." The mayor, with a bevy of ladies of honor surrounding him, greeted me. Around us pressed the crowd. An envelope was thrust into my hand. It was a telegram from my mother. I entered a car, the line of parade formed, the band leader waved his baton, and the band began to play:

"Lauterbach!"

CHAPTER XXIII

MYSTERY SHIPS OF THE BALTIC

HOME I was and happy to be there, shaking hands, drinking beer, singing "Lauterbach." The China Coast, Singapore, Sumatra, the steaming equatorial jungles, outrigger boats, the Sulu Sea, and all that seemed far, far away indeed.

Two days after my arrival at home I got a wireless message from Herr Albert Balin, then general manager of the Hamburg American Line. He wanted to see me. So I promptly presented myself at his offices in Hamburg.

"I have seen your certificates, Captain Lauterbach," he said. "You have never had an accident; and I am gratified to know that one of my captains played a prominent rôle on the *Emden* during her epic cruise. I want to shake your hand."

We chatted together, and I told him of the *Emden* and of my subsequent adventures. Then as I was preparing to leave he said: "I will always keep you in mind, Captain Lauterbach, and when the war is over you shall have one of my best steamers."

Soon afterwards telegraphic orders came for me to report to the naval authorities in Berlin. Admiral von Tirpitz wanted me to make out a summary of the ships the *Emden* had accounted for. So for several

weeks I was attached to his staff and saw much of the grand old man.

During my stay in Berlin I was asked everywhere. One of my first invitations was to the palace to tell the story of the *Emden* and my escape from Singapore to the Emperor and Empress. The Kaiser had me go into full details, and was tremendously enthusiastic. Everyone from the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg on down the line gave dinners for me.

Among the prominent personages that I met during this period there is one who stands out vividly in my mind. It was Sir Roger Casement. I was introduced to him in a hotel on the Esplanade in Berlin, and we had a whisky and soda together. I knew that he was leaving in a short time for Ireland in one of our submarines, but we did not discuss that.

He was a very intelligent man; a man who knew how to keep his thoughts to himself and was, perhaps, England's greatest enemy. His thoughts were all directed toward the freedom of Ireland. We discussed the political news of the day on several occasions. It was his belief that England would not lose out in the war. He even predicted to me that the United States would enter the brawl of nations on the side of the Allies. However, he seemed to think that he could help the cause of Irish freedom by his presence on his native soil, with our assistance. At his suggestion we sent the steamer *Libau* early in 1916 to Ireland with a cargo of arms and ammunition for a rebellion, and he went thither on one of our submersibles—to his death, as it happened.

My work finished in Berlin, I reported at Kiel. I

asked for a vacation and it was immediately granted. It was thought that my health might be impaired by hardships, and they sent me to a sanitarium for observation. I was much too healthy for that place, and left. A week or two of beer and singing, and I reported back to Hamburg for duty with the navy, and in December 1915 joined the submarine crew ship *Mars*. Aboard her the sailors destined for submarine work were instructed in their duties. After only eight days with her, a call from Prince Henry of Prussia, the brother of the Emperor, relieved me from my duties. Again I was asked to recount my story. Prince Henry wanted a full account of my whole life, my capture, escape, and travels, in detail.

At last, when I had finished, the prince, who as you know was the head of our navy, even above the grand admiral, said:

"I have a good job for you, Lauterbach. You are to take command of our mystery ships."

And so the fat China Sea skipper went adventuring again, though this time not in Far Eastern waters. I set out on a new career that was to take me into the most desperate peril I ever had to face.

There has been much said of the British mystery ships, but I am under the impression Germany was the country that introduced them—and I happened to command the first one of all. During the early part of the war the Allied submarines—particularly the British undersea boats—did much damage to our shipping in the Baltic, and the mystery ship—a vessel as changeable as the chameleon and as peaceful appearing

as the dove—was proposed to cope with them, to decoy them, and, once they were lured into close range, to sink them.

The vessel was fitted out for its grim work in the shipyard at Bremerhaven. The first one was a steamer. One day I would have her looking like a passenger boat and the next she would appear as a coal steamer; sometimes she would have two funnels and three masts and then she would appear with one funnel and two masts. Oh ho! It was like a game in marine prestidigitation.

The *Marie*—as I named her—had one real funnel. The dummy one was made out of thin plate. Below decks we carried a cargo of coal and lumber. When we posed as a coal freighter my crew—I needed a big one to do the work—would shift part of our coal pile to the deck. At other times we carried a deckload of lumber.

Later I was given more ships for the decoy work. The second was a three-masted schooner with auxiliary motor named the *Belmonte*, and the third a tugboat hauling a lighter. The tugboat was known as the *Oder*.

On each of our mystery ships the method of mounting the guns was different. On the *Marie* four guns—four-and-a-half-inchers—were hidden by ports. When I gave the order "Ready to fight," down would drop the ports, and we were ready for action. The *Belmonte's* guns were just below the hatches, and the hatch covers were of canvas. The pressing of a button rolled up the covers and the guns—two of them—on platforms with the gun crews ready for action rose into firing position. But in many respects our camouflage on the *Oder* was the most ingenious of all. A tugboat is a rather small affair,

and where to set the guns so they would be out of sight was a problem. The lighter gave the same trouble because of its shallow draft. On the latter the crew was quartered, and a stove pipe was the sole projecting part that offered any possibilities for secreting our weapons. The *Oder*, too, had a smokestack of a similar kind that served the galley stove. So what we did was place a small gun in each smokestack. Each was so arranged that the pressure of a button dropped it into firing position. It was my belief that a submarine attacking us would concentrate on the lighter, never suspecting the innocent-looking tug, and that would give us a chance to sink her.

My little flotilla was based on Swinemuende, one of the minor German ports on the Baltic coast. I picked crews for my vessels. They were splendid; men and officers alike. Most of my men were strong, husky sailors of the merchant marine. An alert and capable lot they were; always cheerful in spite of the hardships and dangers of our life. But there was one fellow—oh ho! I never will forget him.

Albrecht was a big, fat, jolly man, a tailor by trade, and as arrant a coward as ever I met—but a likeable fellow withal. He served under me on the *Marie* for a short time—a very short time, in fact. One trip showed me that he was not the sort for our work. He was deathly afraid of firearms, and would not even fire a rifle.

Somewhat Falstaffian was Albrecht. He liked to talk and he enjoyed his drinking; but he was not cut out to be a sailor. On our first trip out my brave fellow became

violently seasick. How or why he ever was assigned to service on the water is beyond me. His knowledge of the ways of the sea was less than nothing. As it happened, I was on deck standing by the rail when he suffered his attack of mal-de-mer.

Big, fat, guzzling Albrecht tottered, green-faced, to the rail, to the windward of me. His mastodon-like belly was raising merry hades with him, and he wanted relief. Unfortunately for me a half gale was blowing, and I got the results of his indisposition full in the face.

"You scoundrel," I roared, swabbing at my face. I started for him, but his woebegone look stopped me and I began to laugh. I could not keep a fellow of that type on my vessel, so I made a report of the matter when we returned to port.

"Lauterbach," said the admiral, with many hearty chuckles, "you are too good to those fellows. If it had happened to me I would have given him a hearty kick."

The crews of the mystery ships were divided roughly into two groups. As I have already mentioned, the boats were overmanned. The majority of the men stayed out of sight below decks. Above we had just enough men to work the ship. Those on deck wore two outfits of clothing. On the outside they wore civilian clothes; underneath were their German naval uniforms. Usually in the German Merchant Marine the sailors wore blue pants and blue sweaters—jerseys—but that costume looked too much like a naval uniform at a distance, so my lads wore regular civies topped off with sou'westers.

However, we never went into action in anything but our naval uniforms. At the first sign of trouble the

deck crew would yank off their outer garments as a preliminary move for action. The gun crews—they stood four-hour shifts—would be ready at their posts, the rest of the crew, warned by the ringing of bells throughout the ship, would take their posts, down would come the neutral flag we were sailing under, up to the masthead would run our war flag, and we were ready for action.

Aboard my commands the discipline was excellent, and I never had any trouble of any kind with my men. They were keen on their job and I tried to be fair with them, seeing to it that the married men had opportunities to go home and visit their families as often as possible. It is little acts of that sort that men appreciate; and they stuck to me through thick and thin.

I would not allow hard drinking on my ships, even among my officers. They were mostly young fellows, a bit apt to overdo it, working as they were under a constant strain, and on occasions I would close the officers' mess room when they got too gay. It was not that I was worried about them, but it was not good for the men to see their officers doing things that they were forbidden to do. I always made that plain.

"If you want to indulge in horseplay," I would admonish them, "go to it; but do it in your cabins. Don't stay in the mess room here where the sailors can see you. You can just as well have your good times where it will pass unnoticed."

The Krupp people put up a prize of two hundred and fifty thousand marks for the sinking of the first two enemy submarines. The men were keen to win. I com-

manded the *Marie* personally, and we were fortunate enough to get both. The crew of the *Marie* were destined to divide that fifty thousand dollars between them. The officers did not share in it at all, and it was my pleasure to apportion that juicy prize among my brave fellows. Each received two thousand marks. A lot of money that—for a seaman.

But I did not give them two thousand marks. Money slips through their fingers too easily. A thousand marks went to their dependents: mothers, wives, and children; the remainder was held in trust for them. I recall strolling along the beach promenade at Swinemuende when I met some sailors from my little flotilla. They hoisted me to their shoulders and marched along cheering. They were feeling a bit gay. But the incident brought back memories of that eventful day in the prison camp at Singapore when the mutineers, thinking I was to be their leader, insisted on bouncing me around the compound on their shoulders.

When in port the men on duty with the mystery ships went to a special restaurant to eat and make merry. None of us was permitted to dance with the girls. It was forbidden by the government. In the early years of the war Germany was overrun with spies, many of them high-born women who sacrificed everything for their countries. It was their policy to become friendly with naval and army officers. The information that they managed to pump from their gullible admirers—and who is not gullible where a beautiful woman is concerned?—was reported to the enemy. Hence the governmental interdict.

Our work was essentially secretive, of course, and I made it a practice to speak to no one aboard ship or ashore concerning the orders received. The vessels of my command were anchored in a restricted spot in the harbor and were closely guarded so that no one would have an opportunity to get near enough even to photograph them.

But I too needed recreation and the pleasure of feminine company. It was furnished by Leni. There was a wonderful girl. I can never forget her with her bright eyes and lovely slender figure. Why is it that I like the slender girls? Oh ho! I laugh when I look at my own silhouette.

Leni was the friend of the naval officers at Swinemuende. She made us very happy with her good-tempered ways and the delightful stories with which she would regale our leisure hours. To all of the officers she was nice, but especially so to me; and when I would return to port we would go to the biggest café in Swinemuende to while the time away. Ho ho!

CHAPTER XXIV

WE SINK THREE ALLIED RAIDERS OF THE DEEP

SUBMARINES!

Two trips we made before we sighted an enemy undersea boat. The famous iron mines at Lulea, Sweden, were an important source of Germany's supply of the metals urgently needed for the manufacture of guns and ammunition. So we had a constant stream of ore steamers running back and forth. It was against these freighters that the British undersea boats were concentrating their attacks.

Toward the end of May I received orders to act as an escort for six ore steamers. We were to pick them up near Landsort in the Baltic. Just before I reached the place of rendezvous the radio operator brought me a message from the Admiralty. It read:

"One Russian submarine has left the port of Abo, Finland."

On the night of the 26th I picked up the vessels in the neutral zone and we got under way. Along with us were a few fishing boats. I put the *Marie* in amongst the ships so she would seem to be a part of the flotilla. Now and then I would take the *Marie* out of her place in the line to scout about and then we would resume our place.

The night was bright with moonlight. We were some

distance away from the other boats and running on a parallel course when a streak of milky white, speeding toward the largest ore steamer, gave me my first intimation that something was amiss. For a moment I thought my eyes were deceiving me in the tricky, elusive moonshine. But my doubts were instantly dispelled by a bellow from the lookout.

"Submarine off the port side."

I swept my night glasses in an arc, and even as I looked the water began to boil and froth at a spot about two hundred yards from us. That signified only one thing—a submarine was coming to the surface. She was between the *Marie* and the other vessels. Whether she had seen me I did not know, but we were too close to each other for me to hesitate.

"Hard aport," I shouted.

Even as I gave my order to the helmsman the undersea boat broke water, and, half submerged, wallowed slightly in the trough of the sea. The *Marie* spun around and, driving full speed ahead, we bore down upon our unsuspecting victim. The distance was short, and we were doing over [illegible]teen knots. My eyes were glued to my glasses. I could see plainly. Her periscope was trained on the convoy—and then . . . Unconsciously I braced myself.

The *Marie* struck the sub with a slithering crash. Our bow canted upward steeply as we momentarily slid over the steel skin of the doomed raider, and then the *Marie* came back to an even keel. We had caught the iron hull amidships, and so great was the impact that I was thrown heavily on the deck. Scrambling to

my feet, I shouted a query to the lookout. He pointed aft and we circled over the spot where the submarine had been.

She had vanished. But a heavy film of oil that gleamed —fairylike—in the moonlight and much wreckage gave evidence of her passing. Evidently she had sunk immediately, but to make sure that her career was definitely ended I dropped a couple of depth bombs before rejoining the convoy. Our first victim was the Russian submarine *Neva:* that we learned some weeks later from an account in a Finnish newspaper, and our Admiralty confirmed it.

Meanwhile we continued on our way. The vessels in the convoy were very slow—they averaged about six knots an hour—and at six o'clock we were some distance south of Oeland Island. I was on the bridge. The radio operator brought me a message. It read:

"Steamer flying Danish flag thought to be in collusion with enemy submarine near Bornholm."

The island of Bornholm was to the southwest of our position, and I turned the *Marie* in that direction. Twilight was falling, and we soon lost the other vessels. My men went about their duties with a tense elation. Only yesterday they had successfully come to grips with one submarine, and now they were about to try for the second. A submarine a day . . .

It was about eleven o'clock when the *Marie* approached her destination, and sure enough there was a steamer about five miles offshore. I approached her without showing a flag. The night was clear, and in the moonlight I could see things plainly.

The Danish vessel carried a deckload of lumber. Her crew was lined up along her port side, looking at something that was invisible to us on the *Marie*. We kept our course toward her for perhaps two or three minutes—scarcely more. We were only five hundred yards away when a British submarine slid out past the stern of the Danish vessel and sent a torpedo spinning our way.

There was a heavy sea running. The Danish vessel was under way; I swung the *Marie* out of the path of the torpedo; and the submarine turned toward us. But I had already opened fire. Our guns were barking thunderously in the night. Five hundred yards was a short range, and after a couple of shots we began to hit her. All this had happened by the time my war flag had reached the masthead.

I kept my glasses glued on the submarine. It was the *E-15*. There were two men on her conning tower, and some of her crew came on deck to man her guns against us. It was too late for them to submerge. And even as they went toward the guns the submarine—crippled by our fire—took a list to one side. Detonations, bursts of flame on her deck, as our shells crashed into her and she disappeared in a swirl of foam.

Through my glass I saw two of her crew in the water, but when the *Marie* reached the spot they had vanished. The Danish ship was still in view some two miles distant, but we could do nothing to her as she was in neutral water.

There was much jubilation aboard the *Marie* as we turned back toward the convoy. Not only had we the

honor of sinking the first two submarines in the Baltic, but we had gained that two-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-mark prize which the Krupp people had offered.

Then a curious nervous reaction came over the men. In a short sea there are always the white stripes of the waves, and when you are scared everything looks dangerous. There were constant alarums: "Torpedo on the port side." "Torpedo on the starboard side." And now that I think of it those white stripes did resemble the wakes of torpedoes.

But then I called my crew together. "What is the matter with you, boys?" I asked them jocularly. "You are all nervous. You have polished off a couple of submarines, and now you have nothing at all to worry about—at any rate, not at present. Some of you fellows, I'll bet, have seen white snakes and mice and pink elephants when getting over a spree—and now, without even a drink, you are seeing torpedoes where there aren't any. Come, come! Let's snap out of this."

Every so often it was up to me to give the men a talking to like that and then they would be themselves for awhile. But life on the mystery ships was enough to make anyone squeamish. Even my officers had spells of distorted vision, and for all I know I may have had them, too. On one occasion I was routed out at five o'clock in the morning by my chief officer.

"Commander," he informed me with portentous gravity, "we have sighted an enemy submarine."

A glance through the glasses was enough to change his submarine into a Swedish destroyer—a very small

one, at that, used for coast service. But by the time we brought our convoy safely into port all vestiges of nerves had disappeared. Our return to port was a triumphant one. I had already reported our victories by wireless, and now I was called home to make my report, in person, to the admiral.

Some of the members of the crew were given the Iron Cross second class; the gunners received the Iron Cross first class; and the officers the Iron Cross with special decoration. And, to cap the climax, I had the pleasure of dividing the Krupp prize among my men. Then there was much singing—"Lauterbach"—with his tail cut not at all short this time.

Our job became a routine one. I would be informed by telephone or radio that submarines had been sighted somewhere in the Baltic or in the Kattegat. These orders were never very definite. It was understood that I was to go into the waters mentioned, and then it was up to me to follow whatever course I thought best.

The *Marie* went under various flags, as did the other vessels of our little flotilla. As I have already mentioned, they all carried extra crews. For instance, aboard the *Marie* I had more than ninety men, and of course it doesn't do to leave a large group like that idle. That is the one sure way to bring on trouble aboard ship.

Fortunately I never had much trouble keeping up the morale of the men. I utilized their time in a way that must have caused a great deal of puzzlement to the enemy. Every night I would put them to work painting the ship a different color. Thus one day the

Marie would appear flying the Danish flag and painted black. The next she would fly the Swedish colors and appear all finished in white, and so on with various combinations.

Our cruises usually lasted from eight to ten days, and I made it a point to visit all spots where it was at all likely that a submarine might be lurking. But, having lost two of their undersea boats, the enemy was growing a bit wary. To the best of my recollection none of our steamers was again attacked by enemy submarines in those waters.

In the Baltic I often ran across Commander von Rosenberg and his flotilla. He had gathered together a few ancient destroyers, some fishing schooners, and a number of fishing smacks—small sloops powered with little motors. His aggregation of nondescript craft was facetiously known throughout the German navy as the Sea Going Circus.

His boats were all slow, barely able to make five knots an hour. So they were used chiefly for mine sweeping. They did great work in that line, too; but Commander von Rosenberg had a never-failing ambition. It was to bag a sub. We all knew it and it became a standing joke among the sailors. Nevertheless, the commander went on with his quest.

The ships in the Circus kept close tabs on the messages of warning sent out in hopes that some day a submarine might pop up somewhere in their immediate neighborhood. Although Commander von Rosenberg knew well that his chances of realizing his dream were small, he had figured out another method whereby

he might gain his coveted end. One of his boats carried an underwater receiver, and he saw to it that there was always someone listening in. He hoped to hear the noise of a submarine lying on the floor of the sea. Then —success! He would circle over her, and a couple of depth bombs would do the rest.

He was always wanting me to join him. Whenever I encountered the Circus he would signal:

"Come on over and join me."

But we said, "Nix." He was a good fellow, but his boats were too slow for us. When I would come across them trawling in my path for mines I would say:

"What is that?"

"The Circus is coming," my helmsman would dutifully report.

"Hard aport," I would reply. "Off we go. The Circus is coming."

That was our little joke.

I made some thirty trips in the Baltic with my mystery ships, and on one occasion I even ran my tugboat and lighter right up into the waters that wash the Russian and Finnish coasts.

Early in August 1916 we were ordered to proceed to the North Sea via the small belt, the little channel between the Danish islands, and then through the Kattegat. Over toward Oslo we went because in that vicinity a British submarine usually lurked, waiting to pounce upon our ore steamers coming from Norway. My route carried me not far from Anholt, a little Danish island.

The weather on the afternoon of the 12th was wonder-

ful; warm and calm and sunshiny. Somehow or other I got the idea into my head that we ought to run into the Bay of Anholt for a look around. I gave the necessary orders. While we were still some two thousand yards off shore my watch officer sang out to me from the crow's nest:

"Commander, there is a submarine."

"All right," I answered. "Keep your eye on it. We are going to sail right in."

As the distance became less the undersea boat became visible from the deck. The Bay of Anholt is a large one. The submarine was anchored about four miles offshore. There were many Danish fishing boats in the harbor, and a mile or so away a large sailing vessel lay at anchor. The submarine's crew seemed to be all on deck. Some evidently had been bathing in the warm water.

At eight hundred yards her commander signaled: "Show your flag." I disregarded it, and ordered the helmsman to veer slightly toward them. But it was so slight that it passed unnoticed. Little by little we continued to creep closer.

"Show your nation's flag," they signaled again. A dead calm prevailed and the flags hung limply on their halyards. That made it somewhat difficult to read their signals. But I knew what they wanted. I could not disregard their queries further. Yet I wanted to get in a bit nearer before starting the battle.

"I can see your signal, but I cannot make it out," I signaled to gain time. The British sailors responded

by shaking out the flags so that they could be easily seen.

"I have seen you," I answered. And at the same instant we ran our war flag to the masthead. However, it was so dirty that they were unable to recognize it. In times of war a flag—clean or dirty—is a flag. As they stared and stared at the dirty-looking tramp steamer with the indecipherable flag, we crept closer and closer until a short six hundred yards separated us.

At that distance I opened fire. There were about twenty men on the deck of the submarine and they all made a wild dash for the conning tower. Several tried to get to the gun, but my second round caught the gun full and transformed it into scrap iron. Shells struck and burst here and there along the iron hull. I saw holes at the stern and in the conning tower. With my engines idling I let go six more rounds, and all struck home. Down she went.

The water where the submarine vanished was shallow—not more than ten or twenty meters. We ran over the spot and dropped a couple of depth bombs that must have exploded within a few feet of her, for a number of her iron plates were thrown into the air by the force of the explosions.

Many members of the crew were swimming in the water. My deck officer asked me whether we were to pick them up or not. I glanced around the bay. Fishing boats were already headed for the spot.

"Prisoners will only be in our way," I said. "We'll let the fishermen take care of them."

We did not make Oslo that trip, and after reporting to the admiral we turned southward. There was no sense in going up where the enemy would probably put out a trap for us. Oh ho, no. What would they not give to get their hands on old Lauterbach? They would be sure to recognize me if I ever fell into their hands. And that Singapore reward was still hanging over my head. However, I had no intention of their getting me.

Soon after leaving Anholt I ran into a convoy of German and Swedish merchant vessels. They were being taken southward along the Swedish coast under the protection of Swedish destroyers. I ran up my merchant flag and joined them. In that fashion, unsuspected of being other than we seemed, we steamed back into the Baltic.

"We are fairly safe with this convoy," I remarked to my chief officer. And I believed it, too. But that did not prevent me from taking all possible precautions. Our gun crews were always ready. At the entrance to the sound we were met by a battleship and a number of destroyers. They signaled to us, and as the *Marie* sailed by the officers on the battleship megaphoned across the intervening water:

"Congratulations! Great work! Here's wishing you more of the same kind of luck in the future!"

They had already heard of the fight at Anholt. As soon as we dropped anchor an invitation from Prince Henry was handed to me. He wanted to hear of the sinking of this third submarine, and of the other two as well. When I reported to him at Kiel he decorated me with the Cross of Hohenzollern. The Emperor had or-

dered him to pin it on with his own hands. I looked fine with my decorations. A fat man always looks fine with medals and do-dads of any kind.

Herr Albert Balin, our foremost shipping magnate, again invited me to Hamburg to visit him. I returned to Kiel for a short time and then went on back to Swinemuende, where I resumed my duties. At intervals I would shift from one vessel to another. But now I mostly used the auxiliary powered schooner *Belmonte*, and my trips took me both into the Baltic and into the North Sea.

Through the winter months we often had heavy weather, and on many occasions I had to run behind the islands into sheltered water. During all this time we never saw a sign of a submarine. Frequently, near the coasts, we would mistake drifting spars and masts for periscopes, then get all set for a fight, only to discover the error. Now and then we did run into floating mines, which we would use for machine-gun targets. It was great fun to see them explode.

Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat, would go the machine guns; and then with a boom that almost shook the heavens a magnificent geyser of water would shoot skyward. It was an experience that was ever new—and thrilling—but it made us shudder to think of what would happen if one of those babies went off under our keel.

Winter and spring wore away, and summer came along. Still we could find no more trace of enemy submarines in the Baltic. More and more frequently now we were venturing into the more dangerous waters of the North Sea. In July 1917 we had one of our narrowest

escapes. A destroyer flotilla of six vessels passed within close range of me, but I hoisted the Swedish colors and they paid no attention to us.

In the ports of Finland and Sweden there were many British ships and England hired Swedish pilots to take them through the neutral zones on out into the North Sea. For a time I worked with a submarine to try and stop that little scheme.

The commander of the submarine was a fellow named —Kuhat, I believe. We met at our place of rendezvous. That night Kuhat in his tin box remained submerged, and I kept my schooner under way in case of possible trouble, sailing her around in a circle. As usual I had my men re-paint the vessel during the night.

With dawn up came the submarine. For a moment I thought we were done for. It was kind of hazy on the water, and things were a bit indistinct even at a hundred yards. It was easy enough to see that the submarine had her guns trained on us. Then I realized what had happened, but I did not laugh at the humor of the situation—until I was certain it would be healthy to laugh. We hoisted the German flag, and in a short time the U-boat came alongside.

"Mein Gott!" cried Kuhat. "You have painted your ship over-night. You can consider yourselves lucky that we didn't blow you out of the water."

You see, at first he had mistaken us for a Britisher.

We worked together in Hanoe Bay. At that point ships bound for the Atlantic must make a break across the open sea for several miles before they can again creep into neutral waters. While we were there six

English vessels arrived at the jumping-off place. But they evidently suspected something. Maybe they saw the submarine, because they anchored safely out of our reach.

While we could not get in to them, they would not come out so long as we were in the vicinity. We played a waiting game, and the Englishmen outstayed us. But I took photographs of all of the ships for identification purposes. Leaving Kuhat on guard, we sailed away. Although he remained for eight days those boats stayed right there in the neutral zone under the protection of Swedish destroyers. At any rate, we had prevented them from getting through.

We also had quite a merry time of it, playing hide and seek with the destroyers of the neutrals who frequently chased me into the open water where neutrality had no sway.

One time, I recall, a German mine sweeper followed me for four hours before I would let him get near enough to halt me. It was great fun. He would creep up on me, and then I would order full speed ahead and run away from him. Finally I let him come within eight hundred yards and he ran up a signal. I nearly died laughing. Ho ho! It read: "Stop or I will fire." At that I ordered my flag to the masthead.

"Mein Gott, Lauterbach," said the mine sweeper's commander, who happened to be a chap I knew very well, "we thought you were a Britisher."

"Sure you did," I replied. "But then I change my nationality—as well as my appearance—daily."

In the North Sea the Allies had sown so many mines

that it was almost impossible for our vessels to get through direct from Hamburg and Kiel. To slip out they had to pass through the sound and the Kattegat to the north. Frequently I was sent into those waters to keep a lookout for enemy submarines. It was not an easy assignment for it was hard to differentiate between submarines of the enemy and our own; and the least hesitation was likely to cost me the loss of my ship.

CHAPTER XXV

TRAPPED BY SIX DESTROYERS

TOWARD the end of October we were again ordered out to scour the North Sea for submarines, and of course for British steamers if any came our way. I was aboard the *Marie*. Well, we safely passed from the Baltic into the Kattegat by night. To the south of us were the lights of Denmark. To the north lay Sweden. Off the coast of Jutland we sighted the periscope of a submarine. One of the enemy, we were sure, and in order to entice it within range, I put a boat over the side, as though my propeller were damaged and in need of repair. But the fellow would not bite, unfortunately—and I was nipped instead. This was one time when there was to be no singing of "Lauterbach."

During the night I was told by my wireless operator that a number of English destroyers were doing a lot of wireless signaling near by. With every light out, we continued our course through the darkness.

And lucky it was that we had taken that precaution, too, for soon afterward nine ships sped by in the distance. They were so brilliantly lighted we could easily identify them. They were the enemy destroyers and they passed out of sight in a few minutes. That was a close shave. But we were to see more of those fellows, much to our sorrow.

I turned the *Marie's* bow toward the Norwegian coast, and the Skagerrak, without seeing a trace of a submarine. In the neutral zone I came across two British steamers, but did not bother them.

During the day the weather turned foggy. Not far from Gothenburg I almost rammed a Swedish schooner in the murk. We missed her by hardly more than a yard, so close in fact that I could see the gold braid on the cap of the Swedish captain.

There was much cussing, but we came clear.

All through the night we made our way slowly through the fog, and morning found us still half blinded by it. It was vile weather all right, but it would have been far better for us if that fog had been just twice as thick. Off on the horizon there was a smudge of smoke.

"Looks like destroyers."

"Probably a German squadron," replied my watch officer. "They will escort us through the sound."

"But just now all of our destroyers are near the island of Oesel, in the Baltic. This must be the enemy," I rejoined.

We were about twelve miles northwest of Kullen, a town on the Swedish coast, and it was mid-morning on the 2d of November. I looked at the smudge which was rapidly increasing in size. There was no doubt in my mind that we were in for trouble. Enemy destroyers upon sighting us would stop us for a search. I gave orders to get ready to fight.

The destroyers, six of them, came up at full speed and encircled the *Marie*. They were British—as I had feared

—and they signaled: "Show your flag or we will open fire."

Caught in a trap. Aye. And there was no way out of it that I could see. But I was determined to see the thing through to the end, even if it was old steamer against whole destroyer squadron. We could die fighting. If—through some fluke of fortune—I was alive after the *Marie* sank. . . . Unconsciously my hand dropped to the handle of my Luger pistol. The men would simply go to prison. But most anything rather than capture was preferable to me. The British, no doubt, would shoot me for helping stir up that mutiny at Singapore.

Let us chant "Lauterbach" in a minor key.

My sheep dog Luchs was running about the deck barking at the heels of the men as they went to their posts. I called him, and I patted his shaggy head. My pipe—old favorite of mine that it was and is—was out, but I held it gripped between my teeth.

"Up with the battle flag," I called.

The flag went up. The ports that hid the guns dropped. With the crash of explosions the fight was on. But you could hardly call it a fight. The cards were all stacked against us right from the beginning. With an unearthly roaring and banging the destroyers poured their fire into us. The port side of the *Marie* bore the brunt of it. The shells hit hull, bulwarks and deck, and exploded with a fearful shattering. In a few minutes it was a shambles. With hideous bursts the shells scattered fire, metal, and wood, which cut my men down. We were making as good a fight of it as was humanly

possible. Although they knew it was all up, my lads went to it like fighting devils.

The shells were tearing the bridge apart and I leaped down to the main deck to direct the firing of the guns. They were going full blast, and two of the British destroyers seemed crippled by our fire and had to be towed out of range.

As I hit the deck a shell crashed into our boiler room. The boilers exploded with a roar and hissing of steam. The pressure of the concussion was so great that it knocked me flat on my face. I was up immediately. Our guns were going yet, and accompanied by Lieutenant Christiansen I dashed toward the forward guns. At that moment a shell exploded between us. A fragment got me in my shoulder and another in the leg, but I hardly felt it at the time.

I turned to see where Christiansen was and there he lay groveling on the blood-smeared deck. I tried to pick him up, but it was no use. He could not talk, his eyes were already growing glassy, and with his hands he motioned me to leave him. My dog, Luchs, lay near by weltering in blood too, killed by the same shell.

The boilers were now gone, the engines dead, the propeller gone, all around the bridge the plucky *Marie* was a blazing inferno—but the crews at the four-and-a-half inchers kept their guns going. It was magnificent work. Our masts still stood and so did the funnel, but they were gashed by the hail of steel that was still pouring into us.

And then there was a dull boom. We had been handed our first torpedo. It caught the *Marie* up forward and blew the forward guns clear off the ship. We were loaded

with lumber, so placed that it was practically impossible to sink her without blowing her clean to smithereens. But the torpedo opened a hole so large that the lumber slid right out into the water, and the sea was covered with floating planks and beams.

Then a second torpedo caught us astern. That was the end. It set off the depth bombs we had stored there, and fired the whole after part of the ship. Up forward also the *Marie* was ablaze. And the magazine was a roaring furnace. Some of the sailors were trying vainly to hold down the fire, but the *Marie* was getting ready for her final plunge.

Through the fog and smoke that nearly blotted out all vision I saw one of the destroyers pass within thirty yards of us. At first I thought perhaps she was coming alongside to make the rest of us prisoners. The *Marie* was under water nearly to her funnel with a heavy list to starboard. I was standing by one of the ship's boats, a life-boat gaping with shell holes, on the fore deck. Everything was obscured now by the flame and smoke. I glanced about the decks, bloody and splintered.

"This is the end," I thought dumbly. My shoulder was beginning to ache abominably and I was becoming a bit light-headed. I threw my glasses overboard, and took my Luger out of its holster.

"I will not be made a prisoner again, and the British will not be my executioners," I muttered. "I'll do the job myself, first."

Even as I thought these thoughts to myself, the British destroyer that had passed so closely turned away. She had merely come up to look us over. Then she went

off with the rest of the flotilla and soon disappeared into the mist. It was obvious that the *Marie* was finished; she was lurching for her last plunge. The few of us who remained aboard were invisible in the midst of the flames and smoke. We were left to our fate, whatever it might be. The British never suspected the bulky prize, the fat China Sea skipper aboard the blazing wreck, who was wanted dead or alive.

That gave me a new lease on life. Thrusting my revolver back into its holster, I was joined by my companions—there were six of us remaining aboard the wreck of the *Marie* alive—and we managed to get the small boat over the side. We six survivors gave three cheers for the Emperor and three for the *Marie*, and jumped into the icy water. As we went overboard the *Marie* rolled sluggishly from side to side, and then she went down stern first, rolling completely over as she went. Her battle flag was flying to the end.

The plunge into that bitter cold water must have been just what I needed. It brought me out of the lethargy that was creeping over me. The small boat was swamped and we were all hanging on. We crawled into the water-logged craft. And a funny-looking bunch we were. Our faces were all yellow from the negrine of the shells, we were fire-blackened, and we resembled a group of weirdly colored scarecrows. But I did not feel much like laughing. Oh ho, no.

"Let's try and make the Swedish coast," I shouted to my companions.

Some of the sailors, before the end of the ill-fated *Marie*, had lashed together planks to form a raft. This

thing came drifting by, and for buoyancy we tied our water-logged boat to it. That essential matter taken care of, I turned my attention to the men. It was a sorrowful Lauterbach who surveyed them. Most of them were wounded. One poor fellow in particular had had his leg blown off above the knee. We formed a tourniquet with a piece of rope to stem the flow of blood, but he died later in the hospital.

There was not much we could do to insure ourselves of ever reaching the coast of Sweden. The curtain of fog still hid it from view and we drifted with the vagaries of the current. After about five hours of this we were electrified by the sound of a vessel's engines, and straining our eyes we caught a glimpse of a ship.

Like a wraith she looked through the mist. But a moment later she stood out clearly and we saw that she was a small Danish coastal steamer. She hove to and lay there heaving gently in the swell. Backed by that opaque curtain of fog, she was about the finest picture I had ever seen. As yet she had not noticed us so I put the signal whistle, that every captain carries, to my lips and blew a blast.

There was an immediate response, and in less than no time we were aboard the S.S. *Dalgas*. The Danes somehow seemed rather surly. There was a curious undercurrent of hostility that was evident at once.

"I would like to get some medicine and hot water," I said. "My men are in need of attention."

"There are three captains on board from Danish steamers that have been torpedoed by German submarines," was the reply. "We will not stop you—but if

you want anything you will have to help yourselves."

The second officer of the *Dalgas*, as it happened, was a native of the northern part of Germany, and he went below to the pharmacy, returning with medicine and cotton and bandages. I did the first-aid work myself. Lieutenant Greifenhagen, my first officer, had a bad wound in the arm, but he pulled through all right. We all did except for the poor fellow who had lost his leg. It was easy to see that there was no hope for him, but we made him as comfortable as possible and hoped for a miracle.

The *Dalgas* stopped at Helsingoer, the Danish home of Hamlet. There was a Danish submarine in the harbor. It was absolutely essential that the chap with his leg off be given immediate attention, and I made arrangements to transfer him to the submarine where he could be given medical attention on the run to the hospital at Copenhagen. They wanted me to go also and get medical attention, as I was shot up considerably.

"No, I'd rather not," I told them. "You see, once I am aboard a Danish man-of-war you can intern me, and I am not through with this war—not yet. So I much prefer to stay on this passenger ship."

Behind the *Dalgas* a German vessel was tied up to the dock. I was talking with the captain when there came a hail from the other ship. It was but a single word, and it affected me far more than all our hardships. It echoed and reëchoed in my ears.

"*Emden.*"

I felt like jumping overboard. My face may have

AFTER HIS AMAZING ESCAPE around the world, Lauterbach again gained undying fame among his own people as the commander of a mystery ship in the Baltic. The above sketch shows one of his mystery ships in the act of destroying an Allied submarine. Lauterbach broke all records for the World War by accounting for three of the submarines of the Allies.

"ON THE FINAL LAP of my escape around the world I slipped through the blockade as an oiler on a Danish liner."

NEXT TO THE EMDEN the auxiliary cruiser MOEWE was the most renowned raider of the World War. Captain Lauterbach commanded her.

blanched a bit. At any rate, the captain, noticing a change and not knowing its cause, entreated me to think better of my decision.

"That's all right," I assured him. "I feel fine. But a little brandy would do me good." Somebody had recognized me and hailed me with the name of our old ship now rusting on a reef in the Indian Ocean.

We arrived at Copenhagen about nine o'clock that night. Arrangements had been made for our arrival, and we were immediately placed in automobiles and taken to the Commune Hospital. I had lost a lot of blood, but the brandy the captain gave me had perked me up. After my men had been attended to the doctor set to work on me, picked out a few fragments of steel, and next day I almost felt like myself again.

I was visited by the German ambassador and the consul general. They brought me a message from Prince Henry, and then at my request they sent a message to my mother telling her I was getting along tip-top. After six days in the hospital—just long enough to put me on my feet—I boarded a train for Germany again.

On my arrival in Swinemuende I found my comrades of the navy had turned out in force, and there was another telegram from Prince Henry inviting me to visit him once again at Kiel. My arm was in a sling, and I felt somewhat diffident about attending a dinner with only the use of one hand. I went nevertheless—and I did not regret it, in spite of my qualms. I ate plenty and drank gallons of beer. Already I was beginning to feel like singing "Lauterbach" again. Ja.

After a month's vacation, by the end of which time I had fully recovered from my wounds, I again reported for duty. A letter from the Emperor apprised me of the fact that I had been appointed to the command of the *Moewe*—next to the *Emden* the most famous of the German sea raiders of the Great War.

CHAPTER XXVI

MODERN BUCCANEERS

THANKS to the Emperor and my friend Prince Henry, I now had the enviable honor of commanding a vessel whose name will live as long as there is a German nation.

In the *Moewe* I had a raider with a reputation and it was up to me to add additional luster to her name. She was one of Germany's most famous and successful blockade runners. In two far-flung cruises under the command of Count Dohna she had come through gloriously, and a responsibility rested upon me to see that her record remained unstained.

The *Moewe* when I took charge of her was—as ships go—a new vessel. She had been built just before the outbreak of the war as a fruit boat for the run between Africa and Hamburg, and was originally named the *Pungo*. She was of three thousand five hundred tons burthen and had a carrying capacity of about seven thousand tons. A single-screw steamer, she had a top speed of between fifteen and a half and sixteen knots: an excellent gait for that type of vessel.

For her war service she carried an armament of four six-inch, three four-and-a-half-inch, and two three-and-a-half-inch guns. She also had two torpedo tubes. Her

equipment included collapsible masts which served her well in heavy weather.

The *Moewe* had gone out on her first raid shortly after my return to Germany. In fact she was the first of our raiders sent through the blockade to harry the Atlantic steamer lanes. Count Dohna Schlodien, her commander, was a member of a famous Silesian family rich in tradition and poor in money. I knew him well. He had commanded the German river gunboat *Tsingtau* in Chinese waters from 1911 to 1913. She usually operated in the Canton and Pearl River districts, and all of us on the China Coast appreciated the work that Count Dohna did in those pirate-infested waters.

He was an excellent fellow—a naval officer of the highest type. I do not know whether he suggested the idea of sending the *Moewe* through the blockade or not; but at any rate he was given command of her, with the rank of Korvetten Kapitän. His prize officer was a fellow named Pohlmann who, since the war, has been in the South American trade.

On her first trip the *Moewe* ran the British blockade and sank about fifteen steamers, one of which carried five hundred head of cavalry mounts. But her big achievement on that voyage was the capture of the S.S. *Yarrowdale*. This steamer carried an unusually valuable cargo, so Dohna sent a prize crew over to her. More than five hundred captured British sailors were also shifted to the *Yarrowdale*, the crews of the vessels sent to the bottom of the ocean by the *Moewe*. Prize Officer Pohlmann then placed a bomb on the bridge and informed his captives that if they started any

trouble he would blow up the entire ship. His words carried conviction, and he brought the *Yarrowdale* safely through the blockade and into Swinemuende.

Because of the *Moewe's* success more of the sea raiders were sent out. They were all merchant ships converted into war vessels. Nearly all of them, too, carried mines that were to be laid at various places. After disposing of these they were supposed to carry on with their raids.

The *Greif*, under the command of Korvetten Kapitän Tietze, went out in April 1916. I was at Kiel when she left. I had wanted to go aboard her as navigating officer, and had gone so far as to get in touch with the admiral's staff on the matter.

"No, Lauterbach," I was told. "We cannot send you out on her. The chances of capture are too great and, as you know, if you are taken prisoner by the British they will hang you—or shoot you."

So I went back to my mystery ships and was soon thankful that I did. The *Greif* sailed right through the blockade and was promptly attacked by two British auxiliary cruisers. She was unable to get away from them, and as a last resort, to prevent her from falling into the hands of the enemy, Tietze ordered her blown up. He and about half of his men were killed by the explosion. The rest were picked up and taken to a prison camp.

The *Moewe* left on her second Atlantic blockade running and raiding cruise early in 1917. The prize officer, Pohlmann, was an unusually capable fellow and much of the *Moewe's* success was due to him. After all, a naval officer could not be expected to have quite the intimate

knowledge and intuition regarding merchant ships and shipping schedules as a man who had devoted his life to the merchant service. For the kind of work the *Moewe* was doing that was more essential than skill in naval tactics and strategy.

On that second cruise the *Moewe* had a hard fight with a big merchantman. The officers on the *Moewe* thought sure she was unarmed, and were somewhat startled when she answered the warning shot over her bow with a veritable salvo from her own guns. One of the first shells caught the *Moewe* below the waterline and exploded in a cargo compartment, setting fire to the ship. The crew had all they could do to put it out. The hole in the hull was a simpler matter. A number of six-inch dummy shells used in target practice were handy. They were of wood, and luckily just the right size to plug the hole through which the water was pouring.

A funny incident happened as Count Dohna was running the blockade on that trip. An English auxiliary cruiser sighted her. The weather was stormy, and utilizing the advantage that her collapsible masts gave her the *Moewe* simply ran away from her, changing her course when out of sight. The English vessel remaining on her course soon happened to sight another ship, and without attempting to ascertain whether or not she was the *Moewe*, opened fire and sank her. Then, when it was too late they discovered they had sunk one of their own ships.

During this, her last trip in the Atlantic, she went well down below the equator. For awhile she hunted

prey in the waters around Cape Town, South Africa; and also cruised in South American waters. She bagged some twenty steamers before slipping back through the blockade lines into Germany.

Meanwhile, the *Wolf*—a Bremen-Hansa cargo boat—had been outfitted for this same exciting game. She left shortly after the *Moewe*, equipped for a whole year's cruise and with more than three hundred mines aboard.

Her commander was Korvetten Kapitän Nerger. I knew him well. He was from my home town. When he finally returned in August 1918, I was at Kiel and took part in the great reception given to Nerger and his crew. In Berlin they paraded through the Brandenburg Gate and the Unter den Linden between lines of infantrymen. The Emperor gave them a big reception, too.

Nerger was a slender, energetic chap, who had also gained distinction in Chinese waters. But that was during the Boxer uprising when he was on the gunboat *Iltis*, under Commander Lans, during the battle with the Taku Forts. For his bravery in that engagement he received Germany's highest military decoration, the Pour le Mérite. The last I heard of him, since the war, he was holding a responsible position with Siemens-Schuckard, the big electrical firm in Berlin.

When he sailed away in the *Wolf* he carried orders of a special nature. He was not to capture or sink a ship before arriving at the Cape of Good Hope. First his job was to plant mines near Capetown, South Africa; near Colombo, Ceylon; just outside the harbor at Bombay, India; and in a like manner at ports on the south, west, and east coasts of Australia.

Then and then only was he to harry the enemy shipping lanes. Aboard the *Wolf* they had a small airplane, the *Golflein* it was called, to be used for scouting purposes. Its pilot would report the location of enemy ships, and then the *Wolf* would gobble them up. Altogether she captured nearly two hundred thousand tons of shipping.

The *Hitacha Maru*, a Japanese vessel, was perhaps the prize package of the lot. She carried a valuable cargo of silk, copper, lobster, and conserves. The *Hitacha Maru* was armed, and at first she elected to fight; but it was only a gesture, and she soon calmed down. Nerger sent his chief officer, Brandas, aboard her with a prize crew. Then he renamed that Jap, and called her the *Iltis*—in honor of the gunboat on which he had served in his earlier days. He put a few guns on her and then sent her out on her own. But the *Iltis* didn't get far. She was recaptured by British cruisers near Aden.

As months passed and no word came from the *Wolf* the naval authorities in Kiel and Berlin assumed that she had met with trouble and would never return. Our wireless stations tried in vain to get in touch with her. By Christmas time—that was in 1917—the officials had given up all hope of ever seeing her again. Letters were sent out to the relatives of the members of the crew stating that in all probability the *Wolf* had met disaster. There were many rumors going the rounds as to what had happened to her. But the consensus of opinion seemed to be that she had met with the fate of the Cruiser *Karlsruhe*.

At the beginning of the war the *Karlsruhe* had been

working in the Caribbean and the adjoining waters of the Atlantic. She was a light cruiser of the latest type, and was accompanied by the S.S. *Rio Negro*, her coal steamer. Twice she had narrow escapes from British cruisers during the night.

Then one afternoon one of her torpedoes unexpectedly exploded. The concussion split her right in half, killing the commander and half of her crew. The chief officer took command of the remainder who had been picked up by the *Rio Negro*. Under his able direction the *Rio Negro* ran the blockade and got back to Germany.

No one knew what had happened to the *Karlsruhe* for quite a long time, and even after the *Rio Negro* had come in all information regarding her was withheld from the public. The Admiralty hoped, in that way, to baffle the British concerning what had happened to her.

In the case of the *Wolf*, we believed that she, like the *Karlsruhe*, had encountered some accident, and as the months passed without any news we gave up all hope of again seeing our friends who had sailed aboard her. Then, in August, a wireless message brought her back to mind. And in a short time she was safely anchored at Kiel.

As to the spectacular raid of my old friend Count Felix von Luckner, all the world has been hearing a great deal about that in recent years. He and his windjammer certainly put one over on the Allies in grand style. No more rollicking and fantastic buccaneer ever strode the quarterdeck of a raider than the irrepressible Felix.

The last of the sea raiders to go out was the *Leopard*. She was none other than the *Yarrowdale*—renamed.

They had converted her into an auxiliary cruiser and put her under the command of a chap named Von Laffert. We never heard from her again. The supposition was that she had been torpedoed and sunk without warning; but I heard afterward that she had fallen in with two British cruisers. She tried to fight it out and was sent to the bottom.

Just what did happen to her still seems to be a mystery. Dead men tell no tales—and vanished men are equally silent. None of her crew was ever heard from again.

With her disappearance to account for—plus the knowledge that the Allies were mining the waters that lay between the Orkneys and Norway—the officials of the navy decided that it was useless to attempt to send more surface ships through the blockade.

Thus the last of our raiders—sunk, possibly, by the English—was an English vessel. But here was the *Moewe*, the first and the most famous of them all, and I was to command her. And we were supposed to do something.

"Ja. Aber was?" That was the question we were all asking.

CHAPTER XXVII

I GET MARRIED ON A BET, AND HELL BREAKS LOOSE IN FINLAND

When I took over the command of the *Moewe* on January 1, 1918, I was delighted to find the same crew still aboard that had been with her on her famous raids. And a stouter-hearted, finer crowd of men never put to sea on a ship of war. At the time I did not know of the decision that was to keep us at work in the Baltic. Always I was hoping for orders that would send me on out into the Atlantic.

The *Moewe* was based on Kiel and our first assignment was back into the Kattegat. Oh ho! I knew that stretch better than I knew my own home town. We had with us a load of nine hundred mines, and we planted them as we went. Although there were English destroyers still trying to run our blockade between North Sea and Baltic we saw nothing of them.

In March 1918 we were back in the harbor at Kiel, and one day I was sitting with some brother officers in the officers' mess room, playing poker and drinking. One of my companions, a submarine commander, spoke up as I raked in a pot on a pair of treys.

"By the Great Horn Spoon, Lauterbach," he ejaculated. "You have your nerve."

"Well, if he was ever due to have it he surely ought to have it by this time," said another jokingly. "He has been through everything war has to offer. You are an optimist if you expect your three aces to frighten him."

"Let me see," said a third. "Seaman on a sailing vessel, and captain of a China Sea mail steamer, from the Boxer uprising to the Russo-Japanese War, and on down to the World War. *Emden*, captured, escaped, mystery ships, *Moewe*. . . . What else is left for Lauterbach to experience? He has done everything that there is to do."

I held up my hand for silence. "No, gentlemen," I said solemnly. "I have not done quite everything. The gods have given me many things to do, and with their help and plenty of luck I have done them, but—I have never married!"

"That's an idea," cried my friend, the submarine commander. "Let us play a hand of poker to see who has to marry first."

"No, no," I answered. "A cast of the dice will decide."

It was my choice—and I lost.

There was much hilarity among my companions. "Lauterbach," they told me, "you will have to marry."

"All right," I retorted equably. "When?"

"Within three months' time," that submarine fellow told me with a wide grin. Well! I kept my word. I got married. There was a wedding feast, I tell you. How many kegs of beer were drunk, how many times "Lauterbach" was sung, I lost count. Anyway I was married.

Nicht wahr? Now, maybe all fixed for long-time fight fight, as my China boys would have said. However, I never regretted being married. Four days after the wedding I had to leave my bride. A telegram called me back to Kiel. The *Moewe* was ordered to Danzig.

In Neufahrwasser, a port at the mouth of the Weichsel River, I found ten big transport steamers. On board were thirty thousand German soldiers bound for Finland. There was a conference between the admiral and the transport commanders. My job, it seems, was to help protect the convoy and escort it through the mine fields.

There was hell popping in Finland. The Bolsheviks had invaded the country, and the population was crying for help. It was, of course, to our advantage to save Finland from the ravages of the Russians and stem the rising tide of Communism in Eastern Europe. Then, too, if we could drive the Russians back it would leave us in complete control of the whole of the Gulf of Finland and would enable us to exclude the warships of Russia from the Baltic. That was before the treaty of Brest Litovsk, in the early part of 1918 when we had designs on the Russian Arctic ports along the Murman Coast, too. Particularly Archangel.

General Arnt Golz had been assigned to the command of the German troops in Finland and he was to be backed up by a part of the German fleet. The battleships *Westfalen*, *Posen*, and *Rhineland* were there, as well as a number of light cruisers.

Upon our arrival we found the harbor entrance thickly sown with mines, so we put mine sweepers to work

clearing them away. In the harbor there were several English and Russian submarines, but the Bolshevists sank them before we had time to land. They had also tried to close the harbor entrance by sinking a steamer in the channel. The steamer, however, went down in the wrong spot and it did not interfere with us in the least. However, there was so much ice in the harbor that we did not bother to enter. Our destroyers were not powerful enough to break through the thick ice so we anchored outside the breakwater. Our soldiers marched across the ice to the shore, horses, guns, and all.

We met with but little resistance in the town, although our troops did capture about one hundred Reds. The Finns were friendly and they had some powerful ice breakers in the harbor which they put to work clearing a channel into the harbor. In a little while it was possible for us to bring in our ships and unload our supplies. There were many mines frozen in the ice and we had a great time setting them off with rifle and machine-gun fire. A wonderful sight it was to see them go off.

The German army marched into the interior and swept the whole of Finland clear of the Red Guards. The fighting was savage and no quarter was asked for or given. I remember at one place we found the whole family of a priest—crucified. Spikes had been driven through their hands and feet, and death had mercifully relieved them from pain before we arrived on the scene. Written in blood was this inscription: "Now see if your God can help you." Our troops wiped out the score against those savage scoundrels We killed them

by the thousands on the field of Tammarfors. In that battle the Red Guardists were decisively beaten.

In the port of Helsingfors the fleet anchored and there was more bloody fighting there. We landed our sailors and the Red Guardists opened fire on them from roof and basement. It was some days before we finally cleared them from the city. That part of our job finished we were put to patrolling the gulf and the countless islands along that picturesque coast. The Red Guards made a practice of descending upon the villages on these little islands and literally wiping out the inoffensive inhabitants. It was our job with the *Moewe* to prevent that sort of thing, so most of our time was spent in running up little fjords.

One day we received news that there had been a fight among the islands between our men and the Red Guards; and the gunboat *Bobr*, formerly a part of the Czar's navy, had fired on our troops. At the time I was lying in the port of Hangoe. The cruisers *Nautilus* and *Kolberg* were in the harbor also. We were ordered out by the admiral to locate the *Bobr* and capture or sink it.

The *Nautilus* was one of our smallest cruisers—she carried only three-and-a-half-inch guns—and her commander suggested that we work together in running down the *Bobr*. Oh ho, yes, that commander knew the *Bobr* was armed with five-inch guns, that the *Moewe* carried four six-inchers, and—

"He outranks me," said I to myself. "And if we are successful his craft will take all of the honors. Besides, he is the kind of chap who has a reputation for thinking that he knows everything."

I declined his offer with thanks. I had a little scheme planned out and that night proceeded to put it into execution. Dressed as a civilian, I dropped into a café frequented by the sailors in the port. I was posing as a Swede, and it was not long before I learned that Abo was the place where the crew of the *Bobr* had their women. There they took their recreation, and then I learned something.

It was about two o'clock in the morning when I returned to the *Moewe* with a Finnish pilot to guide me through those dangerous waters. The *Kolberg* and *Nautilus* had already left in search of the *Bobr*. We stood off for Abo and at two o'clock that afternoon arrived at a spot within ten miles of the port.

Two hours later my attention was called to a smudge of smoke on the horizon. As it came nearer I could see that a regular flotilla was approaching. Through my glasses I counted eight large steamers—all armed—and escorting them was the prize we were looking for—the *Bobr*.

I ordered the ship cleared for action, much to the surprise of my chief officer.

"You are going to attack those nine ships?" he queried. "The gunboat carries heavier guns than ours."

"I know," I answered, "but we are going to fight them just the same."

When they were well within the range of our guns I ran a German naval flag to the top of each mast, fired a shot over the bow of the leading vessel, and ran up a signal reading: "Hoist your white flag or I will destroy you."

The sheer cheek of the demand did the trick. On one vessel after another the white flag went slowly up the masts, and that of the *Bobr* led all the rest.

"That's odd," thought I.

But it was not a time to dally. I sent an officer with a prize crew over to the flotilla. He transferred the officers of the nine vessels to the *Moewe*. At the same time on each of the vessels he disabled the guns by removing the breech locks. While all this was going on my amazement at our colossal piece of luck continued to grow.

I put a prize crew of an officer and four men on each of the ships. Then to make sure the *Bobr* would not get away, I ordered my men to disable her engines and had her towed by one of the other vessels. Turning them all about, we headed for Hangoe. The *Moewe* was the last in the line. We did this so none of the boats would be able to get away. We would be ready to sink her if she did.

That settled, I went among the officers to find out how it was that we had captured their entire flotilla without a fight. My curiosity was great, I confess.

"Why did you hoist the white flag?" I asked one of the Bolshevists. "Your nine ships were well armed with guns."

"We know that your ship is the patrol cruiser of the German fleet," he answered testily. "You have your country's fleet at your back. Otherwise you would not have challenged us single-handed."

So that was it. "You are mistaken," I told my chagrined foeman. "We are alone."

Oh ho! That fellow was hopping mad. "If we had

known that," he spluttered, getting very red in the face, "we would never have hoisted the white flag."

Mad as he was his comrades were madder when they heard about it. But the seamen did not seem to be bothered with such ethical considerations. Those fellows knew that their ships were loaded with mines, and they knew what a shell dropped among them would have done. That fact made me all the merrier at having bagged them. Had they sown their seeds of destruction our ship and many more might have paid the penalty. Anyhow we were quite safe from the horns of those mines now.

From my vantage point on the bridge I watched our captives steaming along and had the feeling that the *Moewe* had once again lived up to her reputation. Nine vessels at a cost of one shell—that was a bag to be proud of. I sent a wireless message to the admiral announcing the capture. Back came an immediate message reading: "Bravo, *Moewe!* I congratulate you."

Again I went about the routine job of policing the coast looking for signs of trouble from the Reds—but not for long. We picked up a couple of Finnish boats that were engaged in the robust game of smuggling, and we also carried about fifteen hundred refugees to Libau. Most of them were German-Russians from the Baltic provinces. Another of our regular jobs was the planting of mines at strategic spots.

We had arrived in Finnish water in April and we were ordered home in July. A vacation of fourteen days was most welcome and I joined my bride to resume our belated honeymoon. Again it was cut short and I was

ordered to Kiel to prepare the ship for a new trip. It was to carry the *Moewe* into the Atlantic once more. But again I was doomed to disappointment. At the last moment the powers-that-be decided that the blockade of the Allies was now well nigh impregnable and the voyage was canceled. America had arrived on the scene and American vessels were there to plug every hole in the blockade.

Although I did not know it, this was the end of my career as a rover of the seven seas. But the fat China Sea skipper still had a few more adventures before him.

There had been grim signs of discontent and unrest in the cities of our land up to now. Nevertheless there had been almost nothing to suggest that the end of the war was only a few months away.

The first indications of dissatisfaction that I noticed in the naval service came to my notice in Finland. Aboard the *Moewe* the discipline was all that any commander could ask for, but on the other ships it was not so good. And on some of our merchant vessels the lack of discipline was woeful. It was partly due to the prolongation of the war. The men were tired of it. But the letters they were receiving from home really broke their spirit.

The bad news coming through now fairly ate their hearts out. When you know that your womenfolk and your children are starving, when you are getting letters begging you for food, you are up against a situation that is certainly not going to strengthen your morale. It is at times like that when a suggestive word leads a man on to thoughts that betray him. And in Finland

there were many who were only too anxious to sow the seeds of discord.

"Donnerwetter," I thought to myself. "Maybe soon we will be having this same Bolshevism in Germany. Then—heaven help the Fatherland."

Ach! Had I only known.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE MUTINY IN THE GERMAN NAVY

In October orders came by wireless ordering me to bring the *Moewe* to Wilhelmshaven at once. There I reported to Admiral von Throtha, and he sent me on over to Cuxhaven. Rumors were in the air that a fight to the finish with the English fleet was in the offing. At Cuxhaven I found five of our light cruisers loaded with mines, and I received intimations that the 28th of October was the day set for the battle.

It was in Cuxhaven that I first saw how low the morale of our navy had fallen. The *Moewe* was tied up not far from the Cruiser *Regensburg* which was coaling and taking on supplies. On the 25th the sailors of the *Regensburg* refused to continue coaling their ship, and the admiral was obliged to send armed infantrymen aboard to see that the work was done without further trouble. What was our navy coming to?

Soon afterward the admiral sent for me. Admiral Karpf it was.

"How is the discipline with you?" he inquired.

"Very good, sir."

"You are sure," he continued, then adding: "There is trouble on the cruisers."

I reassured him as to the *Moewe*.

"All right," he said, "you will leave at five o'clock to-morrow morning—under sealed orders."

That night the commander of the fortress at Cuxhaven had me to dinner. I had a very pleasant time. Among us there was not the slightest idea that the ugly head of Red revolution was coming to the surface. Little did we dream that it was only a matter of days—hours even.

The *Moewe* was slow compared to the regular naval vessels and so it was that I left much earlier than the hour scheduled for their departure. I was to open my orders after we were six hours out. Thus we were to know the place where the fleet was to have its rendezvous. But three hours after we had left Cuxhaven a wireless message called us back to Cuxhaven.

Upon my return I immediately reported to the admiral. Something, I knew, was wrong; and I gave orders that none of the crew was to be allowed to go ashore. It was worse than I had suspected. I sensed it before the admiral said even a word, even before I had arrived at the admiral's office.

"They have refused to go out," he said, referring to the sailors on the cruisers.

Admiral Karpf was a little, stout fellow with a jolly face. But this was no time for joviality, and his drawn face showed it. He was one of the Emperor's best friends, and before the outbreak of hostilities had commanded the yacht *Hohenzollern*. He also had been the sailing officer of the racing yachts of the Empress in those days. The war had put him in the position of commodore of the light cruisers, and their defection, as you may imagine, was a terrible blow to him.

He instructed me to take the *Moewe* to Kiel. I did so,

following in the wake of the Third Squadron as it plowed its way through the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal. It had left some two hours before the *Moewe*, but the fastest vessel could make only a limited speed in the waterway and I was not far behind when they reached the harbor at Kiel.

On this trip I talked the matter over with my officers. How the news of the proposed fight had leaked out was a mystery to all of us. Of course, among the officers the matter was an open secret; but it was unthinkable that it had been bandied about in public places by them. At any rate, the German Communist leaders had used the information for their own ends—and with telling results. The answer was that our sailors had refused to go out and meet the enemy, and they had gained their point.

It was the end!

Aboard the *Moewe* discipline was good and the morale of the men was excellent; but ahead of us we could see our battleships—the *Markgraf*, the *Koenig*, the *Prinz Regent Luitpold*—and they, looking so magnificent, were gnawed by the canker that was rapidly bringing the Fatherland into the morass of revolution. They, I knew, had been sent away from Cuxhaven because of rank disaffection aboard.

We anchored the *Moewe* in the harbor at Kiel and I went ashore—alone. But before doing so I gave my officers strict orders that none of the men was to be allowed to follow me. To Admiral von Keyserling I reported. He, strange to say, did not appreciate the seriousness of the situation.

"How is the discipline on your ship?" he asked perfunctorily.

"Excellent," I answered significantly, "on my boat." He did not bite, so I went on: "But I have a forboding that revolution is upon us."

That stirred him a bit. "Never!" he returned with an equable assurance. "Never will our sailors hoist the red flag."

I said nothing to that; but I knew better. The refusal of the sailors of the fleet to fight was not the disaffection of a few. Hundreds and hundreds had assumed inactive rôles, and force with them now would lead to inevitable bloodshed. It was obvious too that they could not all be placed in prison. Already some of the vessels were controlled by sailors' committees. Under the circumstances that meant but one thing—revolution.

My home was in Kiel and I remained ashore. Two days after my arrival I was with some friends in the Officers' Club when the news was brought that the crew of the battleship *Markgraf* had mutinied and were headed for shore. That evening the rebels attacked the infantrymen in the main streets, and, after subduing the thirty-odd men in the detachment, opened the prison. A few of the soldiers were killed.

The next morning I realized that the worst had happened. From the windows of my residence I could see a part of the harbor, and all the vessels in sight were flying —red flags. The *Moewe* was not within the range of my vision, and I wondered. . . . The streets were filled with sailors armed with rifles and carrying red flags. While the tumult was raging it was useless for me to go abroad

in the city, so I remained quietly at home smoking my pipe and trying to convince myself that Germany would not go the mad Bolshevik way of Russia. And I wished that I were still a skipper on the China Coast.

Every now and then the sound of running feet in the street would take me to the window to see what the row was about. Usually it was some poor devil of an officer being chased by a mob. Once in their hands, his badges of rank and medals would be torn off and thrown away; and he would be taken off amid the taunts of his captors. There were only a few of the officers killed though.

Later in the day things quieted down and I decided to go out and look matters over. I put on civilian clothes, and made my way into the center of the town. There was still fighting going on at intervals. I learned that troops had been sent from Hamburg to quell the mutineers; but the latter had heard of it and had ambushed the train carrying the soldiers. The regiment was disarmed and the supplies captured.

While I was away my home was beset by a group of those fellows—no longer were they sailors to me—and their knocking brought my wife to the door. The leader of the gang said to her:

"There is an officer living in this house, and we are going to search for him until we find him."

My wife was not afraid of those hoodlums. She was nice and polite to them and invited them in. The walls of my living room were decorated with some Malayan daggers. One of the sailors took a kris from its place and was going to carry it away as a souvenir.

"My husband has had this for many years," she said,

taking it from his hand. "He will want to keep it. Now you leave it here."

Oh ho! She knew how to handle them. She told me about it when I returned home. I had not been able to get aboard the *Moewe*. The next morning—early—we were awakened by a knock on our door. I looked at my watch. It was five o'clock. My wife now was afraid.

"Oh," she cried. "They are coming to take you away."

"No," I answered, kissing her quickly. "They will never take me."

With my revolver ready I cautiously opened the door. There on the threshold were two of my petty officers and outside stood a squad of my men armed with rifles. Their leader saluted.

"Commander," he announced, "we are here to take you safely to your ship. Some of the men need talking to. There are only three or four bad ones, but they need attention. We will take you safely aboard, and"—with the suggestion of a smile—"no one will strip you of your epaulets."

I went with them. There was hardly anyone on the street and we reached the landing place without trouble. My motor boat was there and in a short time I again trod the *Moewe's* deck. Upon calling a conference of my officers, I learned that conditions were just as the petty officer had informed me. I had the men assembled on deck.

"What is the matter here on board?" I harangued them. "You men did wonderful things on this vessel Have you forgotten them? Have you forgotten the

Moewe's first cruise? and her second? Have you forgotten that we captured nine enemy ships single-handed? I am surprised and disappointed in you.

"What is the trouble here? Some of you evidently are trying to start a rumpus. Whoever they are they must leave the ship. I don't want to hear any names regarding this mess. But if you are not content to remain aboard, a small boat will be made ready to take you ashore. The *Moewe* is going to leave the harbor—so make up your minds.

"But don't spoil the honor of this ship that you have done so much to glorify. The *Moewe* has been a sea raider second to none. She never dipped her flag in the heat of battle. You kept it flying then—you can keep it flying now."

That appeal got them, and we never had any further trouble with my men on the *Moewe*. From now on for a time I remained on the vessel. Meanwhile, in the town the Reds were in control. The officers from the ships that had joined the revolutionists were placed in prison in the city, and the hoodlums went about preying upon the civilian population. On one occasion the light guns of the battleship *Koenig* were turned on the town. They were trying to blow up the railroad station, but all they did was to wreck some dwellings, killing the occupants.

Such were the conditions in Kiel until the abdication of the Kaiser on November 9th. The war was over. Then Herr Noske, one of the new Conservative Socialist ministers, arrived from Berlin. After a conference with the admiral he formulated measures to bring peace to the city.

About the middle of the month I received a wireless message from the admiral ordering the *Moewe* to Libau, on the coast of Lettland. We had a naval staff there and I was to pick it up and return its members to Germany. We reached Libau without untoward incident, and the *Moewe* still flew the German naval flag.

The Reds had already seized control of Lettland. However, there was but little fighting, because the officers had been wide awake enough to form their committees also. A group of ex-staff officers boarded us, and the captain in command gave his consent to my taking all of the supplies belonging to our government.

Straightway we began loading them on the *Moewe*. Torpedoes, ammunition, foodstuffs, motor boats, airplanes—everything. While we were doing this a British cruiser entered the harbor. Libau was now a part of the Lett Republic, and the Letts naturally appealed to the British admiral to stop us from carrying our supplies back to Germany.

"Any supplies they attempt to take now of a right belong to the Lett Republic," the Reds argued.

But the fact that the Lett Republic was Red did not make any hit at all with that British admiral. "I know nothing of your so-called Lett Republic," he retorted. "But I can see that the *Moewe* out there is flying the real German naval flag, and that is enough for me. I can do nothing."

We had quite a few German troops left at Libau also, and with them aboard, we started home. Some of the soldiers were dropped at Danzig, the rest at Stettin,

and then we returned to Kiel with the *Moewe*. I had made my last voyage with that gallant vessel.

On the trip to Libau I had contracted the flu and was obliged to go to the Navy Hospital at Kiel for some days before I could persuade the doctors that I would recover much more rapidly at home.

Meanwhile, I had had an interview with the admiral. The city was now peaceful again, but the red flag was still in the ascendency. "I want to leave the navy," I told him.

"Lauterbach," he answered, "you had better stay here. We are going to need every man in building up the new government."

"No," I said, shaking my head. "I have tried to do my duty. I have fought for the Emperor and the Fatherland from one end of the globe to the other. And now I do not want to serve under a new flag."

My wife had gone to the home of her parents in Neubrandenburg, and following my discharge from the hospital I took the train thither. Ach! Those Reds were a rum lot of people to deal with. On the trains they had taken out all of the cushions and I had to ride in the swaying railway coach sitting on a hard board. Uncomfortable! And a fat man always likes comfort, and is entitled to it.

I got home on the 20th of December—just in time for Christmas—still a sick man, although I was up and about. For a month I remained there regaining my strength, and then I went to Hamburg. Remembering the words of my good friend Herr Balin, I went to the Hamburg-American Line looking for a berth. Ah, but

what was the use of that? There were no vessels to speak of left. The Allies had taken them. They offered me a job, nevertheless. A shore job! Not for Lauterbach.

There I was. Just recovered from a severe illness, resigned from the navy, and in need of something to do. Aye, mates, it is indeed a topsy-turvy world.

With his tail cut short and his ears cut long.

Even as I was debating the course I should follow, circumstances decided the problem for me. Hamburg was caught in the swirl of the Spartacist uprising that, for a time, threatened to overwhelm all of Germany. In Hamburg conditions were ripe for trouble because of the large number of unemployed. Hunger stalked the streets. Hunger and Death and Pestilence. The Red uprising settled my doubts as to my work in the immediate future.

"What is the use of being with a big shipping company that is without ships?" I reflected. "I will do far more good even for my old Hamburg-American Line if I help wipe out this disease of Bolshevism. It will be more interesting too, more like what in recent years I have become accustomed to."

So now I was to fight in the interests of the new government against its extremist enemies. I had many friends in Hamburg. We got together and formed an organization of volunteers for the protection of person and property. Before we were through we had four or five volunteer corps united under the banner of the German Deutschetz Division.

The first of our units was called the Baumfeld Volun-

teers. Most of our recruits were old soldiers—that is, old in experience, not in years. We had our pickets so placed on the streets that it was virtually impossible for looting to take place in the city. But there was plenty of fighting going on all of the time.

During a row near the Jungfernstieg between revolutionists and a group of citizens, I happened to pass by. I was recognized by some of the Spartacus group.

"There is an officer from the *Emden*," cried one. "Kill that man."

They turned on me. I stood my ground. It was no use to run. That would have put me into their hands for certain. And at such times men of their ilk had a pleasant habit of throwing the pursued to the ground and kicking in his face for amusement. Or they had the habit of throwing their victims into the water of a little lake at that point—and then puncturing their backs with rifle bullets before they could get away. Now about fifty of them turned to me for diversion.

With my hand on the butt of my pistol I stood and stared at them. Oh ho! Seeing that I was not afraid, they paused. They were like wolves—just waiting for one more foolhardy than the others to jump in courageously and take my fire so that they could all pile on for the kill. What could I do against fifty men?

"Come ahead," I invited contemptuously. "Come ahead. But the first one of you who makes a move toward me will never stir again. He will be dead."

Amongst that group of nondescript cattle, or poor misguided hunger-maddened fools, was a man who had served on one of my mystery ships. I could hardly

recognize him, so changed he was from when he was under my command.

"Stop," he cried to his companions, stepping a pace forward. "This is my old commander. He treated his men right—all of us—and I am going to see that no one places a hand upon him."

That fellow had lost none of his courage, at any rate. It was lucky for me that he happened to be amongst that crowd or I would not be here telling this story with my trusty pipe going and a stein of beer to wash the cobwebs of unpleasant memories from my mind's eye. With his assistance I got safely away.

My men—volunteers all—got their first real opportunity to demonstrate their effectiveness as fighters during the attack of the Reds on the City Hall. Together with a detachment of infantry we held it. The City Hall was a building almost like a fortress. It was a massive concrete structure and it shielded us most effectively. Our men totaled three hundred effective units, and with that small force we withstood the attack of thousands of the Reds for eight hours.

The Spartacists were deployed in the streets, taking advantage of every bit of cover that the neighborhood afforded. In the Esplanade before the City Hall they had machine guns set up behind barricades, and from them poured a withering fire, constantly but ineffectively. Our refuge served us well. Its walls were chipped and dented by the thousands of machine-gun and rifle bullets directed at us.

We had machine guns too. They were placed at strategic points in the windows. From them poured an

answering rain of steel that kept the Communists under cover. Once they tried to rush the City Hall, but our fire mowed them down. The streets were covered with bodies. Failing in that, they attempted to fire the building. But here they were unsuccessful also. Concrete, fortunately, doesn't burn so easily.

Seeing that we were able to hold out indefinitely, the attackers called for a parley. A deputation of Bolsheviks advanced toward us and we had a talk with them. After the palaver their spokesman said:

"All right. We will make no further attempts to take the City Hall. We have no desire to ruin this beautiful building!" Ho ho! That was a bright remark.

With that the deputation withdrew, while we all muttered "sour grapes." Our losses were small—only a few killed and wounded. In our section of Hamburg now things were comparatively peaceful. But elsewhere in the city—and throughout Germany, for that matter—savage fighting still went on.

Spartacists, Communists, Bolsheviks, anarchists, revolutionaries of every breed—my volunteers were against them all. We were only for the acting government, which was doing all it could to restore peace and save Germany from collapse. I had established a regular recruiting office, and even advertised in the newspapers for men.

"Who will join the German Deutschetz Division?"

My command was well known in Hamburg, in Berlin too. We even sent some of our men to the capital to assist the authorities in the bad time they were having there. Peace, after the January outbreak, was not

definitely restored in Hamburg until the arrival of Von Lettow Vorbeck, the same brilliant general who had been in command of the German troops in Africa during the war and had won even the admiration of his British opponents. Soon after the signing of the armistice he returned to Germany, and eventually he was sent to effect the relief of Hamburg. With artillery, infantry, and armored motor cars, he came. And in fourteen days, with sentinels policing the streets and with barbed-wire barricades everywhere, the city was peaceful. A real man, Von Lettow Vorbeck.

From Minister of War Noske I had obtained a passport to carry me from Hamburg to Berlin. It was only useful in places where the government forces were in control. I wanted to arrange with him for the adequate and continued protection of Germany's chief port, and it was up to me to get to the capital.

Unfortunately the country in between was mostly in the hands of the Reds. All of the roads were guarded. At various points I tried to pass their lines, but without success. Always I was turned back. Finally I tried to motor through at the little town of Bergedorf. There I had more luck. It was held by a group that included in their number some of the men who had served under me on the *Moewe*. I was careful not to mention that I was one of the leaders of the government troops in Hamburg. Oh ho, no. You could trust no one then.

"I have to go to Berlin immediately," I told them, "on business. Is it possible to pass here?"

"All right," said the fellow in charge, "you can go ahead."

I came through the suburbs of Berlin without trouble, but in the city proper there was a terrific fight raging. The crackle of machine guns and the explosions of hand grenades guided me out of the way of the combatants. Soon after entering the outskirts of the city I was stopped at a street barricade by a detachment of the White Guards, the government troops, who demanded my passport.

From them I learned that Herr Noske, the Minister of War, was quartered at the railway station. When I approached its vicinity I was forced into close proximity with the combatants who were playing machine guns upon one another. Jumping from one doorway to another and taking advantage of any cover that offered itself, I finally reached my destination.

I had a conference with Herr Noske at his headquarters and tried to impress upon him the need for more troops in Hamburg. He agreed to send them. Then I returned to the seaport city, and for a time remained in command of my volunteers—a force now of some six thousand men.

Finally the Red menace seemed to have passed. My fighting days were over. For the second time I retired from the service. This time I went to Berlin, and entered the shipping business on my own hook. With some money borrowed from my mother I bought an auxiliary schooner and put her on a run across the Baltic. At once I prospered. Now I had my own little merchant fleet—it was not as great as the Hamburg-American Line to be sure, but it gave me a great deal of pleasure, and at times I almost felt plutocratic. Was I not the

owner of a fleet—it consisted of four schooners—of merchant ships? Why! My vessels added to the prestige of the merchant marine of Germany. Indeed!!

But I did not command any of my vessels. I was now a business man, so I thought, and on almost any afternoon I could be found in a little café that fronts on the Unter den Linden. There I congregated with a few of my tried and true cronies, and, over our pipes and steins of beer, we recalled the days of the past. Under the cheerful influence of our meeting place we often lifted our voices to the high heavens in song. Should you have chanced to stroll into our little hideaway, you would not have had to be bashful. Just order a stein of beer and join in.

"Zu Lauterbach hab ich mein Strumpf verloren,
Zu Lauterbach geh ich nicht heim,
Und wenn ich wieder zu Lauterbach kom,
Dann hol ich mir den Strumpf zu mein Bein."

Ah, those old days. The present is good, ja—now that I live in San Francisco. And maybe some day you will find me back in the China Sea.

AUF WIEDERSEHEN

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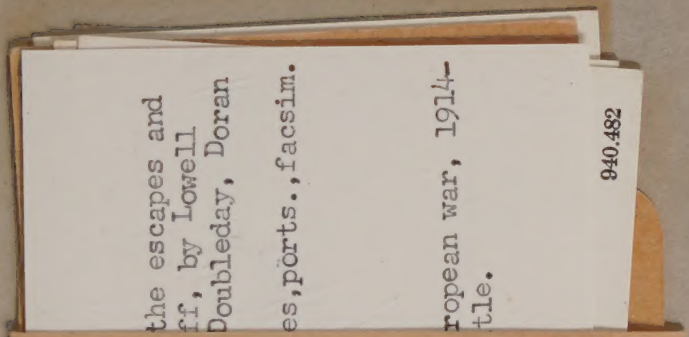

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